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The Philobiblion

A MONTHLY
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL
Journal.

Containing Critical Notices of, and Extracts from, Rare, Curious,
and Valuable Old Books.

VOL. I.

Græcos primùm auctores,

Statinque ut pecuniam accepero,



Deinde vestes emam. Eras. Epist.

GEO. P. PHILES & CO., 51 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
MDCCCLXII.

P. 25805. e. 13.

“Ὡςπερ γὰρ τὴν μέλιτταν ὁρῶμεν ἐφ’ ἅπαντα μὲν τὰ βλαστήματα
καθιζάνουσιν, ἀφ’ ἑκάστου δὲ τὰ χρήσιμα λαμβάνουσιν· οὕτω καὶ
τοὺς παιδείας ὀρεγομένους, μηδενὸς μὲν ἀπείρως ἔχειν, πανταχόθεν δὲ
τὰ χρήσιμα συλλέγειν.”—ΙΣΟΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ ΠΡΟΣ ΔΗΜΟΝΙΚΟΝ.

*“For as we see the industrious, prudent bee light on every fragrant blossom, and extract
what is useful from it, so it becomes the true lovers of learning to be ignorant of nothing that
is profitable, but gather goodness and discretion from all writers.”*

DINSDALE'S TRANSLATION.

December, 1861.

The Philobiblion.

Number 1.

P R O S P E C T U S .

IN publishing the first number of *The Philobiblion*, a few words of preliminary statement may be necessary, as to the peculiar aim and character of the Journal here announced.

The practical business experience of the Publishers, and their special correspondence for some years past with Librarians, Scholars, and Amateur Book Collectors in different parts of the country, have led them to believe that an useful and important desideratum in Literature might be supplied by combining the obvious utility of a priced Monthly Catalogue of a choice selection of standard works, with a series of Literary Essays, and Critical Notices of rare, curious, and valuable books. In addition to this scheme, the Publishers propose to devote a portion of the pages of *The Philobiblion* to a department of "Notes and Queries," hoping thereby to render it an highly useful medium of voluntary communication between the students and literary men scattered throughout the country, on all topics of general interest connected with literature; and in which liberal freedom of discussion will be permitted and encouraged. In accordance with this design, the Publishers would respectfully solicit contributions to this portion of their Journal.

The Philobiblion will be printed on India paper, and published monthly at \$2.00 a year, invariably in advance.

All communications should be addressed to the Publishers,

GEO. P. PHILES & CO.,

No. 51 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

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Notice.

WITH this concluding number of the first volume of *The Philobiblion*, the Publishers gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of thanking their friends and subscribers for their kind encouragement and liberal support during the past eventful year.

Considering the extremely unpropitious times in which *The Philobiblion* was announced and issued, the Publishers take great pleasure in stating that its success has been sufficient to satisfy their expectations, and to warrant its further continuance.

The Philobiblion, therefore, will be continued another year, and, as heretofore, will be printed on India paper, and published monthly, at \$2.00 per annum, invariably in advance. The first number of the second volume will be issued in January, 1863. Those of our subscribers who have not already renewed their subscriptions for the ensuing year, will please remit the amount without delay. As only a limited edition of *The Philobiblion* is printed, it will in no case be sent to any address, after the subscription to it has expired.

All communications should be addressed to the Publishers,

GEO. P. PHILES & Co.,

No. 51 Nassau Street, N. Y.

NEW YORK, *November 1*, 1862.

Walpole's MS. Notes on Bayle.

After more than a century and a half, Bayle's Dictionary is still the same favorite with the lovers of books that it was upon its first publication. The esteem in which it was held by Johnson, Gibbon and D'Israeli, who were certainly competent judges of good reading, is well known. In Moore's Diary its various merits are pleasantly set forth by Lord Holland:

"Sept. 2, 1837. Received a note from Lord Holland announcing that his present of Bayle was on its way down by the wagon. The note was accompanied by an amusing string of rhymes full of fun and pun, à la Swift; and the next day's post brought me what he calls *Editio auctior et emendatio* of the same, which I shall here transcribe:

"MY DEAR MOORE,

"Neither poet nor scholar can fail
To be pleased with the critic I send you—'tis Bayle.
At leisure or working, in sickness or hale,
One can ever find something to suit one in Bayle.
Would you argue with fools who your verses assail,
Why here's logic and learning supplied you by Bayle.
Indeed, as a merchant would speak of a sale,
Of the articles asked for, I forward a Bayle.
But should you, in your turn, have a fancy to rail,
Let me tell you, there's store of good blackguard
in Bayle.

And although they for libel might throw you in jail,
Pray what would release you so quickly as Bayle?
Your muse has a knack at an amorous tale,
Do you want one to versify? turn do your Bayle.
Nay, more—when at sea, in a boisterous gale,
I'll make you acknowledge there's service in Bayle:
For if water be filling the boat where you sail,
I'll be bound you'll cry 'hail, my lads,' Bayle.
A mere correspondent may trust to the mail,
But your true man of letters relies on his Bayle.
So much knowledge in wholesale, and wit in retail.
(Tho' you've plenty already) greet kindly in Bayle."

Horace Walpole's copy of the General Dictionary, Historical and Critical (10 vols. folio, London, 1734-41, which includes the best translation of Bayle), is now before me. Each volume contains his book

plate, the cost, the dates when he commenced and finished reading it, and ample evidence of careful perusal, by numerous notes in Walpole's crabbed hand-writing, containing some curious facts and opinions, evincing his knowledge, acuteness, and ill nature. I deem them well worthy of preservation.

Enough of the text is given, to enable the reader to understand Walpole's comments, which are indicated by quotation marks; the few illustrations I have thought necessary are included in brackets.

Vol. I. p. 67.—The Abbey of Notre-Dame de Livri in l'Annois.

"It was possessed by Madam Sevingye's [sic] uncle."

P. 314, Art. DOMITIUS AFER.—This princess [Agrippina] was so far from suspecting that the Emperor had occasioned the prosecution against her.

"It should be, this princess was so convinced; or it is nonsense."

P. 315.—Nor were these the least evils.

"It should be translated, Nor were even these pleadings bad, but inferior to his former."

P. 413, Art. ALAMANNI.—Among the several poems which he had composed in praise of Francis I., there was a very smart piece against the Emperor —. The emperor had read the piece, and when Alamanni appeared before him, and pronounced a fine discourse in his praise, the emperor, who had heard him very attentively, gave him no other answer but the verses we have related. Alamanni, without being in the least out of countenance, answered immediately,—
"Sire, since your majesty has seen these verses, I will not disown them. I spoke as a poet who is permitted to use fictions and lies; but now I speak as an ambassa-

dor, who is obliged to tell the truth. I spoke then as a young spark, but now I speak as an old man, &c."

"Something like this happened to Waller, with Charles II.; but he made a better answer." [The superiority of the "Panegyric on Cromwell" to the "Congratulation" to Charles II. "Poets, Sir, succeed better in fiction than in truth."]

Vol. II. p. 95, Art. APOLODORUS, Note C.

—On his censuring the Emperor Hadrian's plan of a Temple of Venus: citing the conversation between Apelles and Alexander.

"This is a foolish reason of Bayle, and ^{wh} ^{wd} have had a different effect on any body else, to disbelieve a Fact, because he had found another example of it. And it is as foolish to disbelieve that two men said a thing like one another, because the two men to whom it was said, did not act like one another upon it."

P. 125, Art. AQUAVIVI, Note C.—

Favori de Pallas, quelque nom qu'on lui donne,

Ou celui de Minerve, ou celui de Bellone.

"Favorite of Pallas, if in Arms or Arts, She fills Bellona's or Minerva's parts."

P. 255, Art. ARISTOMENES.—The story of his escape from the cave of criminals into which he had been thrown by the Spartans.

"This story has been imitated in the Arabian Nights."

P. 463, Art. AVENTINE, JOHN.—Another instance very proper to be added to the list of the Colletes,* and a great many others who married their maids.

* "This is of that species of trifles ^{wh} have employed many learned men who have made collections of all books whose Titles begin with Anti, as Anti-Machiavel, or authors who have had two names the

same, as Alexander ab Alexandro, and the present instance of such learned personages as have married their maids."

P. 464.—Aventine considered that by marrying a handsome young woman, he should expose his forehead to a shameful and shocking dishonor—being in his sixty-fourth year, &c.

"What stuff is all this reasoning! and how unworthy a great man, as Bayle is falsely recon'd, tho even his criticism, which was his Fort (for I do not look upon merely having read much, as any merit, at least it is no proof of parts), is generally wasted in adjusting immaterial Dates, such as whether a German professor died in 1502 or 1503, or in reflections on learned men getting good wives, as in the Note (A) of N. Arnoldus; and such impertinent trifles as that of the same Arnoldus spending a month agreeably with Martin Gertichius his uncle by the mother's side."

P. 558, Art. BACON.—The king gave him positive advice to submit himself to his House of Peers, and that upon his princely word he would restore him again, if they in their honors should not be sensible of his merits.

"This is no improbable account of this great man's Fall, especially if it be considered that K. James wept when he heard of the Accusation. When the Earl of Somerset, his old Favorite, whom he was sacrificing to his new one, went to the Tower, this infamous King hung about his neck and wept, but the moment he was out of sight, said, Now the De'il take thee, man; I hope never to see thy face again. Lord Bacon's noble confession of his fault, which was chiefly indulgence to worthless servants, and his philosophic behaviour afterwards, look little like a guilty mind; and that very confession might probably flow from his consciousness of the King's betraying him, a

flattery that seems his commonest and greatest failing, and the more from its being bestowed on so worthless an object. His having advised the calling this Parliament, might be another motive of the King's giving him up to It, and they had not the virtue of their successors in 1641, who would not be content with that common scapegoat of a bad King, the sacrifice of his minister."

P. 576, Art. BADIUS.—He would have produced as many children as books, if he had applied himself to one of these functions as early as to the other.

"Cibber says in his Life that his Wife and his Muse produced a child and a play every year for some time."

P. 687, Art. JOSHUA BARNES.—He was rather distinguished for the extraordinary quickness of his wit than the solidity of his judgment.

"This Epitaph was made for him; 'Hic jacet Jos. Barnes, felicitis memoriz, expectans Judicium.'"

Vol. III. p. 205, Art. DR. THOMAS BENNET.—Each nature remaineth entire in itself, and retaineth the properties agreeable thereunto, without any conversion, composition, commixtion, or confusion.

"The meaning of all this nonsense is, that the two natures of Christ are mixed without any of the properties of union."

"The origin of all the controversies about the Trinity, arose not from the difference of Beliefs, but from men trying to make sense of what they believed. They put together to explain it a set of words that had fixed ideas—other men finding it impossible to believe it condemned them for Heretics—if the explanation had no meaning and consequently approached nearer to orthodoxy, it produced as many controversies and different explanations as the original enigma, and which is the more in-

diffoluble, for that, not being founded on the Scripture but invented since; It is still to be unravelled by It."

P. 564, Art. BRACHMANS.—The silly things which the Eastern nations have believed for so many ages concerning the origin of the universe, he attributes to the divine anger, &c.

"The origin of learning in the East, and of error too. Half our present knowledge arose from discovering the errors of what had before been called so."

P. 626, Art. JORDANUS BRUNUS.

"N. B. One of the reasons for believing that Bruno was an Atheist, was his believing a Plurality of Worlds!"

P. 628.—Scioppius says that Bruno maintained that magic is a lawful thing.

"It is plain that he did not approve of magic, tho he was so simple as to believe it, tho not more credible than much of what he disbelieved, by Scioppius's own Account of his saying Christ and others suffered justly for being magicians."

P. 689, Art. PHILIP DUKE OF BURGUNDY.—The people imagined he escaped, and was gone to conceal himself in an hermitage, from whence he would return after seven years.

"This sort of notion has prevailed among the common people in other countries, as about King Arthur, Don Sebastian, and the late K. George, who was thought to be shut up in a castle in Hanover."

Vol. IV. p. 9, Art. CÆSAR.—It would be wronging him to consider him an Epicurean with regard to Providence. This is liable to three objections: the first from this passage in Sallust, &c.; &c.

"There is a stronger objection to this, which is, that nobody takes this for an ora-

tion of Cæsar, but one made for him by the historian."

P. 364, Art. DR. SAMUEL CLARKE.—His scruples about subscription were great. To have nothing required from the preachers of the gospel but what was purely primitive, &c.

"Sr. R. W. had a very long conversation one night at Kenington with Dr. Clarke on this subject. The Queen and Lady Sundon were very desirous of making him a Bishop, but he would not subscribe. Sr. R. pressed him very close with asking him how he could conscientiously keep his living of St. James, which he held by having subscribed."

P. 365.—As to the eternity of the punishments of hell: they shall continue the whole duration of the wicked. Nothing shall put an end to their torment but what shall do so to their lives and their state for ever also.

"If Dr. Clarke believed thus, he believed a contradiction to his own belief of the immortality of the soul."

P. 563, Art. DEMOCRITUS.—It was enacted by the laws, that those who had spent their patrimony should not be interred in the sepulchre of the family. To get himself exempted from the penalty, he chose among his works that which surpassed all the rest, and read it to the magistrates. They were so charmed with it, they made him a present of five hundred talents, &c.

"Is it probable that a little city gave a man an hundred thousand pound for one book of his, which he read to them on being brought before them for having spent about twenty thousand?"

Vol. V. p. 635, Art. GUISE.—Cardinal de Lorraine took pleasure in collecting and showing the libels written upon him by the Huguenots.

"Mr. Pope kept and used to show three thick volumes of Pamphlets and satires wrote against him."

(To be continued.)

Les Libres Precheurs.

"LES LIBRES PRECHEURS, devanciers de Luther et de Rabelais; etude historique, critique et anecdotique, sur les XIV., XV., et XVI. siècles. Par ANTHONY MERAY. Paris, A. CLAUDIN, 1860." 12mo. pp. 221. The edition limited to 300 copies.

This "historical study," which appeared first as a series of articles in the "*Archives du Bibliophile*," treats of a class of men, the burlesque preachers of the middle ages, representatives of whom are to be found in the history of every nationality. As it is proposed to devote a series of articles in *The Philobiblion* to an examination of their importance in the history of our modern civilization, and the value of their works as showing the manners, and the style of thought and speech of the people of their times, no better general idea could be given of the interest and importance of this branch of literature, than will be obtained by a notice in M. Meray's cautious but appreciative "*Etude historique*." For any accurate measure in the future of the present condition of thought in England, Spurgeon will be as necessary as Buckle.

But these "burlesque preachers" were not merely noisy, religious demagogues, as that name would seem to imply. They were, as M. Meray calls them, the fore-runners of Luther and the Reformation; and he is right in his belief, that "the active element of democracy, the lively and lasting principle of reform, during the long feudal period which Europe has passed through, was principally to be found within the walls of the monasteries. In France,"

he goes on, "particularly where the temporal power never united itself, as in Germany and Italy, with the spiritual power, where the terrorism of the Inquisition was never regularly established at the expense of moral life, as in Portugal and Spain, some of our monastic orders, the mendicants and the preachers, were a sort of popular militia, naturally organized for the purpose of defending the cause of the weak, and watching the excesses of the great. Sprung from the people, the majority of these orators, who scattered their hot words freely to the people, not only in the churches, but in the public streets, at the fire-sides, in the open air and the open fields, bore in their style the marks of their humble origin. They retained from the people their hot anger, their unpolished eloquence, their jovial and sarcastic tone, their facility for error, and also the energy of their material appetites, which, in spite of their habitual sobriety and continence, they could not always resist."

"The monks have been studied from many points of view. I do not speak now of the modern monks; these seem to me out of place in the middle of the nineteenth century; to-day, when instruction, the defence of higher principles, and critical protestation, have more regular representatives, the monks seem to me as unnecessary as the dukes, the counts, and the barons, who bear the titles of their lost offices, side by side with the generals, the prefects, and the mayors who have replaced them. I take up the monastic institution at the epoch when it was made fruitful by faith, and I leave it at the extreme limit of its active influence, that is to say, at the reign of Henry IV."

"The only aspect under which I wish to examine the monastic legions of the past, is that of their out-door work, of their public life: the effect of their words upon the world which surrounded them, is the

single object of these pages. I wish to attempt to find again the spirit of our old sermons, to study in them their authors in their various characters of tribunes, reformers, moralists, satirists, and critics (*frondeurs*)."

"Europe remained a long time in this half dreamy state of mystical reverie, at war with invisible and supernatural agents, in that state of semi-hallucination in which we, awakened, have in our turn surprised the old races of Hindostan. * * * But Europe owes this awakening of intelligence, this return to active and strong aspirations, in a great measure to the more and more daring protests of the orators of our monasteries."

"If, in this long, intellectual eclipse, the only asylum for thought had been open to none but the members of a theocratic caste, like that of the Brahmins of India; if our monks, by the single fact of birth, had found themselves isolated from the mass which was declared impure by an abominable cosmogony; if these guardians of the sacred fire had lived only among themselves, preserving for their exclusive profit, as inviolable secrets, the fruits of their studies and the superior knowledge of inspired books, what would we have been now? Would we be able to glorify ourselves for our great superiority over the dwellers on the banks of the Ganges? Assuredly not."

"Happily for us, the convents were recruited from among the disinherited members of society. Thanks to this possibility of regeneration open to the pariahs of Europe, the serfs became free. Those who saw all honorable employments closed to their steps, turned to that in which intelligence was made available."

Considered from this point of view, the monkish literature, which has too generally been considered a mere tissue of obscure buffoonery, becomes not only interesting,

but absolutely necessary for a proper understanding of the times. As from the popular and formerly despised literature of the times can alone be gathered the materials for a proper understanding of Shakespeare's merit, or of the wit and truth of Hudibras, so it is only from the sources treated by M. Meray that we can obtain a just appreciation of Luther's claims as the leader of the Reformation, of the wisdom of Montaigne, of the wit of Rabelais, and of the satire of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*.

M. Meray's *Etude* consists of nine chapters, with a Preface, an Epilogue, and *Pieces justificatives*. His first chapter is upon *The monks as critics of the temporal Princes*. In this chapter M. Meray mentions Jacques Legrand, who, in 1405, publicly upbraided the Queen Isabeau, "who entered the church with her head proudly loaded with 'hennins,' her breast *discoverta usque ad umbilicum*, and trampling upon the floor of the holy place in shoes with beaks two feet long (*à becs de deux pieds de long*), and accused the king of having his court under the rule of 'Dame Venus, accompanied by her inseparable companions, Gluttony and Debauch.'" Before Charles VI. himself, in the chapel of the Palace, the same monk accused the Duke of Orleans of causing the misery of the people, calling him "the accursed of the people," and insisting upon his complicity with the Queen in "her actions which caused the public clamor," and told the king that unless he caused a quick and complete change in the management of affairs, the kingdom would fall into the hands of others. Jehan Petit, a cordelier, a few years afterwards, justified in the pulpit the murder of the Duke of Orleans, on the ground that it was "law, reason, and equity to kill a tyrant, even by ambush and assassination" (*voire par aguets et épiements*). The Carmelite Eustache de

Pavilly also signalized by name the great crown officers of Charles VI., "who deplored and robbed the king and the kingdom, acquiring great possessions, and building chateaux and great houses." Savonarola, as the leader of the Dominicans, at the end of the fifteenth century preached political and religious reform, and after the flight of Pierre de Medicis, affirmed in the chamber of the grand council in Florence, that "the will of God, in his opinion, ordered a government absolutely popular, and in which it should be in the power of no citizen to injure either the security or the liberty of others." But of these instances the contemporary histories and chronicles of the xv. and xvi. centuries are full. The monks then were the leaders of the people, and, as noticed by M. Meray, it was only when the diffusion of the principles of religious toleration and freedom of thought became popular, that, as sects have always done, "fearing for the material existence of their corporations, they became quickly converted to the side of the Church of Rome, and could see unity only in absolutism; then they became disgusted with the philosophy they had formerly professed; then science frightened them, reason irritated them, all movement became suspected by them, and they became as zealous in benumbing and destroying souls, as they before had been in freeing and elevating them."

In his second chapter, M. Meray shows *the monks as the critics of the princes of the Church*. This was a rich field for the honest monks who had taken vows of poverty and chastity, and kept them. M. Meray shows that even the Protestant preachers of the Reformation hardly equalled some of their monkish predecessors in bold satire upon the vices of the prelates of the Church of Rome. In his third chapter, M. Meray treats of the monks as *precursors of the Reformation*.

mation. Here M. Meray shows how Calvin, Luther, Wickliff, Hufs and others, were but successful continuers of the movement which had been begun by the monks.

The fourth chapter is upon the *mystics* and *legendaries*. The early history of Christianity is full of "traditions in the Church," such as we have in the "Golden Legend," in the lives of the Saints, and in the works of the Fathers. To reproduce and enlarge upon these insoluble questions of mysticism, formed an endless fund of discourse to the monks. As M. Meray says, "the professional preachers found in the works of William de Saint-Amour, Saint Bonaventura, Duns Scotus, Nicolas de Lyra, Peter Lombard, and Saint Thomas Aquinas, a mass of daring assertions which had been amassed by their imaginations, over-excited by the abuse of ecstatic contemplation; the slightest details of the celestial life had been inventoried by them; their teachings concerning the manners and customs of the transmundane regions were varied and precise. The preachers also obtained from the works of the contemplative doctors precise teachings concerning the episodes and the personages of sacred history, the most minute incident of which had been revealed to these mystic masters, at the same time with those of the heavens. They could then, by the aid of their imaginations, give to the people the untold details of the lives of the patriarchs, and the words exchanged by the members of the Holy Family during their sojourn here below. Their simple hearers were in no wise astonished at the considerable and often very indiscreet additions made by the preachers of the xiv., xv. and xvi. centuries to the pages of the two Testaments."

Upon this subject, and that of the *miracles and supernatural interventions*, which forms the theme of his fifth chapter, M. Meray gives many curious and quaint de-

tails, which will prove interesting not only to the students of the manners of the middle ages, but particularly to those who love the literature and the art of those times, whose mystical faith and superstitious devotion have taken such firm hold upon our civilization, that even the immense advance in science and knowledge made during this century, seems impotent against them.

Their opinions concerning a future life is the subject of the sixth chapter. Of this unfathomable mystery the monks of those days were accurately informed. They were equally well acquainted with the pleasures of heaven, the probationary pains of purgatory, and the torments of hell. But it was principally upon the last that they expatiated, seeming to derive a dreadful delight in describing, with impassioned eloquence, the horrible details of its torments.

The seventh chapter treats of the *stories and apologues of the old preachers*. These monks were good story-tellers, they knew how to point a moral and adorn a tale; and they could excite their audiences either by the narration of the stoical sufferings of asceticism and the rewards of virtue, or by some laughable story, which we would sooner expect to hear in the tavern than in the church, or read in "Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles," than in a collection of sermons. For the details of this chapter of M. Meray's, and the eighth, which treats of *Les Fantaisistes et les Rabelaisiens*, the reader must be referred to the work itself. They show that the monks must have been in earnest, since they certainly wasted no time in "patching fig leaves for the naked truth."

The ninth chapter treats of the *details of manners in the old collections of sermons*. From a study of these collections, perhaps the best idea can be obtained of the middle ages. There is no rosy light of romance thrown over those times, in

these old sermons. They show the spirit of their age, its superstitious mysticism, its devout faith, its exalted virtue, its daring scepticism, its bold inquiry, its depravity, its vice, its tyranny, its freedom, its ignorance and its knowledge—in a word, the details of the life of the people, which alone can make the study of history valuable.

This brief view of the subject, which it is proposed to continue in these pages, is necessarily very general in its character. In treating, however, the individual representatives of this branch of literature, it will be necessary to be more minute, and to justify, by ample quotation from their works, their claims to consideration.

The Republic of Letters vs. D'Israeli.

About the close of the year 1837, there was printed and privately circulated in London, "as an experimental inquiry into the force of truth," a small octavo volume of 160 pages, entitled:

"Curiosities of Literature, by I. D'Israeli, Esq., Doctor in Civil Law of the University of Oxford, and Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London. Illustrated by Bolton Corney, Esq., Honorary Professor of Criticism in the *Republique des Lettres*, and Member of the Society of English Bibliophiles. Greenwich [London: F. Shoberl, Junior]. Printed by especial command."

A second edition of this intelligent and extremely pungent volume was published in 1838, "*revised and acuminated*," to which Mr. D'Israeli replied in a rapid pamphlet full of personal abuse, bearing the following alliterative title: "THE ILLUSTRATOR ILLUSTRATED," London, 1838. 8vo. pp. 81.

As the following article extracted from *The Republic of Letters*, for January, 1732, has apparently escaped the critical notice of Mr. Corney, we publish it without further comment, as a supplementary page to his ingenious volume, and as another beautiful and instructive illustration of the "*Curiosities of Literature*."

D'ISRAELL. CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE, ART. "BENTLEY'S MILTON."

As it is certain that the blind bard employed an amanuensis, it was not improbable that many words of similar sound, but very different signification, might have disfigured the poem; but our Doctor was bold enough to conjecture that this amanuensis interpolated whole verses of his own composition in the "Paradise Lost!"

REPUBLIC OF LETTERS, JAN. 1732. ART. BENTLEY'S MILTON. p. 108.

For everybody knows that Milton, when he composed this poem, was blind with a *Gutta Serena*, and therefore obliged to make use of an amanuensis; upon which account more mistakes must needs have happened, especially in monosyllables that have a similitude of sound, than if he had been able to write it with his own hand. But besides such errors as might have been committed by the amanuensis, the Doctor supposes, that the friend or acquaintance,

to whom Milton committed his copy, and the correcting of the press, did execute that trust so vilely, either through neglect, or wilfully, that the First Edition came forth, polluted as he imagines with such monstrous faults, as are beyond example in any other printed book. If the Doctor's conjecture be right, this is not the worst usage that poor Milton met with from his false friend, for he further supposes him to have taken the advantage of the Poet's poverty and blindness, to foist into this work several verses of his own.

The first edition appeared in 1667, and the second in 1674, in which all the faults of the former edition were continued. By these faults, the Doctor means what he considers to be such:

Bentley says that he will *supply* the want of Manuscripts to collate (to use his own words), by his own "Sagacity and Happy Conjecture."

The first edition came out in 1667, and a second in 1674, in which all the faults of the former are continued. To correct or remove all those faults, is what the Doctor has attempted in this edition.

As there is no Manuscript to be found, our learned Editor is of another opinion, and says, that the typographical faults, or those committed by the printer and supervisor, are corrigible by retrieving the poet's own words. But if it be asked, how this is to be done, the answer is very plain and short, by the Doctor's Sagacity and Happy Conjecture.

Milton, after the conclusion of Satan's speech to the fallen angels, proceeds thus:

1. He spake; and to confirm his words
out flew
2. Millions of flaming *swords*, drawn from
the thighs
3. Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
4. Far round illumin'd hell; highly they
rag'd
5. Against the Highest; and fierce with
grasped *Arms*
6. Clash'd on their sounding shields the din
of war,
7. Hurling defiance tow'rd the *Vault* of
Heaven.

In this passage, which is as perfect as human wit can make, the Doctor alters

Milton, after the conclusion of Satan's speech to the fallen angels, goes on thus:

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Heaven.

In these seven lines, which, I think, are inexpressibly beautiful and noble, and as

three words. In the second line he puts *blades* instead of *swords*; in the fifth he puts *swords* instead of *arms*; and in the last line he prefers *walls* to *vaults* (sic). *vault*. All these changes are so many defecations of the poem. The word *swords* is far more poetical than *blades*, which may as well be understood of *knives* as *swords*.

perfect as human wit can make them, the Doctor makes an alteration of three words. In the second line he puts *blades* instead of *swords*; in the fifth he puts *swords* instead of *arms*; and in the last line he prefers *walls* to *vault*. All which changes are undoubtedly for the worse, and instead of improvement, are so many defecations and debasements of this inestimable poem. For the word *swords* sounds much better in heroicks than *blades*, and may as well be understood of *knives* as *swords*.

The word *arms*, the generic for the specific term, is still stronger and nobler than *swords*; and the beautiful conception of *vault*, which is always indefinite to the eye, while the solidity of *walls* would but meanly describe the highest Heaven, gives an idea of grandeur and modesty.

As for the word *arms*, that is still stronger and more proper, notwithstanding the Doctor's criticism, in the place where the poet used it, than *swords*, which he would substitute in its place. That the word *vault* is preferable to *walls*, is, I conceive, undeniable, because it always carries with it an idea of something that is grand, majestic and august; as of some magnificent palace or stately building, which is high-arched and vaulted; whereas *walls* are equally applicable to a little garden or low cottage as to the highest Heaven.

So parted they; the angel up to heaven,
From the thick shade; and Adam to his
bower.

So parted they; the angel up to heaven,
From the thick shade, and Adam to his
bower.

Bentley "conjectures" these two verses to be inaccurate, and in lieu of the last writes—

The Doctor, instead of the latter of these two lines, chuses to put this of his own:

"Adam, to ruminate on past discourse." "Adam, to ruminate on past discourse."

And then our erudite critic reasons! as thus: After the conversation between the Angel and Adam in the bower, it may be well presumed that our first parent waited on his heavenly guest at his departure to some little distance from it, till he began to take his flight towards heaven; and therefore "sagaciously" thinks that the poet could not with propriety say that the angel parted from the *thick shade*, that is, the *bower*, to go to heaven. But if Adam

Now, to say nothing at all of the line itself, I can't perceive the least occasion for any alteration in this place; but our Editor's reason, if I apprehend him right, seems to be this: After the conversation was ended between the Angel and Adam in the bower, it may well be presumed that our first parent waited on his heavenly guest at his departure to some little distance from it, till he began to take his flight towards heaven; and if so, our judicious critic

attended the Angel no farther than the door or entrance of the bower, then he shrewdly asks, "How Adam could return to his bower if he was never out of it?"

thinks the poet could not with propriety say, that the Angel parted from the *thick shade*—that is, the bower, to go to heaven. But if Adam attended the Angel no farther than the door or entrance of the bower; then he asks this shrewd question; "How Adam could return to his bower, if he was never out of it?"

Our Editor has made a thousand similar corrections in his edition of Milton! Some have suspected that the same kind intention which prompted Dryden to persuade Creech to undertake a translation of Horace, influenced those who encouraged our Doctor, in thus exercising his "sagacity" and "happy conjecture" on the epic of Milton.

I have now given the reader specimens of every kind of correction, which our Editor has made in this edition of Milton: they are in all above a thousand. However, it may be said in the Doctor's behalf, that this was not his own voluntary undertaking; for he tells us in another place, *non injussa cecini*. But whoever encouraged him to it, no doubt did it with the same kind intention that Dryden persuaded Creech to undertake a translation of Horace.

Le Cosmopolite

ou

LE CITOÏEN (*sic.*) DU MONDE.

Patria est ubicunque est bene.

Cic. 5. Tuscul. 37.

Aux dépens de l'Auteur,
(N. Fougeret de Monbron).
(Hambourg et Amsterdam).

M.DCCL., 12mo, pp. 125.

This cynical little volume, from which Lord Byron selected the lugubrious motto prefixed to *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, is one of uncommon rarity. Independently of the rather vague merit of being excessively rare, it appears to us to possess at least sufficient bibliographical importance, if not enough true literary excellence, to justify a brief notice of its contents, and a short sketch of the author. The biographical data regarding N. Fougeret de Monbron are extremely scanty and unsatisfactory. According to the *Biographie*

Universelle, he was born at Péronne in the early part of the eighteenth century and died in the month of September, 1761. Quite early in life he entered the army, which, after a few years, he abandoned for the profession of literature. By this unfortunate mistake Louis XV. lost prematurely a tolerably good soldier, and the world gained another unnecessary author of no small number of bad books. Monbron appears to have been one of those miserable, half-educated, and conceited men of slender talents, who adopt literature as a trade. None of his works that we have seen can be charitably characterized as being even "first-rate mediocrity." Like the friend of *Gil Blas* who *rhymed* himself into the hospital, Monbron persisted in writing and publishing by stratagem fundry gross and indecent novels, until, "one fine morning," as he says, "*un Limier de Police* came to his residence and thence police

escorted him to prison." After a short imprisonment he was released by the minister, M. de Maurepas, and ordered to leave Paris immediately, and not to return again within fifty leagues of the city. At this point the travels of "*The Cosmopolite*" (who is simply M. de Monbron) abruptly begin. The following extract from the first page, which commences with the passage quoted by Byron, is a fair sample of the querulous spirit and flippant style in which *The Cosmopolite* is written. We preserve faithfully the peculiar orthography of M. de Monbron:

"L'univers est une espece de Livre dont on n'a lû que la première page; quand on n'a vu que son Pais. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre que j'ay trouvées presque également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssois ma Patrie. Toutes les impertinences des Peuples divers parmi lesquels j'ay vécu m'ont reconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurois tiré d'autre benefice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterois ni les frais, ni les fatigues."

"Chassé autrefois de Paris, je conçûs le desir de visiter les Habitants de la Grande Bretagne, dont quelques bilingues enthousiastes m'avoient conté des merveilles. Je croiois trouver dans cette Isle fameuse non seulement l'homme de Diogene, mais y en trouver par millions. J'arrivai à Londres enivré de ce doux espoir. Tout m'y parut au premier coup d'œil infiniment au dessus de l'idée qu'on m'en avoit donnée. Chaque Anglois étoit pour moy une Divinité. Ses actions, ses démarches les plus indifferentes me sembloient toutes dirigées par le bon sens et la droite raison. S'il ouvroit la bouche pour parler, quoique je n'entendisse pas un mot de ce qu'il disoit, j'étois dans une admiration qui ne se peut exprimer. Cependant l'état de mes affaires ne me permettant point alors de rester dans ce séjour Angelique, je l'abandonnai pénétré des plus vifs regrets, avec la consolation néanmoins, d'y transporter mes Lares dès que j'en serois le maître."

Leaving England, THE COSMOPOLITE sets out on a sort of a vagabond tour through Continental Europe. Henceforth, the principal part of the volume is taken up with a voluptuous and detailed account of his low intrigues with the cooks and cham-

bermaids in the inns of the various cities he visits. The slight sketch that he gives of his travels is too frivolous and commonplace to merit analysis or quotation. We venture to give, however, one instance of his success in gallantry, as it is the most chaste and unexceptionable anecdote in the book:

"Je fis provision avant de quitter Lorette, de grains benits, de Rosaires, d'Agnus Dei, et autres semblables denrées. On ne sauroit croire de quelle ressource sont quelquefois ces pieuses babioles pour se faire des amis. Souvent de pareilles guenilles m'ont aplani bien des difficultés dans le cours de mes aventures galantes. Telle Agnès que les larmes, les soupirs et l'or n'auroient pu corrompre, s'est souvent attendrie à la vue d'un chapelet ou d'une image miraculeuse. C'est de cette manière que les Caffards porte-frocs savent engeoler de jeunes innocentes et se procurer les plus charmantes jouissances. Je distribuai assez heureusement ma dévoté marchandise dans mainte Ville de la Romanie excepté à Boulogne, où une Chambrière me donna la gale pour une médaille de Notre Dame. Au reste ce que je trouvais de consolant dans cette disgrâce, c'est que la fille étoit jolie, et qu'on ne pouvoit guère gagner la-gale à meilleur marché."

From Bologna *The Cosmopolite* continues his tour to Venice, Madrid, and Lisbon, and thence sails for London, which "*séjour Angelique*" he reaches in safety. Here his travels abruptly end, and he closes his incoherent account of them with this philanthropic sentiment:

"Je méprise trop les hommes pour ambitionner leur approbation et leurs applaudissements, permis à eux de me rendre mépris pour mépris; je les y exhorte même; aussi bien y a-t-il longtemps que j'ai choisi pour ma Devise:

Contemni et contemnere. Dixi."

Our principal object in noticing *Le Cosmopolite* has been simply to preserve a slight bibliographical record of a foolish book, which appears to have pleased Lord Byron merely on account of the bitterly misanthropic spirit in which it is written. In a literary point of view it is utterly worthless. Of M. de Monbron we shall

o further seek his merits to disclose." numerous works are all dead and beyond the possibility of a resurrection. A probably complete list of them may be found in Barbier's Dictionnaire des Ouvrages Anonymes et Pseudonymes, &c., 4 s. 8vo, Paris, 1822-27, to which we refer the discreet reader.

sale of Zelotes Gosmer's Library.

This is the most important sale for Bibliographical students, that has taken place in this country during the past year, and sections of the prices obtained will be both interesting and serviceable to all book collectors. It may not be amiss to state that the sale took place in Boston, and that one of the largest buyers was a wealthy book amateur of this city.

No. 16. ALLOT, ROBERT. ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS; or, the choicest Flowers of our Modern Poets, with their Poetical Comparisons, Description of Beauties, Personages, Castles, Pallaces Mountaines, Groves, Seas, Springs, Rivers, etc. *First Edition.* 12mo. calf. London, 1600. \$13.

No. 18. AMES, JOSEPH. TYPOGRAPHICAL ANTIQUITIES; or The History of Printing in England, Scotland and Ireland, containing Memoirs of our Ancient Printers, and a Register of the Books Printed by them, by the late Joseph Ames, considerably augmented by William Herbert, and now greatly enlarged, with copious notes by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, and illustrated with appropriate engravings, comprehending the History of English Literature, and a View of the Progress of the Art of Engraving in Great Britain. Large Paper copy, only 66 of which

were printed. Red mor. extra gilt, by Clarke and Bedford. London, 1809-19. \$184.

No. 26. AQUINAS, THOMAS DE. SUMMA DE ARTICULIS FIDEI ET ECCLESIAE SACRAMENTIS. *Moguntiae typis, Joh. Gutenberg.* Circa 1460. Small 4to, vellum. \$20.

No. 33. ARISTOPHANES, COMEDIAE GRÆCE. ALDUS. VENICE, 1498. Folio. Red Mor. extra gilt. Editio princeps of 9 plays. \$15.

No. 52. *Arte and Crafte to Knowe Well to Ryte*, translated out of Frenshe into Englyshe, by Wm. Caxton, the X day of Juyn, the Yere of our Lord 1490. Folio, half mor. A fac-simile reprint on vellum. \$4.75.

No. 53. ARTHUR OF BRITAYN. The History of the Valiant Knight, Arthur of Little Britain, a Romance of Chivalry, Originally translated from the French by John Bouchier, Lord Berners. London, 1814, 4to. A reprint illustrated with colored plates after drawings in a MS. Copy in the British Museum. Only 200 printed. \$12.75.

No. 54. ASCHAM, ROGER. English Works. London. 1815. calf. Only 250 printed. \$6.75.

No. 55. ASTLE, THOMAS. THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF WRITING, as well Hieroglyphic as Elementary. Illustrated with engravings, &c. London, 1803. 2d Edit. Large Paper. Royal folio. Calf gilt. By Clarke & Bedford. \$12.50.

No. 73. BALFOUR, SIR JAMES. BALLADS AND OTHER FUGITIVE POETICAL PIECES, chiefly Scottish, from the collections of Sir James Balfour. Edinburgh. 1834. 4to. Mor. extra gilt. one of two copies on vellum, in an edition of only 48. \$10.50.

- No. 81. BARLOW, JOEL. THE COLUMBIAD. Philadelphia, 1807. 4to, calf gilt. Portrait and plates. \$8.00.
- No. 95. BEAUMONT, JOSEPH. PSYCHE, OR LOVES MYSTERIE, in XX Cantos, Displaying the Intercourse betwixt Christ and the Soule. London, 1648. Folio, Red mor. gilt. First Edition. \$7.50.
- No. 119. Brand, Sebastian. Ship of Fools of the World. London, 1509. Richard Pynson. Folio Calf. This copy wants 9 leaves. Black Letter, curious. \$20.25
- No. 120. Do. Stultifera Fama; THE SHIP OF FOOLIES. London, 1570. Black Letter. Folio. Russia gilt. Curious Engravings, and with additions of Mancin's Mirour of Good Manners, and Egloges by Alexander Barclay, the Translator of the work. \$76.
- No. 139. BROWNE, SIR THOMAS. WORKS. Edited by Simon Wilkin, F.L.S., with Memoir. London. Pickering. 1836. 4 vols., one of 50 on large paper. cloth. \$18.
- No. 140. BRYDGES, SIR S. E. CENSURA LITERARIA. 2d Edition. London, 1815. 10 vols. 8vo, calf gilt. \$46.20.
- No. 141. Do. BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER. London, 1810. 4 vols. 8vo, calf. \$17.
- No. 142. Do. RESTITUTA. London, 1814. 4 vols. 8vo, calf. \$10.
- No. 144. Do. ARCHAICA. London, 1815. 2 vols. 4to, Russia. \$14.50.
- No. 160. BURTON, ROBERT. THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY. 7th Edition. London, 1660. Folio, calf. \$6.50.
- No. 162. BUTLER, SAMUEL. HUDIBRAS. With Dr. Grey's Annotations. Portraits and Engravings. London, 1819. 3 vols. Large Paper. 8v gilt.
- No. 163. Do. THE GENUINE REMAINS, with selections from his plays and tracts in prose. By Robert Thyer and Portraits. London, 182 gilt.
- No. 193. CHAPMAN, GEORGE. SHADOW OF NIGHT, containing Metrical Hymnes. London, 15
- No. 194. Do. EASTWARD HOE. 1605. 4to. First Edition.
- No. 195. Do. ALL FOYLES. A London, 1605, 4to. First Edition.
- No. 196. Do. MONSIEUR D'O COMEDIE. London, 1606. 4 Edition.
- No. 197. Do. THE CONSPIRACY TRAGEDIE OF CHARLES, DUKE OF BRISTOL. London, 1608. 4to. First Edition.
- No. 199. Do. THE WIDOW'S COMEDIE. London, 1612. 2 Edition.
- No. 200. Do. THE GEORGICKS OF ROBERT CRUIKSHANK, elaborately translated, containing the doctrine of Husbandry, Moral Piety, with a Perpetual Calendar of Good and Bad Days. London, 4to. First Edition.
- No. 201. Do. JUSTIFICATION OF AN ACTION OF NERO, in Burying Solemn Funeral one of the Caskets of his Mistress Poppæa; also a proof of a Roman Smell-Feast the Fifth Satyre of Juvenal, translated. London, 1629, 4to, calf.
- No. 202. Do. THE WARRES OF ANDRÉAS AND CÆSAR, a Roman Tragedy of which Events is evicted the fiction, only a just Man is a fiction. London, 1631. 4to, red mor. 1

No. 203. DO. THE TRAGEDIE OF CHABOT, Admirall of France. London; 1639. 4to, red mor. \$3.00.

No. 204. DO. THE WHOLE WORKS OF HOMER, Prince of Poets, in his Iliads and Odysses. Neuer before in any language truly translated, with a Comment vpon some of his chiefe places: Donne according to the Greeke, by George Chapman. London, circa 1611. Folio, mor. gilt. In fine condition, and containing The Iliad; Sonnets to the Nobility; The Odysses; Batrachomyomacha, or the Battaille of Frogs and Mife, and His Hymnes and Epigrams. \$60.00.

Miscellaneous Items.

PHILOBIBLON, A Treatise on the Love of Books, by Richard De Bury, Bishop of Durham, and Lord Chancellor of England. First American Edition, with the Literal English Translation of John B. Inglis. Collated and Corrected, with Notes, by Samuel Hand. Albany: Joel Munfell, M.DCCCLXI, fm. 8vo.

100 copies on sized and calendered paper.

90 " on drawing paper.

20 " on large paper.

210.

It is not our intention at this time to examine anywise critically the literary merits of this beautiful reprint of THE PHILOBIBLON of Richard De Bury. In a subsequent number of this journal we shall endeavor to give an impartial critical estimate of the bibliographical and literary value of Mr. Hand's editorial labors on this *édition de luxe* of one of the most quaint and amusing treatises that have come down to us from the Middle Ages,

together with the result of our own researches concerning the Life, Times and Character of this noble Bishop, who, in many respects, was one of the most remarkable and useful men of the age in which he lived.

ENGLISH PLATONISTS.

The publishers of *The Philobiblion* take this opportunity of announcing that a series of Biographical Studies on the English Platonists of the 17th and 18th centuries, are being prepared expressly for the pages of this Journal.

The series will include the names of Dr. Benjamin Whichcote, Dr. Henry More, Dr. Ralph Cudworth, John Smith, of Oundle; Dr. Theophilus Gale, John Norris, of Bemerton; Dr. John Worthington, Arthur Collier, Thomas Taylor, Floyer Sydenham, and some other names of less note. The first article of the series will be on Dr. Whichcote.

THE SOLDIER'S POCKET BIBLE.

THE SOLDIER'S POCKET BIBLE, an Exact Reprint of the Original Edition of 1643. With a Prefatory Note, by George Livermore.

"Trust in the Lord, and keep the Powder dry."

[One hundred copies printed for private distribution.]

Cambridge, 1861. 16mo, pp. 16.

[Original Title-page.]

THE SOULDIER'S POCKET BIBLE; Containing the most (if not all) those places contained in holy Scripture, which doe shew the qualifications of his inner man, that is a fit Souldier to fight the Lords Battels, both before the fight, in the fight, and after the fight;

Which Scriptures are reduced to severall heads, and fitly applied to the Souldiers severall occasions, and so may supply the want of the whole Bible, which a Souldier cannot conveniently carry about him;

And may bee also usefull for any Christian to meditate upon, now in this miserable time of Warre. Imprimatur, Edm. Calamy.

Jos. 18. This Book of the Law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou maist observe to doe according to all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and have good successe.

Printed at London by G. B. and R. W. for G. C. 1643.

This very handsomely printed volume is, as Mr. Livermore states in his Prefatory Note, "a fac-simile reprint of a rare tract issued for the use of the army soon after the commencement of the Civil War in England. Only two copies are known to be extant. The one in Mr. Livermore's possession was regarded as unique, until, at the suggestion of Henry Stevens, Esq., of London, 'the multitudinous rubbish-mountains of old Civil-War Pamphlets, some thirty or fifty thousand of them in the British Museum,' were searched, and a duplicate was discovered there." The title-page of this tract, its date, and its general character, conclusively prove its purpose. It was printed in 1643, the year in which Colonel Cromwell seems to have sifted and completed his invincible regiment of *Ironsides*, insisting that his men should be religious, while he left the particular form of religion to their own choice. Mr. Livermore has reprinted this small edition for private distribution among a "few friends, who may value such a memorial of one of the most important periods of English History."

ANECDOTE OF BRUNET.

M. Silvestre de Sacy, in noticing the appearance of the fifth edition of Brunet's "*Manuel du Libraire*," after stating that the collection of this learned bibliophile is

one of the finest and richest in Paris, sketches his presence in the auction-room. Brunet, he says, like other book-lovers, has committed some follies in his time, and possibly may do so again. "I have seen him in the sale-room a prey to all the passions which agitate the humblest mortals, sometimes affecting indifference and turning his back whilst an unknown and faithful agent was bidding for him; sometimes approaching the table by an involuntary movement; betraying at last his secret, raising the mask, entering himself valiantly into a struggle with a desperate competitor until the last blow assured him of the book, which he carried off triumphantly under his arm, after having obtained it, it is true, at a price three times, ten times higher perhaps, than he had calculated giving for it. I have seen him also, but rarely, issue forth vanquished and down-cast." Brunet successful would, nevertheless moralise to himself and say: "I have paid too dear for the book, it is true, but I have it!" The new edition of the "*Manuel*" is augmented by a third at least, and more space has been given to English and German literature. M. de Sacy says: "We have all become a little German and a little English, which is not to be regarded as an evil if we do not risk, at the same time, becoming a little less French."

ALLITERATIVE POETRY.

A brief conclusion, where you may see,
Each word in the verse to begin with a C.

The thrifty that teacheth the thriving to thrive,
Teach timely to traverse, the thing that thou

trive,
Transferring thy toiling, to timeliness taught,
This teacheth thee temperance, to temper thy

thought.
Take trusty (to trust to) that thinkest to thee,
That trustily thriftiness trowleth to thee,

Then temper thy travell, to tarry the tide.
This teacheth thee thriftiness, twenty times try'd,

Take thankfull thy talent, thank thankfully
thofe,
That thriftily teacheth thy time to transpose.
Troth twice to be teach'd, teach twenty times
ten,
This trade thou that takest, take thrift to thee
then.

THOMAS TUSSEK.

FRIGHTED FANNY'S FAITHFUL FRIEND, TO FRED-
ERIC, FICTITIOUSLY FOND.

Artful ape of amorous airs,
Baneful bait thy ballad bears;
Coaxing coxcomb, curb thy course,
Disdain the dark, the De'il divorce.
Ever eager to ensnare
Foolish, flighty, friendless fair;—
Grisly ghosts, and goblins growling,
Hurl him headlong, hideous, howling.
Impious image, imp ingrate,
Know, you kill'd the kindly Kate;
Lovely Lydia, lank and lone,
Mopes with meagre, morbid moan;
Ninety nymphs, nay, ninety-nine
On thy odious oaths opine;
Pens and pencils pine to paint
Quibbling quiddities, or quaint;
Rigid reason rants and roars,
Sighs and sobs, and sinks and soars;
Tries the tender, tries the terse,
Vents variety in verse;
Warbles words, which wisely won
Xenocrates and Xenophon,
Yunker, yield to yawning, yea—
Zounds, I'm safe at zig zag zee.

TOM MOORE AND ANDREW MARVELL.

I have lately noted a few remarkable coincidences of thought and expression, that look wonderfully like plagiarism. If not absolutely "conveyed" by later writers, the resemblance is at least very striking and curious.

In Marvell's lines to the Bermudas we read, as the concluding couplet:

"And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars, they kept the time."

In Moore's Canadian Boat Song, the second line runs thus:

"Their voices kept tune, and their oars kept time."

Moore had visited Bermuda, and must have read Marvell.

The prototype of the fourth line of Hal-
leck's beautiful verses on Drake,

"Nor named thee but to praise,"

seems to be found in an epitaph written by
Marvell:

"Enough and leave the rest to fame,
'Tis to commend her but to name."

HAWTHORNE AND EVANGELINE.

Hawthorne, in his Grand Father's Chair, suggested the subject of the enforced exile or the happy Acadians, as a fit topic for the poet, some years before the appearance of *Evangeline*, and very probably Longfellow adopted this hint. The poet had been the genial reviewer of *Twice Told Tales*, in an article of generous eulogy, in the *North American Review*, on the first appearance of that admirable collection in 1837.

W. A. J.

Notes and Queries.

SUCKLING AND SHAKESPEARE.

Looking over "The Muses' Library" the other day, I stumbled upon Mrs. Cooper's quotation from Shakespeare—an extract from "The Rape of Lucrece"—the first line of which recalled a poem of Suckling's, which poem no one, so far as I am aware, has yet noticed. It is this (I copy from the 3d edition of Suckling's works—1658):

A SUPPLEMENT OF AN IMPERFECT COPY OF VERSES
OF MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARES, BY THE AU-
THOR.

I.

One of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kisse,
Which therefore swel'd, and seem'd to part asun-
der,

As angry to be rob'd of such a blisse:
The one lookt pale, and for revenge did long,
While t'other blisht, cause it had done the wrong.

2.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was

On a green fatten quilt, whose perfect white
Lookt like a Dazie in a field of grasse,

And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight;
There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep
The rest o'th' body that lay fast asleep.

3.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
Strove to imprison beauty till the morn:

But yet the doors were of such fine stuffe made,
That it broke through, and shew'd itself in
scorn,

Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turn'd to smiles full as't came near her
face.

4.

Her beams (which some dull men call'd hair) di-
vided

Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did
sport;

But these, as rude, her breath put by still; some
Wifelyer downwards sought, but falling short,
Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn agen
To bite the part so unkindly held them in.

At the beginning of the 4th line of the
2d stanza, in the old edition, is an afterisk,
and at the end of the line the fellow to it,
and these words: "Thus far *Shakespeare*."

Turn, now, to "The Rape of Lucrece,"
and read what follows:

"Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:

Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

"Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day."

There are two more stanzas of similar
description, devoted to the hair and breasts
of Lucrece, but as they bear no resem-
blance to Suckling's, they need not be
quoted. The question which now occurs

is: What did the editor of Suckling's vol-
ume (the first edition was published in 1646,
four years after the poet's death) mean by the
title which he prefixed to the poem? Did
he consider the first ten lines imperfect, as
they stand in "The Rape of Lucrece," or
was he under the impression that they
were a fragment of Shakespeare's? Evi-
dently the latter. Another question now
rises: Were the lines, as they stand in
Suckling's poem, the original rough draft
of the passage in "The Rape of Lucrece,"
or did Shakespeare, at a later period (later,
I mean, than the publication of "The Rape
of Lucrece;" 1594), try to amend it?
"What song the syrens sang," faith old
Sir Thomas Browne, "or what name
Achilles assumed when he hid himself
among women, though puzzling questions,
are not beyond all conjecture." Neither are
the questions which I have just propounded.
But as for answering them, no mortal can
do it. Could we summon the mighty
spirit of the great Magician from

"The dark backward and abyss of time,"

he could tell us; even the courtly Bohe-
mian, Sir John, could we entice him from
the bowling alleys of Hades (he was ac-
counted, in his lifetime, the best bowler
in England), might shed some light on the
subject. But till we can do this, we must
remain in the dark. My own opinion is
that Suckling tried his "prentice han'" at
amending the youthful verses of Shake-
speare; and, under the judgment of wiser
wits, that he did not altogether fail.

Suckling (let me, like Falstaff, "babble
o' these green fields") was an ardent ad-
mirer of Shakespeare, as may be seen in the
beautiful Bowdlerized edition of his works,
edited by the Rev. Alfred Suckling, LL.B.
(Longmans, 1836.) In a letter to his sis-
ter, Martha, the wife of Sir John Southcott,
of Shillingford, a bad man, by the way,
who, in the words of the editor, completed

a course of conjugal unkindness by the appalling crime of suicide, are these words: "And yet, as ill a mien as this act has, 'twas à-la Romançi, as you may see by a line of Mr. Shakespeare's, who, bringing in Titinius after a lost battle, speaking to his sword, and bidding it find out his heart, adds:

"By your leave, gods! this is a Roman's part."

Another letter begins as follows:

"SIR:

"We are at length arrived at that river, about the uneven running of which my friend, Mr. William Shakespeare, makes Henry Hotspur quarrel so highly with his fellow-rebels; and, for his sake, I have been something curious to consider the scantlet of ground that angry Monsieur would have had in; but can not find it could deserve his choler," etc. In a note upon this passage, the Rev. Alfred Suckling says: "It is worthy of remark, that Sir John Suckling calls Shakespeare his friend: this is probably an expression arising simply from his admiration of our immortal bard; yet he might have seen that writer, while a boy, and, very probably, had been in his company." It is possible, certainly, but scarcely probable, Sir John being born in 1609, and "Mr. William" dying in 1616. Mr. Suckling also notices a portrait of Sir John, painted by Vandyke, and formerly in the possession of Lady Southcott, in which he is represented as holding a folio book of poetry in his left hand, and a few of its leaves with his right. On the edge of the book is a paper, on which is written, *Shakespeare*.

But enough of this.

A few words more, however, in reference to the poem with which I began. The 4th stanza, as I have copied it, and as it reads in all the editions that I have seen, early as well as late, is, as the reader may have noticed, imperfect, the 1st and 3d

lines not rhyming, as they should. What is the matter with them? Has the rhyming word dropped off of the 3d line, or were both lines transcribed incorrectly? They were incorrectly transcribed, there can be no doubt, and should read in this fashion, or something like it:

"Her beams (which some dull men called hair) dividing,
Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did sport;
But these, as rude, her breath put by; still, gliding,
Some wifelier downwards sought; but falling short," etc.

But perhaps "sliding" is better than "gliding."
R. H. S.

VOLTAIRE AND THE EPISTOLÆ OBSCURORUM VIRORUM.

Voltaire, in his second letter, addressed to His Highness the Prince of Brunswick, "*Sur Rabelais et sur d'autres d'avoir mal parlé de la religion Chrétienne*," cites a passage in the 28th Letter of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, from what he calls "*an ancient translation*" (of course into French) of these extraordinary letters. I shall be very much obliged to any of your readers, for any bibliographical information regarding this "*ancient translation*"—and, indeed, a notice of any *ancient* or modern version of these "Letters of Obscure Men" will be gratefully received by
PAULUS SILENTIARIUS,

THE THREE WARNINGS.

Can any of your readers tell me when and where "Death and the Rake," a poem by Nathaniel Cotton, was first printed? The collection in which I find it ("Various Pieces in Verse and Prose; by the late Nathaniel Cotton, M. D." 1791), published three years after his death, is the only one of his works mentioned by Lowndes; but Allibone, in his *Dictionary*, speaks of a volume (so, at least, I take it to be) of Fables, to which he prefixes the

dates 1751, '64, and in which the piece is likely to be found, if one may judge by the place it occupies in the collection already mentioned. My reason for the query above is, that it (the poem, not the query) bears a singular resemblance to "The Three Warnings" of Mrs. Thrale, which was first published (I learn from Hayward's recent life of Mrs. Piozzi) in 1766, in a volume of Miscellanies, got up by Dr. Johnson for the benefit of Mrs. Williams, one of his dependents or pensioners, as the readers of Boswell may remember. The leading idea of both poems is the same; the measure, too, bating one or two irregular lines, in "The Three Warnings," is identical. Mrs. Thrale's version is incomparably the best, her conception of the subject being clearer and more profound than the good Doctor's, and her handling of it more artistic. Whether it be original with her, or with him, is a matter worth settling. My own opinion is, that "Thrale's gray widow" committed a larceny, feloniously appropriating the literary goods of the aforesaid Dr. Cotton for her own purposes. Or did both "convey" it from some older original—a fable, or apologue of the good old monkish days? R. H. S.

MISS POLLY BAKER.

Abbé Raynal, in his History of the Indies, introduces the story of Miss Polly Baker, and her speech before a Court of Judicature in the Colony of Connecticut, on her fifth prosecution for having bastard children, "which influenced the Court to dispense with her punishment, and induced one of her judges to marry her the next day." The Abbé relates this occurrence as a matter of fact. I believe the authorship of this speech is usually attributed to Dr. Franklin, but do not know on what authority. Can you give the date of its first publication, and true name of the author?

S.

GARTH'S DISPENSARY.

Can you tell me when, and by whom, the blanks were filled, and the allegorical names explained, in Garth's "Dispensary?" I have read his biographers to no purpose; the question does not seem to have occurred to them. I have, also, consulted Lowndes in vain. He says the poem passed through many editions, (three, I think, in the first year,) but that is all, which is nothing to my purpose. My own opinion is that the blanks were supplied, and the names explained, by Dr. Johnson, when he edited that bookfellers' speculation—the collection of the poets—which has since borne his name, and that he performed the work with his usual carelessness. That the tradition, (for I presume there was one,) which he followed in his interpretation of the allegorical names, was not, in all cases, to be depended on, admits of no doubt. Indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise, so insignificant must have been some of the persons whom Dr. Garth satirized, and so little known beyond the narrow walks of their profession. Chalmers agrees with Johnson in his interpretation of these names; in fact, follows him blindly. The editor of the Chiswick Edition of the Poets (I forget who he was) differs occasionally from both.

I have an early copy of "The Dispensary," (3d edition, 1699,) with the blanks filled in, and the allegorical names explained, in the handwriting of the time, I am inclined to think, by Garth himself. At any rate, the writer, whoever he was, was very well posted in the details of the subject. Take the name of *Colon*, for instance, the first allegorical personage, if I remember rightly, in the poem. In Chalmers and Johnson *Colon* is Dr. Lee; in the Chiswick edition, he is Birch, an apothecary. In my copy he is "Gestrop, an Apothecary in Hattengarden." *HoroSCOPE*, a little further on, is Houghton, an apothecary.

cary, according to the Chiswick edition; but Dr. Barnard, in Johnson and Chalmers. The latter were right, or nearly so, for my copy has on the margin, "Dr. Bernard late astronomy professor at Oxon." Who, save the author, or some of his intimate friends, could have supplied the data, in the last half of the note, which shows the appositeness of the name, *Horoscope?* *Diagenna*, in the 3d book, is Gilstrop, an apothecary, (query, Gestrop?) in Johnson, Chalmers, and the Chiswick edition; in my copy he is "Goddard, an Apothecary."

"Two Brothers, nam'd *Ascarides*,

are the Pearcis, apothecaries, in the three editions just mentioned; according to my copy they are "Parrot an Apothecary & his partner." A few pages further we come to the "Younger *Askaris*," (evidently the singular of *Ascarides*,) who is Parrot, as in my copy. In the 4th Book occurs a blank R——. Johnson and Chalmers, and, for aught I know, the Chiswick man, fill it up "Rowe," and add, in a note at the bottom of the page, "Mr. Anthony Rowe." My copy has "Roe," underneath of which is written "Clerk of ye Kitchen." *Celsus* in the last book is Dr. Bateman, in the other editions; in my copy "The Author," a person of some consequence in a poem like "The Dispensary," though Johnson and Chalmers did not seem to think so, judging from the cool manner in which they robbed him of his rôle. *Guziacum*, a spirit whom *Celsus* meets in

"The silent Region of the fleeting shades,"

is Dr. Morton in Johnson, Chalmers & Co.; according to my copy he is "Hobs a surgeon deceased." The fact of Hobs having been a *surgeon* on earth explains the lines which the poet puts in his mouth:

"Those Spectres seam'd with Scars that threaten there,
The Victims of my late ill conduct are."

D

To conclude for the present. Please consider the query with which I opened, as being put again, and another added to it, viz.: What is the original of "The Dispensary?" I know what is said of its being an imitation of Boileau's "Lutrin."

R. H. S.

THE BEGUM.

Southey dedicates THE DOCTOR to a mysterious personage, whom he calls *The Begum Begum Bedora Hinbarma*. Can you inform me the meaning of these strange words? and also whether they refer to a real person, or are simply a *quiz*?

J. J. Y.

AN UNPUBLISHED TRANSLATION BY DRYDEN. (?)

The poem below, a translation from Dr. Henry More, the Platonist, is copied from the second edition of his "Philosophical Poems" (1647). The MS., which is written on a fly-leaf at the end of the volume, is in an old hand, not much later, I judge, than the volume itself; the last twelve lines were written when the hand, if it be the same, which I doubt, had undergone considerable changes. After a careful examination of all the handwriting of that period which I can procure (MS. and fac-similes), I have come to the conclusion that the translation was made by John Dryden, at, or near, the beginning of his poetical career. I base this opinion on certain peculiarities in the formation of the capitals, particularly the M's; in the way of internal evidence I find an excessive use of the verb "do" in its various conjugations (a weakness with glorious old John in his poetical youth), and an almost immediate repetition of similar rhymes. The volume belonged, in 1735, to one R. Palmer.

R. H. S.

Monocardia—single heartedness,
When the Heart is one, having conquer'd fit.
What is it thus invades my Spright,
And moves my Heart with soft Delight?

New Triumphs do my soul upheave,
 New Joys & Pleasures I conceive.
 Ah! now I feel my Selfe to go,
 And all in fluid Flames to flow;
 A gentle Fire sweet, & strong,
 Runs and pervades my Joynts along:
 And doth a warm enravished sense
 Through soul & Body all dispence;
 Lett some then dear Fabella prize,
 Some praise Corinna to the Skyes,
 Me Monocardia alone doth take,
 And doth her sacred Poet make,
 Fills me with Joy, & soft Desire,
 And with a holy Love inspire.
 O sweet Simplicity! blest one,
 Fair Queen! to be Compar'd to none,
 In Brightness thou exceedst ye Moon,
 The starrs by thee are all outshone;
 For who can see thy Bosom bright? }
 Thy Beams, thy Glory, or thy Light }
 Treasures of snow and Ivory white.
 The Moon's alas Compared to thee
 Blacker then blackest Cloud can be,
 And every starr yt shines soe bright

Is darker than the shade of Night;
 Or than Darknes it self can be,
 And so is Snow and Ivory;
 Nay but if thy sweet lovely Sphere
 And shining orbs I see but Clear,
 Charming to Joy, & holy Love,
 The sun it selfe is dark above:
 It drowns ye broad Day of the World,
 And all is into Midnight hurl'd:
 O Queen of Queens! & Goddess bright!
 Heaven's Glory! & Mankind's Delight!
 Long Chain of Gold yt doth all bind
 And God & Man by thee are joyned,
 Heaven's winged Sprights around ye play,
 And with soft care thy steps upstay,
 Sustain thy gentle Feet aright,
 Dear Charge of God & Heav'ns Delight.
 O Spring of Joy & Pleasure meet!
 O thrice fair Nymph! & Virgin sweet!
 Who whilest thou gently dost possesse
 Our inmost Souls (their Happiness)
 Filling us thus wth Heavenly Love,
 Thou seatst us 'mongst ye Gods above.

January, 1862.

The Philobiblion.

Number 2.

Walpole's MS. Notes on Bayle.

(Concluded.)

Vol. VI. p. 526, Art. Bp. KIDDER.—He was killed in his bed with his Lady by the fall of a stack of chimneys at his house in Wells, during the great storm Nov. 26, 1703.

"Tho the house was blown down by a storm & the Bp. killed in it, Dr. Hooper who succeeded him, sued his heirs for dilapidations & gained his suit."

[I have heard that Mrs. Kidder was found killed in the bed: but the Bishop was a little distance on the floor. Kennett.]

P. 534, Art. ARCH Bp. KING.—There are as many placed in those superior orders, as the system of the universe allowed. Treatise on the Origin of Evil.

"Mr. Pope seems to have taken much of his Essay on Man from this System."

Vol. VII. p. 91, Art. PHILIP LIMBORCH.—Our Lord chose to ascend up to heaven from a mountain that his apostles might see him more plainly—: His ascension was gradual and slow that they might have a fuller view of it.

"What nonsense."

P. 91.—The belief of a thing seen cannot be a virtue, &c.

"It is difficult to comprehend why God should be pleased with any man's believing a message only because another man has related it. An impostor must have the strongest reasons for encouraging such belief. Were God to tell us anything himself & we did not believe it he would indeed with reason be displeased. Of the three great Scripture Virtues I can discover no merit but in charity. If a thing is credible I cant help believing it. If it is incredible I cant believe it. If I say I do I am guilty of a lie or an absurdity. Hope, I must, for my own sake, where is there any merit to God in that?"

[Belief or disbelief can neither be a virtue or a crime in any one who used the best means in his power of being informed; if a proposition is evident, we cannot avoid believing it; and where is the merit or piety of a necessary assent? If it is not evident we cannot help rejecting it, or doubting of it, and where is the crime of not performing impossibilities, or not believing what does not appear to us to be true? Dr. Whitby's Last Thoughts.]

P. 365, Art. MAJORAGIUS.—Majoragius deserves a place in the Catalogue of plagiarists.

"There is nothing less reasonable than plagiarism: If you steal the work of a good Author, you are sure of being detected—& who can think it worth while to steal from a bad Author?"

P. 393, Art. DR. MANDEVILLE.—Some Remarks on the Minute Philosopher &c. 8vo. Lond. 1732.

"By Lord Hervey."

P. 394.—Philemon to Hydaspes—upon the Subject of False Religion. 8vo. Lond. 1737.

"By Mr. Coventry."

[Philemon to Hydaspes; Relating a Conversation with Hortensius upon the Subject of False Religion. In which is endeavoured to be shewn, That the Key to Men's Religious Economy is the Observation of their Natural Temper;—With a more particular Application to the Case of an Extravagant Devotion. 2nd. Ed. Lond. 1738. pp. 94.

Part II.—In which is asserted the General Lawfulness of Pleasure; and the Extravagant Severities of Some Religious Systems are shewn to be a direct Contradiction to the Natural Appointment and Constitution of Things. 2nd. Ed. Lond. 1740. pp. 105.

Part III.—In which Some General Account is endeavoured to be given of the Rise and Constitution of False Theory in Religion in the Earlier Pagan World. Lond. 1739. pp. 93.

Part IV.—A continuation of the Subject of Part III. Lond. 1741. pp. 135.

Part V.—In which the Origin and Progress of the Rite of Sacrifice in Antiquity is particularly Considered. Lond. 1744. pp. 112.

Head pieces to Parts II. III. and IV. engraved by Gravelot.

William Cole in Restituta Vol. III. 50, Says: "A man of good Estate: pa of it in the Isle of Ely. I used to be much with him at Dr. Middleton's and Mr. Horace Walpole's. When he first came to the University, he was of a religious enthusiastic turn of mind; as was Mr. H. W. almost even so much as to go with Ashton his then great friend, and now Fellow of Eton, pray with the prisoners in the Castle: afterwards both Mr. Coventry and Mr. took to the infidel side of the question. believe Mr. Coventry was somewhat disordered in his intellects before his death. used to dress remarkably gay, with much gold lace; had a most prominent Roman nose; was I think, a bastard son of an Earl of Coventry, at least in a bastard line; was much of a gentleman. Author of Philemon to Hydaspes. He was uncle to the Author of *Pompey the Little* who was a Clergyman, and died young."]

P. 504, Art. ARTHUR MAYNWARING.—Four Letters to a Friend in North Britain written upon the publishing Dr. Sacheverell's Trial.

"These four Letters were wrote by Sir Robert Walpole. H. W."

P. 717.—JOAN I. Queen of Naples. Brantome adds the Princess might have loved not Boccaccio's body but his noble soul as he had seen several beautiful ladies love many learned men. Whereupon he relates the answer which a Dauphin's spouse made who had kissed a poet [Alain Chartier] while asleep.

"Margaret Princess of Scotland and first wife of Lewis XI."

Vol. VIII. p. 117, Art. MARY DE PADILLA, MISTRESS OF PETER THE CRUEL.—Her children were educated as heirs apparent to the Crown.

"John of Gaunt, D. of Lancaster who married Constance the eldest surviving Daughter assumed the Title of K. of Castile in her pretended right. The English writers never mention her illegitimacy: Anderson in his genealogical Tables p. 709 says that the French out of regard to their Blanche of Bourbon reckon Mary de Padilla only mistress to K. Peter; but that after Mary's death Peter owned Her to have been his lawful Wife & produced vouchers of their marriage." The third daughter, Isabella, "md. Edmund D. of York."

P. 178, Art. GUY PATIN.—A New Collection of Letters of Mr. Guy Patin taken from the Study of Mr. Charles Spon.

"They are wretched filly stuff."

P. 188.—He had a noble aspect, a countenance grave and composed, and which greatly resembled Aristotle's face as we find it on an ancient medal.

"There are no medals of Aristotle but what are imaginary & struck long after his time."

P. 220, Art. PAULICIANS.—I do not say that of his own accord he made all mankind subject to sin and misery, when it was in his power to make it holy and happy. I suppose he consented to this only to avoid a greater evil, and as it were against his own inclination. This clears him; [the good principle.]

"This Argument is far from putting the Two Principles on a level; on the contrary it encreases the power but lessens the wisdom of the Evil Principle: the Bad Principle would keep all things in confusion and misery, but the Good c'd. not maintain them in tranquillity and happiness: was not the former therefore more powerful? But in the Treaty the wisdom of the

good Principle prevailed; what advantage did the Bad Principle obtain by consenting that the Good should ever have an opportunity of exerting his beneficence? But the original System of Two equally omnipotent Principles is most absurd. Could the Bad Principle be upon an Equality with the Good if he were not equally All-Wise? & if he were All-Wise would he not love Virtue? & if he did would he be the Author of Vice?"

P. 353, Art. SIR WM. PETTY.—To prevent the ingratitude and backwardness of men to reward him.

"Vide, what a vast Estate he left, at the End of this Article!" [15000 l. per ann.]

P. 403, Art. ALBERTUS PIGHIUS.—Let us add a French Minister to these two Englishmen; Cardinal Rossensis &c.

"I believe this means Fisher Bp. of Rochester who had a Hat coming for him when he was beheaded."

P. 410, Art. DU PIN.—Besides these works, he was employed in the later Editions of Moreri's Dictionary.

"In all 83 volumes besides those he assisted, and republished of others."

P. 455, Art. MARTIN POLONUS.—Dr. Burnet observes, 'I do not believe the story of Pope Joan, having seen in England with my own eyes, a manuscript of Martinus Polonus one of the most antient authors who used to be quoted upon that subject, which manuscript seems to have been wrote soon after the Author's death and in which that Story is not in the text, but only in the margin where it is even writ by a different hand from that of the text.'

"The Story is very doubtful, yet this does not seem a good argument against the

truth of it. The passage in question being wrote into Polonus's MS. in the margin looks as if it were inserted there by somebody who knew the Tradition of the Female Pope, which Martinus had omitted on purpose, tho possibly well known in his time. Flor. de Remond having own'd as above, that there are some things added to Polonus's Hist, which if that Author had thought of he would scarce have wrote down. Unless the marginal note were in a modern hand, which wd. certainly have been specified, it does not make against the truth of the History. One strong reason for the truth of the Story is, that in whatever author it is found, even in Anastasius who lived in the same century with this contested Pope, the passage is always said to be inserted. Supposing even they were, if they were inserted before Polonus's time, it strengthens my remark."

P. 556.—They were good papists who published the scandalous story, &c.

"It is certain that the ancient Historians were much sincerer than the modern, & one reason was, that before Wickliffe, they had not the same apprehensions of furnishing enemies with subjects to write against the Papacy."

P. 457.—There are some readers so angry and passionate that they tear off every leaf of a book in which they meet with something disgraceful to their Sect.

"One Fletcher a Jacobite, after every distich in the Dispensary that complimented K. William made a third line to abuse him."

P. 489, Art. POPE JOAN.—While he is pleading his own cause he looks upon those objections to be very bad which he urges as very strong arguments when he is arguing against his antagonists.

"Dr. Geddes in 4th Vol. of H urges this very strongly against where the latter argues for the T of the House of Loretto tho 1 passed before that supposed pere was once mentioned. V. p. 152—

P. 492.—For though Luke, Pau do not say Peter was at Rom not follow from thence that was there, (replies Bellarmine, tion is about a point of History

"This is not an exact parallel writers of those Epistles and Acts under the same obligation to m St. Peter's Journeys, as a writer c of Reigns is not to omit a Reign tervenes between any two that he

P. 557, Art. PRODICUS.—He ta to human gratitude is owing of the existence of Gods.

"This is a noble principle & Atheistic. What sentiment is so gratitude? It is ingratitude th Atheists."

Did not those persons entirel all religion who declared that the or belief of the immortal Gods was by politicians to keep those men from principles of religion, who could not restrain?

"This is very different from 1 ment related above."

Art. PRODICUS, FOUNDER OF THE ADAMITES.—Prodicus commar men to be in common, that i that in the *meats* called by the Christians Agapæ every man fl joy a woman as she should fæ way, when the lights were This they called communicating initiated into the mystery.

"Feasts" [instead of meats.]

P. 663, Art. PETER RAMUS.—Beza—told him he must not expect any professorship in Geneva:—and that the University was resolved not to permit any system but that of Aristotle.

“Tho the first Reformers as it appears did not intend to explode Aristotle’s Philosophy, yet it is certain that the Reformation & the freedom of study & examination which it introduced, were the cause of its being exploded.”

P. 682, Art. SIR WALTER RALEGH.—The Basset’s of Umberleigh and Heaton-Court in Devonshire, being descended from the Plantagenets laid some claim—to the crown of England.

“They had no claim to the crown being descended only from a Bastard son of Edw. 4.”

Vol. IX. p. 76, Art. SARAH; SISTER AND WIFE OF ABRAHAM.—Sarah continued some time in the house of the ravishers; this is undoubtedly true at least with regard to the last rape, since there was time to perceive, that on her account, the wombs of all the women in King Abimelech’s family were shut up.

“If Abimelech were impotent it is no wonder that his concubines were barren.”

P. 77.—Sarah’s beauty continued till the age of ninety years. This is proved from the 20th Chapter of Genesis, where it is said that Abraham going into the country of Gerar would pass there only as Sarah’s brother, which was the reason why King Abimelech sent for her in order to marry her. She was ninety years old when the birth of Isaac was foretold.

“Credo quis improbable est. One has no notion with a latitude of invention—how any Body could invent a Story that was so absurd—It must have been true—

That is, it is more likely to be true than that the inventor of it could expect to have it believed.”

[Fontenelle’s Dialogues on the Plurality of Worlds first rendered me an infidel. Christianity and a plurality of worlds, are, in my opinion, irreconcilable. Indeed, one would be puzzled enough to reconcile modern discoveries on this globe alone, with any divine revelation. Walpoliana, Vol. I. p. 74.]

P. 242, Art. SIMONIDES.—He lessens the majesty of God, who thinks he knows him; he who is desirous to lessen it, acknowledges that he does not know him. Neither do you seek for a name for God. Minutius Felix.

“This translation is directly the reverse of the original, but they are both such nonsense that I doubt which is the true reading.”

Vol. X. p. 426. ILLUSTRATION UPON OBSCENITIES.—The perfection of history is when it displeases all Sects and all Nations, this being a proof that the author neither flatters nor spares any of them, and tells the truth to all parties. Many readers swell to such a rage when they meet with certain particulars that they tear out the leaf or write in the margin, *Knave, thou liest and deservest to be well cudgel’d.* (I have read such words written in the margin of some books: Bayle’s Marginal Note 56.)

“Qu. how will this correspond with what he had laid down in p. 336 that history ought only to be written by appointment of the State!”

OMITTED IN ITS PROPER PLACE.

Vol. III. p. 46, Art. WILLIAM BAUTRU.—He was one of the finest wits of the 17th

Century. He was principally admired for his smart sayings and fine repartees.

"Here is the Life of a man remarkable only for his wit of which not one instance is given, but instead of it three columns in the notes with common place Reflections & Quotations on the Impossibility of avoiding death & these suggested by the difficulty of avoiding being a cuckold."

BAYLE.

Who had escaped the tomb, could wit prevail,
Or wisdom? Wit and Wisdom answer, BAYLE.
Star of a lowering sky, that shunned the light,
Still more effulgent from surrounding night;
He wielded Luther's force, without his rage,
Erasmus and Melancthon of his age;
Young eyes that o'er his ponderous folios pore;
Deem them too much, yet read and with them
more;

And to that feast return, divided quite
Betwixt instruction, wonder, and delight;
Yet he that knew so much decided naught;
Lost in perplexity or depth of thought,
Holding the key of Truth within his hand,
On Doubt, her vestibule, behold him stand,
And point, like Moses, to that brighter spot,
Pursued, explored, attained, but entered not.

(T. W. Parsons?)

Oliver Maillard.

Oliver Maillard, a Franciscan monk, was born in Brittany, about 1450, and died in Toulouse, June 12, 1502. Inheriting as his birthright the freedom of speech and the intrepidity of character for which the natives of Brittany are proverbial, he surpassed all his monkish contemporaries in bold declamation against the vices and abuses of his time. The corruptions of the Church, the trade in indulgences, the excessive luxury of the times, the vices of society, the tyranny of the rulers, are freely commented on in his sermons with a vigor and earnestness which cannot but

prove interesting even after this centuries, and despite the difficult "macaronic" Latin in which it come down to us. He is said to fended Louis XI. by the too great of some of his criticisms. The him word that unless he forebore be sewn in a sack and thrown river. To this threat Maillard, ed, replied: "Tell him that I w in heaven sooner by the water tha by his post-horses." It is also tol that in preaching before the Parl Toulouse upon the subject of "t Judges," he so greatly offended t members, to whom perhaps his were not wholly inapplicable, t complained to the Archbishop, bid his preaching for a time. T Maillard apologized for his want tion to the two offended mem took that occasion to describe f the fate which awaited impeniter ers, that they both of them bec verted and changed their worl one of them even going so far as t a monk himself. There are som brought against Maillard of want cal honesty, and of peculation in the money transactions in which employed by Charles VIII., to was confessor, but these charges probably unfounded. Maillard w intrepid, and untiring, and these unquestionably made him a valua in the complicated politics of his it is inconsistent with his charact pose him dishonest. He was on intrepid enthusiasts for what the to be the truth, who are often i who are always slandered and stood, but who are not open to nary littlenesses of selfish men. T their weak side, but it is not the side. And that this was the Maillard is shown by the facts o

He was banished from France by Louis XII. for the freedom with which he condemned that king for his repudiation of Jane of France, and sought refuge in Flanders. In 1501 he returned to Paris with five other monks (Observantins), in order to reform the abuses in the Convent of the *Cordeliers* in Paris. Of the unsuccessful issue of this movement Nicéron gives the following account: "The Bishops of *Autun* and of *Castel-a-mar* had been appointed by the Cardinal *d'Amboise*, the Pope's Legate, to attend to this reform; but the *Cordeliers* knowing that these Prelates had come among them for this purpose, straightway commenced to celebrate High Mass, and made such long prayers that the Bishops were obliged to go away without having been able to speak to them; although they were ordered by the King to put an end to their chants. Finally however they managed to submit to a reform, but with the provision that the *Observantins* had nothing to do with it. Thus *Olivier Maillard* with his *Cordeliers* was shamefully put out of the said Convent and hissed at by all of them, says *Jean d'Auton*, who tells us this circumstance in his *History of Louis XII.*" Driven again by this failure from Paris, he went to Toulouse, and died the next year, in June, 1502. His office of preacher was no sinecure, since he has left 165 published sermons behind him, as follows: 47 for the 24 Sundays after Pentecost; a long series of sermons, varied under the title *Sermon commun prêchable en tout temps*; one on the twelve signs of death; 16 on the wages of sin; an interminable one on the Passion; 32 for the days of Advent; 60 for Lent, with supplementary parables for most of them; 4 very long ones for the second Advent; 46 called *Lies Dominicales*; 10 for the Epiphany; 5 for Easter (temps Pascal); 4 for the dedication of the Temple; 8 upon the miseries of the soul, and one upon this mortal life. Be-

sides these he wrote many treatises or meditations upon subjects of morality and asceticism, among which is *Sa Confession*, "in which," says the Marquis Du Roure, "he examines himself upon the ten commandments with admirable candor;" and in addition he also wrote poems, which can only receive the questionable praise "that thousands which are worse can be quoted from the best poets of his times." Whether the sermons of these times were delivered in French, or in the guise of "macaronic" Latin in which they have come down to us, is a question. M. Meray thinks they are reported as they were delivered, and quotes the "hem!" "hem!" introduced in Maillard's sermon delivered in Bruges, in 1500, as a proof. Also in an edition, by Jehan Petit, of 1506, of the *Sermones de Adventu*, preached in 1494, there is the following address upon the reverse of the title:

"Carissimo suo amico Johani petit parisiensi librario Quidam frater minor defuncti preconis quondam confodalis. S. T. D. Cum odor ille suavisissimus a stirpe minorum pauperula velut a quodam prato virenti lilij fragrantibus referto exiliens, in turia cordis olfactu dulcissimo confragrasset: tum erga nos depromens affectum a nobis veluti altera ruth post terga metentium spicas legentibus instanter petisti tibi dari sermones illos correctos jam dudum tam scriptorum quam impressorum incuria turpiter vitiatos: &c."

And the volume ends with—

"Accuratissime post primam aut secundam impressionem scriptoribus viciatam quendam familiarem dicti preconis socium iuxta verum exemplar ad petitionem plurimorum emendatorum impensis vero Johannis petit parisiensi bibliopole."

On the other hand, the Marquis du Roure, the careful author of the *Analectabiblion*, thinks that Maillard spoke the language of the times, sprinkled with Latin phrases, but that those who reported his sermons put them in their monkish Latin dress in order to make them more worthy for posterity. Maillard was very popular

as a preacher, and though his sermons in their Latin drefs seem to have met with an extended sale, it would be interesting to know whether the common people knew enough Latin to understand a sermon delivered in that tongue.

But for the sermons themselves. Here is an extract from one of the sermons during *Lent*;

"Suntne hic portatores Bullarum? Certe ibi est magnus abusus, & miror quod Prælati non apponant remedium. Durandus dicit quod de Indulgentiis nihil habemus certum in Sacra Scriptura. Legatis Basilium, Hieronymum, Augustinum, nihil dicunt de Indulgentiis. Ita dicunt Doctores moderni, & afferunt quod materia indulgentiarum semper fuit dubia. Sed diceret aliqua mulier: Pater, ego nescio si sint bonæ; non ne melius est capere postquam Episcopus misit? Credo quod capiunt partem suam, & omnes sunt fures. Heu! sunt aliqui Bullatores, qui dicunt quod si scirent quod pater eorum non cæpiscet, nunquam orarent pro eo. Ad omnes Diabolos!"

The following extract is from a sermon by Maillard preached in Bruges, the fifth Sunday of Lent, 1500. It comes down to us in French, and is now the rarest of his sermons:

"Qu'en dites vous, mesdames? Serez vous bonnes théologiennes? Et vous autres gens de court mettez vous la main à l'œuvre? avez vous point de paour d'estre dampnez? Et frere! direz vous, pourquoi serions nous dampnez? ne veez vous pas que nous sommes si songneux de venir en vos sermons tous les jours? mais vous ne dites pas tout, je vous assure. Si vous estes en pechié mortel, Dieu ne vous exaucera pas. Vous avez une belle loy civile. Quant l'on achate un heritaige, si le vendeur, y met des condicions, il les faut garder toutes, autrement le marchié est nul. Or, le marchié, ce sont les commandements, il les faut tous garder, quiconque défaillera en l'un d'eulx, il sera coupable de tous—il ne faut qu'un petit trou pour noyer le plus grand navire. Vous, prince! il ne vous suffist pas d'estre bon prince, il vous faut encore faire justice. Vous tresoriers et argentiers, estes vous là qui faictes les besoignes de vostre maistre, et les vostres bien? Et vous jeunes garches de la court illecques, il vous faut laisser vos alliances (hem! hem! hem!)"

And again, against the *bullatores et portatores reliquiarum et indulgentiarum*, the sellers of indulgences and relics:

"An creditis quod unus magnus usurarius, plenus vitiis, qui habebit mille millia peccata, dando sex albos trunco, habeat remissionem omnium peccatorum suorum? Certe durum est mihi credere, & durius prædicare."

And again:

"Videte magistri reverendi, habuistis bonum quadragesimale: lucrati estis centum francos: congregastis multum: vos reddetis computum."

In fact, Maillard was unceasing in his declamations against the vices of the clergy; nor did he spare the judges:

"O domini de parlamento qui datis sententiam per antiphrasin, melius esset vos esse mortuos in uteris matrum vestrarum."

Or the lawyers, who take, he says, *a dextris & a sinistris*; or the usurers, whom he calls *fures*; or the rich:

"Et quum nunquam fuerint majores luxurie, injustitiæ, & rapinæ, quam nunc."

And again:

"O Deus meus, credo quod ab incarnatione Domini nostri Jesu Christi non regnaverunt tot luxuriosi in toto mundo, sicut nunc Parhiisus."

There was also a directness in his exhortations; he did not discourse against sin in general, or point out the merits of abstract virtue, as these two extracts will show:

"Suntne hic matres illæ macquerellæ filiarum suarum, quæ dederunt eas hominibus de curia, ad lucrandum matrimonium suum?"

"Ponatis casum, quod sit aliquis maquerellus, qui portat bagam pulchram ex parte unius Præfidentis, & veniat ad quinque mulieres, quarum prima sit Picarda, secunda Pictaviensis, tertia Turonensis, quarta Lugdunensis & quinta Parisiensis. Venit ad primam in domo sua existentem, & percutit ad ostium dicendo: Trac, trac, trac. Et ancilla venit, & quaerit quis est; qui ait: aperiatis mihi, & dicatis Dominæ, quia sum servus talis Domini, & volo sibi loqui. Ancilla venit ad Dominam, & dicit Domina ancillæ, quia nolo sibi loqui,

ideo dic sibi quod recedat. Ista mulier prima est bona. Venit ad ostium secundæ & facit sicut fecit primæ; sed ancilla aperit sibi ostium, & loquitur Dominæ, quæ dicit: Dicatis Magistro vestro quod non sum talis, seu de illis. Ista secunda est bona, sed non tantum sicut prima. Vadit ad ostium tertiæ, & dicit ancillæ, sicut & cæteris, & ingreditur omni, & offendit Dominæ bagam, joyau Gallice, placet mulieri, & dicit: Certe бага vestra seu ocale vestrum est pulchrum & mihi placet. Tunc it servus: Est vestra, si velitis. Respondet mulier: Nolo; dubio enim quod maritus meus videt. Ista mulier est mala, quia dat consensum, uamvis nollet facere actum propter diffamationem. Vadit ad quartam, quæ dicit servo: Бага est pulchra, sed habeo pessimum maritum; si sciet, deponeret mihi nasum; ideo non faciam. Ista mulier nihil valet, quia non dimittit peccatum propter Deum, sed propter timorem mariti sui. Venit ad quintam, quæ retinet Bagam, & dicit servo; Dicatis Magistro vestro, quod vir meus vadit mercarii extra, & tunc ibo eum visitatum. Ista mulier est peior omnium aliarum."

The following is a list of Maillard's published works:

Sermones de Adventu, declamati Paris in Ecclesia S. Joannis in Gravia anno 1493. 1494. s. l. 8vo. Impressi Paris 1497. 4to. 1498. 4to. Paris. 1511. 8vo.

Quadragesimale opus declamatum Parisiorum urbe in Ecclesia S. Joannis in Gravia. Paris, 1498, 4to. Paris, 1512, 8vo.

Both of these were also printed by Jehan Petit in 1506.

Sermones Dominicales. Parisiis, 1498. 4to.

Do. & alii omni tempore prædicabiles, simul cum XVI Sermonibus de peccati stipendio. Paris, 1515, 8vo. The *Sermones Dominicales* were also printed by Petit, in an edition without date, una cum aliquibus aliis Sermonibus valde utilibus.

Sermones de Sanctis. Paris, 1513.

Le Recolation de la tres-piteuse passion de notre Seigneur, représentée par les Saints & Sacrés mysteres de la Messe; prêchée devant le grand Maître de France en sa ville de Laval. Paris. Pierre Ser-

gent. 8vo. And also with this other title: *Le Mystere de la Messe conforme & correspondant à la douloureuse passion du notre Benoit Sauveur. Paris. Jean Bonfons. 4to.*

Nouum Diversorum Sermonum opus hactenus non impressum. reuerendi patris Oliuerii Maillardii. quod merito supplementum priorum sermonum iam dudum impressorum poterit nuncupari cujus operis contentorum ordo sequitur pagina sequenti. Venundatur Parisi in vico sancti Jacobi ad interfigum Lili in domo Johans Parvi. 8vo, 2 vols.

L'Exemplaire de Confession avec la Confession Generale. Rouen & Caen, 4to. Lyons 1524. 8vo.

Traité envoyé à plusieurs Religieuses pour les instruire & exhorter à se bien Gouverner. Paris, 8vo.

Contemplatio in salutationem Angelicam. Paris, 1607.

Sermon de F. Olivier Maillard, prêché à Bruges en 1500. Et aultres pièces du meme auteur, avec une notice par M. Jehan Labouderie. Paris. C. Farcy. 1826. 8vo.

Reynolds' Inquiries Concerning the Angelical Worlds.

INQUIRIES

CONCERNING THE
STATE AND ŒCONOMY

OF THE

ANGELICAL WORLDS.

BY JOHN REYNOLDS.

LONDON. Printed for John Clark at the Bible and Crown in the Poultry near Cheapside. M.D.CC.XXIII. 8vo. pp. 315.

The author of this treatise was born at Wolverhampton, England, in 1666-7, and

died in 1727. He was educated in the established Church at Pembroke Hall, Oxford, but afterwards joined the nonconformists, and was ordained in 1699. This treatise is interesting as showing the condition of theological learning among the English protestants at the early part of the last century. The author acknowledges his obligations to Thomas Aquinas, and in that respect is more honest than many of the modern spiritualists. Reynolds, judging from his works, appears to have been a man of considerable authority in his sect. A list of his writings will be found in Darling's *Cyclopædia Bibliographica*.

In his preface, which is surmounted with a wood-cut of Susannah and the Elders, the author proposes "certain notions (by way of entertainment to the inquisitive genius)" "by way of Interrogatory, for calm consideration" or to be argued "as probable among other opinions, that may be started." Not that he designs "a just Treatise about the Invisible Worlds: that has been attempted by more able Hands. But treating many Years ago, on the Trembling and agonies of the infernal Spirits, that were tumbled down from Heaven; he lighted on diverse Queries in the Process of his Meditations, which he had never met with before."

These "Queries" are forty in number; some of which he attempts to answer, while others are left in their startlingly interrogative form.

The subject is opened in the following introductory remarks:

"Since the great God designed a Creation for his own Glory, it became him to erect a most splendid House, where he would be most seen and best served: It became him to have a vast Retinue of splendid Domesticks, surrounding his Throne, applauding his Majesty, attending his Commands, ready to execute his Pleasure in any Part of his Dominions: These are usually called Angels in Scripture, concerning whom the Scripture-Revelation, being but concise and brief, leads us to such Inquiries as these."

Query 1. "How many Orders or Classes of Angels there might have been at first?"

Query 2. "Whether there may not be Degrees of Superiority and Subordination in the several Orders or Classes?"

Query 3. "Whether the several Orders or Classes are united and governed by their several respective Heads or Presidents?"

Query 4. "Whether these several respective Heads or Presidents are supreme in their several Dominions? and independent on any congenerous Head or Governor, being immediately subjected to the Lord Christ? or whether they are but seven in number, or are subordinated (let them be ever so many) seven superior Generals?"

Query 5. "Whether, instead of these seven Generals, there is but one? or whether these several are united and headed in one Generalissimo, called emphatically, The Arch-Angel? and consequently whether the intire angelical Regiment be an Hierarchy or a Monarchy?"

Query 6. "It is supposed that the Cherubs in most holy Place of the Temple, were Representatives of the Angels: and thence Angels are usually called Cherubim. In the sixth of Isaiah, we find they are called, Seraphs or Seraphim. This does not so clearly prove that Cherubs and Seraphs, are two distinct Orders or Classes of Angels, but that it may still remain a question, whether they are (as is usually supposed) two distinct Orders, one superior to the other (viz Seraphs to Cherubs) or whether the same Angels may not (though on different accounts) be indifferently reckoned and called, either Cherubim or Seraphim?"

Query 7. "Since the Angels are usually represented to us, in Scripture, under names of Dominion and Authority, as Thrones, Principalities, and Powers; (which is, turning the abstract into the concrete, Kings, Princes, and Potentates) whether they are called so, in respect to any Territories or Subjects, in the heavenly regions? or in reference to our World, or to our Systems and Parts of the Universe?"

Query 8. "Whether, besides those Spirits, who are employ'd in Ministry, or service towards the World (or other parts of the Universe; who thereupon called Angels, as being Ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister to the Heirs of Salvation Heb. 1. ult.) there may not be a superior Order of noble minds (Intelligences or Essences) designed, and employed in, only Contemplation, Admirable Adoration and Praise? continual Attendants on the Throne, and ardent Applauders of the transcendent Beauties and Glories, that are there to be seen and enjoy'd?"

Query 9. "Whether there was not an Elect

of Grace (or a Purpose of God, according to an Election of Grace) among or towards the Angels themselves?"

Query 10. "In the Case of the happy Angels, Sin did not intervene between their Election (i. e. the Decree wherein and whereby they were elected) and their consummate Blessedness; or between their Creation and their Blessedness; as it is in the case of Mankind: So that their Election cannot properly be reckoned or filed, a superlapsarian Election. But it may be considered, whether it does not, (in our order of Ideas) arise before or beyond the Consideration of their Creation? So that the Decree of Election and of Creation, are but one intire Decree concerning them; which may be called a Super-Creation-decree; Which amounts to thus much, that they were designed to be created for the Blessedness, to which they were chosen; and were chosen to the Blessedness, for which they were created."

Query 11. "Whether these happy Angels may not, in some respect be said to be chosen in Christ?"

Query 12. "That they were made before our world was, is evident. That some of them sinned also, before man did, is evident likewise. But it may be inquired, whether they were all in their state of integrity: or whether sin had entered among them, before our World was made?"

Query 13. "What must be the ground and meaning of those Songs and Shouts, those triumphs of Joy, these Sons of God expressed upon the prospect of the laid foundation of our World? Must we not suppose that they had some Revelation of some Design and noble Transactions (at least in general) that were to be accomplished in and towards this World of ours?"

Query 14. "Since these Sons of God were so pure within, and placed in such a perfect State and World, how could any Sin possibly possess their Minds or Wills?"

Query 15. "Since their Nature was so true and perfect, (the Laws of Celestial Morality being written there) must we not suppose that it was some free or arbitrary (usually called positive) Law, that was given to them, and violated by them?"

Query 16. "What must that peculiar Law be that was given to the Angels, and was violated by a great Multitude of them in their original Habitation?"

Query 17. "It may be inquired, how it was possible for so vast a Multitude of Heavenly Spirits, to sin together, in Consort, in Combination, or Confederation?"

Query 18. "It may be farther inquired whether he that was chief in the Rebellion (and now called the Prince of Devils) was (in their primitive Habitation) the chief of all the Angels of God?"

Query 19. "Whether some of all the Orders and Ranks of Angels fell from their Innocency and original Habitation?"

Query 20. "Whether we may suppose that the Angels before the Fall (viz of those that did fall) were in the same state of Bliss and Glory, as the persistent Angels are now in?"

Query 21. "Whether the holy Angels have any Dominion or Authority committed to them? And if they have, whether it be in Reference to their own World or to that in which we live?"

Query 22. "Whether we may suppose that the persistent Angels are so confirmed in Holiness and Glory, that they shall never fall from thence?"

Query 23. "Whether the confirming Grace and Glory of the obedient Angels, be not owing to the Mediator of and for our World?"

Query 24. "We need not now inquire, whether the human nature of the Mediator (or the Man Christ Jesus) be advanced above all the Angels in Heaven. That is a Right and Honor that seems to accrue to him immediately upon his hypostatical union with the Son of God. This would try the Temper, the Humility, the Prudence, the Love, the Submissiveness of the Angels. The Proposal of such a Design and Dispensation, might well be made the Matter of their probationary Law. But it may be Inquired: Whether the dutiful Angels may be supposed to lose any of their Felicity, while they are in their Ministrations here in and about this World?"

Query 25. "Whether the Angels may not be supposed to be in a probationary State still?"

Query 26. "Whether we should not suppose that the adjudging of Men and Angels to their ultimate State, will be determined by the Respect or Disrespect, that has been shewn to the Mediator, and the Fruits of his Office?"

Query 27. "Whether there may not be sometimes, solemn Conventions of Ministerial Spirits, for the receiving of new Orders and Commission from Heaven?"

Query 28. "Why the Good Angels, in their Ministry, appear not now, as some Times they have done?"

Query 29. "Where Hell may be supposed to be; or the more stated Place and Residence of those Angels that are cast out of Heaven, and that we call Devils?"

Query 30. "How are the fallen Angels said to be 'cast down to Hell,' and 'delivered there to Chains of Darkness, and so reserved to Judgment,' 2. Peter. 11. 4: while elsewhere in Scripture they are Represented as Wandering in the Air, and going to and fro upon the Earth?"

Query 31. "Whether these Angels still sin? or still continue in Rebellion against God?"

Query 32. "What Law may these lapsed Angels be supposed to be under now? or by what Rule of Divine Government are they now obliged?"

Query 33. "What Power or Ability may these Angels be supposed to have, for performing the Obedience They owe, or fulfilling the Divine Law, by which They are thus obliged?"

Query 34. "How comes it to pass, that these Angels are still so unceasing and impetuous in their Sin and Rebellion against God?"

Query 35. "How come these Evil Angels to be still so united in their Works and Interests?"

Query 36. "Whether the Prince of Hell may not stand guilty (in the Court of Heaven) of all the Sin committed in Both Worlds, viz. on Earth or in Hell? or committed in the Three Worlds, in Heaven, and Earth, and Hell?"

Query 37. "Whether we may not, in these Angels, see the Demerit and the Guilt of Sin? And Thence Learn much of the Evil and Offensiveness of it, in the Sight of Heaven?"

Query 38. "Whether we may suppose, that there will be Sin in Hell, among those that are punished there, after the Day of the Ultimate Judgement?"

Query 39. "Why would the great God permit such Evil as would procure everlasting Sufferings? and inflict such Punishments, as are contained in an everlasting Hell?"

Query 40. "Whether any Duty of ours be owing to these Fallen Angels?"

Quintus Sextius, the Pythagorean.

OF QUINTUS SEXTIUS, whose name was once celebrated, and whose writings were once eagerly perused, very few memorials remain. He flourished in the time of Augustus, as Eusebius has informed us, in his *Chronicon* (p. 200, edit. Scal.), where he is called Σεξτιος, Πυθαγορικος, which Hieronymus translates *Sextus Philosophus Pythagoricus*, after whom Lipsius places him in the same age, in his *Manud. ad Stoic.*, vol. viii. pp. 642 and 677. Sextius appeared destined to rise in the republic. He was endowed with such talents as might have led him to aspire to the highest civil honors (*Seneca*, Ep. 98). He shrank, how-

ever, from them, and declined accepting the rank of Senator, when it was offered to him by Julius Cæsar (*Seneca*, Ep. 98; *Feienschem*, Suppl. in Liv. cxvi. 41), in order to devote his time to the study of philosophy (*Plutarch*, de Profect. Virtut., Sent. v. vi. p. 288, ed. Reiske). Sextius, it appears, wished to establish a school at Rome; and though his peculiar tenets are drawn principally from the doctrines of Pythagoras, yet in some particulars they seem to resemble those of the Stoics (*Seneca*, Ep. 64; *Lipsius*, *Manud.* i. 8, p. 677; *Brucker*, Hist. Phil., Crit. V. ii. p. 87). He was assisted in his school by his son (*Seneca*, *Quæst. Nat.*, vii. sub fin.).

Sextius soon found himself involved in many difficulties. His rules were extremely severe, and in an early period of his establishment he found his mind so harassed by the extraordinary harshness of the doctrines he wished to inculcate, that he was at one time on the point of putting an end to his existence (*Plutarch*, l. c. vi. p. 288). Sextius appears to have studied at Athens, or at least to have resided there; for Pliny relates that he purchased all the olive plantations near that city, when he foresaw that oil would be very dear (*Plinii*, Hist. Nat., xviii. 68, vol. ii. p. 138, edit. Harduin). Pliny also tells the same story of Democritus, and a similar instance of foresight is recorded of Thales by several authors (*Aristot.*, Polit., I. 7; *Cicero*, de Divinat., I. 49, p. 115, edit. Davis; *Laertius*, in Thalet., I. 26, vol. i. p. 17).

We shall now relate the little which is known of the school of the *Sextii*, together with the few anecdotes of their followers which have been recorded, *Fabianus*; M. Annæus Seneca, in the preface to his second book of *Controversiæ*, vol. iii. p. 146, edit. Gronov., informs us that Fabianus the philosopher, whose lectures he had attended, and whom he often mentions; studied under Sextius. *Sotion*, the precep-

tor of Lucius A. Seneca, was a follower of the doctrine of Pythagoras and Sextius, in which he instructed his scholar, who states some particulars, in which there was a difference between the tenets of these two philosophers (Seneca, Ep. cviii.—V. ii. p. 534.—Ep. xlix; ib. p. 166; *Lipsius*, *Manud.*, vol. viii. pp. 642 and 661). Sotion is also mentioned by other writers. *Flavianus* was also a follower of Sextius, if we may believe *Lipsius*, in a note on Seneca, Ep. lix. He cites, however, as *Brucker* observes (vol. ii. p. 90), none of the ancients to support his assertion. Both *Lipsius* and *Brucker* state that *Flavianus* is mentioned by Seneca *Rhetor*, in the preface to the third book of *Controversies*. In the passage to which they refer, the name of *Flavianus* does not occur, though we find that of *Fabianus*, whom we have just mentioned. *Craffitius*, a native of Tarentum, embraced the doctrines of Sextius. He was a celebrated teacher at Rome, and attained such a degree of reputation, that he was compared with *Verrius Flaccus*. His auditors were very numerous, and he was attended even by many of the nobility. Among these was the son of *Julius Antonius*, the Triumvir. At length, he suddenly dismissed his school, and went over to the sect of *Quintus Sextius* the philosopher. Such is the account which *Suetonius* gives, in his *Lives of Illustrious Grammarians* (vol. ii. p. 381, edit. *Burmanno*; and p. 1084, edit. *Pitisci*).

In the text of these two editions, the passage stands thus: "*Transit ad Quinti Septimii philosophi sectam.*" In the notes, *Statius* supposes this to be the same *Septimius* to whom *Horace* writes. *Casaubon* relates that *Codd. Pithai et Petavii* read *Sexti*, as *Burman* adds that *Cod. Voss.* does. *Nic. Faber*, from the first of these manuscripts, in a note on Seneca, *Contr. II. Praef.*, corrected *Septimii* into *Sextii*. This change, however, the editors have

not ventured to make, though it does not appear that any *Septimius* ever formed a sect at Rome, and it is well known that *Sextius* did. *Cornelius Celsus*, on the authority of several manuscripts of *Quintilian*, is to be numbered among the scholars, or rather imitators, of *Sextius*. This opinion was first advanced by *Andreas Schottus*, in his treatise *De Claris apud Senecam Rhetoribus*. In the passage we read, "*Scriptist non parum multa CORNELIUS CELSUS, SCEPTICOS secutus, non sine cultu et nitore.*" Instead of *Scepticos*, *Schottus* inserts *Sextios*. *Burman* has left the question undecided, in his note on the passage, which is in the Tenth Book of the *Instit. Orator*, p. 520; nor has *Capperonier*, who succeeded him, done more.

These, we believe, are the only followers of the *Sextian* school, whose names are to be met with in the ancient writers. The principal reason why so few of this sect have been mentioned, was probably owing to the fact that the sect itself was never very numerous. *Seneca* relates that it was of short duration (*Quæst. Nat. VII.*, vol. ii. p. 843); and it is scarcely to be supposed that a school of philosophy would be abolished if it were crowded with auditors. The decline and extinction of this school is lamented by *Seneca*, in the passage to which we have just referred: "*Sextiorum nova et Romani roboris secta, inter initia sua, cum magno impetu capisset, exstincta est.*" But whatever may be thought of his sect, the manner in which *Seneca* speaks of the writings of *Sextius*, leaves little room to doubt that he was a most excellent practical moralist. "You will find," says he (*Ep. LXIV.*), "in his writings a degree of vigour and spirit seldom to be met with in any other philosopher. Other moralists prescribe, argue, cavil; but they inspire the reader with no ardour, because they themselves possess none. But when you read *Sextius*, you say, 'He is alive, anima-

ted, bold, and even rises above humanity.' He sends me away full of hardy confidence. Whatever be my disposition when I take up his writings, I confess to you I never lay them down without being ready to invite calamity, and to exclaim, 'Let Fortune do her worst, I am prepared; give me some great occasion for the exercise of my patience and the display of my virtue.' Sextius has this excellence, that he shows you the value of a happy life, and forbids you to despair of attaining it. You see the prize placed on high, but not inaccessible to him who ardently pursues it: virtue presents itself in person before you, at once to excite your admiration, and inspire you with hope."

In the next number of this Journal we shall give a detailed account of the *Reliquiæ*, and various editions of the *Sententiæ Sextii*, with a copious list of references to ancient and modern authors by whom Sextius has been mentioned. About one hundred of the "Sentences of Sextius" have been translated into English by Thomas Taylor, the Platonist; these, although many of them are manifestly spurious, we shall reprint *verbatim*, at the conclusion of this article.

(To be continued.)

Sale of Zelotes Hosmer's Library.

(Continued from No. I., p. 17.)

206 CHAUCER (GEOFFRAY). The Workes of Geoffray Chaucer, newlye printed, with dyuers workes whych were neuer in print before, as in the table more playnly doth appere. *Black letter*, folio, russia. Lond., 1542. \$31.00

[Richardson.]

207 ———: The Workes of Geffray Chaucer, Newlie Printed, with diuers addicions; whiche were neuer in print

before; with the Siege and Destruction of the Worthy Citie of Thebes, compiled by Jhon Lidgate, Monke of Burie, as in the Table more plainly doeth appere. *Black letter*, folio, cf. Lond., 1561. \$11.50

[Little, Brown & Co.]

209 ———: The Workes of ovr Ancient and Learned English Poet, Geffrey Chavcer, newly printed, with the Siege and Destruction of the Worthie Citie of Thebes, compiled by John Lidgate, Monke of Burie. *Engraved title-page, genealogical and armorial frontispiece. Black letter*, folio, red mor. gilt. Lond., 1602. \$12.25

[Grifwold.]

231 CLARKE (WILLIAM). Repertorium Bibliographicum, or Some Account of the Most Celebrated British Libraries. *Plates, large paper*. 8vo, hf. morc. Lond., 1819. \$11.00

[Richardson.]

240 COKAYN (SIR ASTON). A Chain of Golden Poems, embellished with Wit, Mirth and Eloquence; together with two most Excellent Comedies, The Obstinate Lady, and Trappolin. *Portrait*. 8vo. mor. gilt. Lond., 1658. \$15.00

[Grifwold.]

245 COLLINS (THOMAS). The Penitent Publican. 4to, cf., with *autograph of Thos. Park*. Lond., 1610. \$15.50

[Grifwold.]

270 CURRER (Miss, of Ashton Hall). Catalogue of her Rare and Valuable Library. *Presentation copy to W. Upcott, by Miss Currer*. 8vo, hf. mor. Lond., 1820. \$10.00

[Grifwold.]

271 DANIEL (SAMUEL). The Whole Workes of Sam'l Daniel, Esq. *First edition*, 4to, cf. Lond., 1623. \$10.75

[Grifwold.]

- 272 ———: Certaine Small Poems, Late-ly Printed, with the Tragedie of Philotas. *First edition*, 8vo, cf. gilt. Lond., 1605. \$5.25

[Grifwold.]

- 276 DAVIES (JOHN, of Hereford). Microcosmas, The Discovery of the Little World, with the Government Thereof. *First edition*, 4to, green mor. gilt, *tooled back and edges*. Oxford, 1603. \$10.25 [Little, Brown & Co.]

- 279 ———: Wittes Pilgrimage; (by Poetical Effaies.) Through a World of Amorous Sonnets, Soule Passions, and other Passages. *Portrait. First edition*, fm. 4to, moroc. gilt. Lond., no date. \$20.50

[Grifwold.]

- 297 Dialogues of Creatures, *Moralized*. Applicable and Edifying to Every Merry and Jocund Matter, and Right Profitable to the Governance of Man, edited by Joseph Haslewood. *Curious wood engravings, illustrative of every dialogue. Black letter, large paper*, 4to, red mor., gilt and tooled edges. *Bound by Clarke & Bedford*. Lond., 1816. \$20.00

[Guild.]

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous Items.

RHODODAPHNE.

Poe, in his *Marginalia* (Works, vol. iii. p. 532) says: "Rhododaphne (who wrote it?) is brimfull of music:—e. g.

By living streams in sylvan shades,
Where winds and waves symphonious make
Rich melody, the youths and maids
No more with choral music wake
Lone Echo from her tangled brake."

And in Duyckinck's valuable *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, vol. ii. p. 99, Art. Richard Dabney, its authorship is discussed

as follows: "During his country life, in 1818, was published a poem of much classic beauty called 'Rhododaphne, or the Theffalian Spell,' which was attributed to Dabney by a Richmond Magazine, but he always denied the authorship; and Carey the publisher, in a letter dated 1827, says, 'It was an English production, as my son informs me.'"

Shelley, in a letter to the author, his friend, Thomas Love Peacock (author of *Headlong Hall*, *Nightmare Abbey*, *Crotchet Castle*, &c., and among others a poem of considerable merit with the title of "The Philosophy of Melancholy," 4to, London, 1812), under date of 1818, says, "You tell me nothing of Rhododaphne, a book from which, I confess, I expected extraordinary success." (Shelley's *Essays and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 119.)

Peacock, when a young man, had accompanied the poet in his wanderings in Wales, and at that time had his way to make in the world, which in his case was to contend against adverse circumstances and the frowns of fortune, which only served to awaken Shelley's generous sympathies, and to bring into action those higher qualities of his truly noble nature. A warm friendship seems to have existed between them, as many of Shelley's "Letters from Abroad" testify: a friendship which not even Peacock's most heterodox Essay upon Poetry could abate, although to it we are indebted for the poet's noble "Defence of Poetry," the most perfect of his prose writings.

The Essay in question is entitled "The Four Ages of Poetry," and was published in Ollier's *Literary Miscellany* (8vo, London, 1820). Shelley, in a letter to the publisher, says: "It has excited my polemical faculties so violently, that the moment I get rid of my ophthalmia, I mean to set about an answer to it." Again: "I shall endeavour to treat the subject in its

elements, and unveil the inmost idol of the error." It is not surprising that such sentiments as the following should set in play the "polemical faculties" of such a being as Shelley:

"A poet in our times is a semi-barbarian in a civilized community. He lives in days that are past. His ideas, thoughts, feelings, associations, are all with barbarous manners, obsolete customs, and exploded superstitions. The march of his intellect is like that of a crab, backward. The brighter the light diffused around him by the progress of reason, the thicker is the darkness of antiquated barbarism, in which he buries himself like a mole, to throw up the barren hillocks of his Cimmerian labours."

"While the historian and the philosopher are advancing in, and accelerating, the progress of knowledge, the poet is wallowing in the rubbish of departed ignorance, and raking up the ashes of dead savages to find gewgaws and rattles for the grown babies of the age. Mr. Scott digs up the poachers and cattle-stealers of the ancient border. Lord Byron cruizes for thieves and pirates on the shores of the Morea and among the Greek Islands. Mr. Southey wades through ponderous volumes of travels and old chronicles, from which he carefully selects all that is false, useless, and absurd, as being essentially poetical, and when he has a common-place book full of monstrosities, strings them into an epic. Mr. Wordsworth picks up village legends from old women and sextons; and Mr. Coleridge, to the valuable information acquired from similar sources, superadds the dreams of crazy theologians and the mysticisms of German metaphysics, and favours the world with visions in verse; in which the quadruple elements of sexton, old woman, Jeremy Taylor, and Emanuel Kant, are harmonized into a delicious poetical compound."

"In whatever degree poetry is cultivated, it must necessarily be to the detriment of some branch of useful study: it is a lamentable spectacle to see minds capable of better things, running to seed in the vicious indolence of these empty, mockeries of intellectual exertion. Poetry was the mental rattle that awakes the attention of intellect in the infancy of society: but for the maturity of the mind, to make a serious business of the play of its childhood, is as absurd as to see a grown man to rub his gums with cayenne to be charmed to sleep with the tinkling of silver bells."

From "Rhododaphne" many might be selected to justify Poe's judgment and Shelley's expectations. The opening of Canto Fifth is a favorable specimen of its harmonious versification; and as an authority for the sentiments there expressed, the author in a note refers to the Oedipus of Sophocles, and to Ecclesiastes 2, 3.

Though pity's self has made thy breast
Its earthly shrine, Oh gentle maid,
Shed not thy tears where Love's last
Is sweet beneath the cypress shade
Whence never voice of tyrant power
Nor trumpet-blast from rending sky
Nor winds that howl, nor storms that
Shall bid the sleeping sufferer rise.
But mourn for them, who live to know
Sad strife with fortune's tempests;
For them, who live to toil and weep
In loveless, joyless solitude;
Whose days consume in hope, that flits
Like clouds of gold that fading flow
Still watched with fondlier lingering
As still more dim and more remote
Oh! wisely, truly, sadly sung
The bard by old Cepheus' side,
(While not with sadder, sweeter tones
His own loved nightingale replied)
—"Man's happiest lot is Not To Be;
"And when we tread life's thorny
"Most blest are they, who, earliest find
"Descend to death's eternal sleep."

IN THE GENERAL DICTIONARY.

ois, in his Life of Thomas Birch 2d ed., vol. ii. p. 319), speaks of his share in the General Dictionary. "We are not told what were the articles written by Dr. Birch, but no doubt of his having executed part of the Dictionary." Now he tells us, in a note at the end of the Biographical Table, of the persons whose articles are contained in that work; "Articles marked at the end with P, were drawn up by the Rev. John Peter Barnard, F. R. S. and H, by the Mr. Thomas Birch, M. A. and those signed I, by Mr. John The rest were composed by the Mr. George Sale, or communicated to the Editors."

owing list of writers in the Biographical Table may be convenient for

cles signed H, were by Henry T, by Thomas Broughton; by Dr. John Campbell; D, by R, by Mr. Hinton; C, by t; P, by Dr. Philip Nichols; iam Oldys; and in the second Andrew Kippis's articles are ad Dr. Joseph Tower's T.

THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE JOHN CLOPTON, OF VIRGINIA.

ary was announced for sale in part of last May, by Messrs. Win & Co.; but after a few days the beginning of the catalogue had, it was withdrawn from sale, on account of the small attendance and the feeble interest manifested generally in the quality of the books offered. Last month it was resumed, with somewhat bet-

ter success. The attendance of amateur book-collectors, though not large, was sufficient, with the generous aid of the extremely facetious and profoundly learned author of the "Western Memorabilia," to dispose of the entire collection. Considering the pressure of the times, the unimportant character and generally poor condition of the books, the prices obtained were good. The following books were sold at the remarkable prices annexed:

No. 502. FINDLEY (W). History of the Insurrection in the Four Western Counties of Pennsylvania, in 1794. 8vo, sheep. Philadelphia, 1796. \$5.00

No. 597. STILES (EZRA). History of Three of the Judges of King Charles I., Whalley, Goffe and Dixwell. 12mo, sheep. Hartford, 1794. \$5.50

No. 602. THOMAS (ISAIAH). History of Printing in America, with a Biography of Printers, and an Account of Newspapers, &c. 2 vols. 8vo, boards. Worcester, 1810. \$12.50

No. 1107. SEMPLE (R. B.) History of the Baptists in Virginia. 8vo, sheep. Richmond, 1810. \$3.63

No. 1938. A Volume of Fifteen Pamphlets, Five of which were Sermons and Orations on the Death of Washington. \$25.00

No. 1964. A Volume of Thirteen Orations and Sermons on the Death of Washington. \$41.00

No. 1987. A Volume of Six Curious Pamphlets. \$8.00

No. 1997. A Volume of Eight Pamphlets, Three of which were Orations on the Death of Washington. \$15.00

L'INFERNO DI DANTE ALIGHIERI, colle figure di G. Doré. Parigi. Libreria di L. Hachette e Cia. Via Pierre-Sarrazin. 14. MDCCCLXI. Folio.

We call attention to this work on account of the artistic excellence of M. Doré's illustrations, and the typographical skill with which they are printed. To those who have heretofore known M. Doré

as an illustrator only in his grotesque style, this volume will be peculiarly interesting. It contains a profile portrait of Dante, and over seventy full-page illustrations, all of them engraved on wood. These designs are at once so full of power, and so free from all exaggeration or straining after effect, that their author must hereafter be ranked as the chief among even the illustrators of Paris. Nor can too great praise be given to the typographical excellence with which they are printed. In this respect it compares most favorably with the best specimens from any continental press; and in this country, where the art of typography can hardly be said to exist, it seems like a revelation.

WALPOLE'S OVID.

The article in your last number on Walpole's copy of Bayle, reminds me that I have one of Walpole's books, which contains some notes, or rather scribblings, by him. The work in question is his copy of Ovid (P. OVIDII NASONIS OPERA PETRUS BURMANNUS. *Amstelodami. Apud Rod & Gerh Wetstenios, H. FF. clō 15 CCXIX*). It is in three volumes, each of which contains Walpole's book-plate ("Mr. Horatio Walpole"); two, the shelf of his book-case on which they belonged (M 8. 5. M 8. 7.); and one Walpole's signature, written in a boyish hand, "Hor: Walpole. 1733." (He was, if I remember rightly, at Eton at that time.) The scribblings of which I spoke are mostly in verse. These are from the fly-leaves of the second volume:

— Behold

That Lover, passionate without a fault, naught.
Much He desires, hopes little, and asks
Brama affai, poco spera, nulla chiede.

TASSO. Cant. II.

Such in a tide of lawless Passion float,
And on the Love, not on the Lover, doat.
Elles aiment L'amour, & non pas L'amant.

METAPHY., p. 47.

Ambrosial perfumes from her hair di.
Which all the air with fragrant Zeph

— Nor let your Valo
Fatally glorious to our mutual Love.
Ne virtus tua sit damnosa duobus.
(METAMORPHOSON.)

The Schœneian Maid c
Wrongly ambitious of the rolling Go

Swift thro' the mid-air Cytherea mov
Her chariot wafted by the plumes of

Weary of admiration I retire,
Dull'd with esteeming what I cant d

*On se lasse meme d'admirer, si ce qu
n'est aussi fait pour plaire.*

LA METAPHY. D'AMOUR

Notes and Queries.

MISS POLLY BAKER. (No. I., p

The earliest date at which I l
with this "Speech" is 1749, in
lection of Tracts of a Certain Free
noted by His Sufferings for His O
ascribed by Lowndes to the celebra
Annet, and is the concluding part
tise entitled "Social Bliss Confid
Marriage and Divorce; Cohabiting
ried, and Public Whoring;" from
possibly, Raynal transferred it, to
tory: the Abbé being very much
ecclesiastic as Charles II. said his
Windsor, the learned Dr. Isaac Vc
—"There is nothing which he
believe, except the Bible"—evid
longing to that class of divines n
by Shaftesbury, "who, if they we
Israelitish faith, can make amends
nese or an Indian one. If they
in Syria or the Palestine, they h
full measure in America or Japan.

Raynal might have been imposel
Annet's introductory note, which
was much to his taste:

"This Story is attested for T
whether true or not, the reason:

low are true: But many persons in matters of belief, strain at a gnat and swallow a camel: They cannot credit the truth of a story that has nothing improbable in it; but can credit stories reported by a credulous people to be done in distant ages, and in a strange country, which are impossible to Nature."

If Franklin were the author of this "Speech," it very probably appeared at an earlier date, in some Magazine, which some of your readers may be able to point out in a future number of **The Philobiblion**.

The "Speech" is composed with no little skill and ingenuity, and would do credit to a delegate to a Rutland Convention. The English translator of Raynal having omitted it (at least in some editions), I transcribe a few sentences, to show the spirit that pervades it:

"Abstracted from the law, I cannot conceive what the nature of my offence is. I have brought five fine children into the world at the risk of my life, and have maintained them well by my own industry, without burdening the Township." "Can it be a crime (in the nature of things, I mean) to add to the number of the King's subjects in a new country that really wants people? I own it, I should think it praiseworthy, rather than a punishable action. I have debauched no other woman's husband, nor enticed any youth: these things I never was charged with, nor has any one the least cause of complaint against me, unless perhaps the Minister, or Justice, because I have had children without being married, by which they have missed a wedding fee." "You believe I have offended Heaven, and must suffer eternal fire: will not that be sufficient? What need is there, then, of your additional fines and whipping? I own I do not think as you do, for if I thought what you call a sin were really such, I could not presumptuously commit it. But how can it be believed, that Heaven is angry at

my having children, when to the little done by me towards it, God has been pleased to add his divine skill and admirable workmanship in the formation of their bodies, and crowned it by furnishing them with rational and immortal souls?" "Forgive me, gentlemen, if I talk a little extravagantly on these matters; I am no divine: but if you gentlemen must be making laws, do not turn natural and useful actions into crimes by your prohibitions. But take into your wise consideration the great and growing number of bachelors in this Country, many of whom, from the mean fear of the expenses of a family, have never sincerely and honorably courted a woman in their lives, and by their manner of living, leave unproduced, (which is little better than murder*) hundreds of their posterity to the thousandth generation. Is not this a greater offence against the public good than mine? Compel them then by law, either to marriage, or to pay double the fine of fornication every year. What must poor young women do, whom custom has forbid to solicit the men; and who cannot force themselves upon husbands, when the laws take no care to provide them any; and yet severely punish them if they do their duty without them; the duty of the first and great command of Nature, and of Nature's God, INCREASE and MULTIPLY; a duty from the steady performance of which, nothing has been able to deter me, but for its sake I have hazarded the loss of the public esteem, and have frequently endured public disgrace and punishment; and therefore ought, in my humble opinion, instead of a whipping, to have a statue erected to my memory."

This, I think, must suffice to satisfy the

* This idea is evidently taken from Cyrano de Bergerac's "Comical History of the States and Empires of the Sun" (8vo, London, 1687, p. 193), where a wife enters a strange complaint against her husband, accusing him of a double murder.

curiosity of most of your readers, without having recourse to the speech itself.

D. W. F.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.

JARVIS THE ARTIST.

An aged friend tells me that he saw many years ago, in New York, a painting by Jarvis, designed to ridicule Bishops Hobart and Moore, Rev. John M. Mason, and others. Can any of your correspondents give an account of this painting, where it is at present, and any particulars of the artist?

B.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

MISS BURNEY'S EVELINA.

Miss Burney's *Evelina* is well known to have been received with universal approbation when it first appeared. As a novel it unquestionably deserves all its reputation, though at its appearance all the tricks of puffery, which for those times correspond to our modern publishers' system of "the puff collusive," were used in its favor. In the first place, it was said to be the work of a young girl of seventeen, just from school, when in fact Miss Burney was almost *twenty-seven* at the time of its publication. This fact first appears in Madame D'Arblay's *Memoirs*, all dates and data on the point having been carefully suppressed up to that time. In the *Memoirs* of Dr. Burney, edited by Madame D'Arblay, this course appears to have been systematically pursued. In fact, Madame D'Arblay, in her anxiety upon this point, seems to have rewritten her father's *Memoirs* almost entirely, and thus to have made a most wretched book out of the materials for an excellent one. In the next place, it was told in "literary circles" of the time, that the great autocrat on all literary matters, the ponderous Johnson, had sat up all night to read *Evelina*, and to this day this story is repeated. Now, I have read somewhere

that Dr. Johnson once confessed he never read *Evelina*. Where, in fact I cannot now remember; but in extremity I turn to your readers, if any of them have ever seen the thing, and remember where to find it.

BALTIMORE.

(NOTE OMITTED ON PAGE 6)

Vol. I. p. 550. ART. SIXTIMES.
Note E. The Synods move the weight of his reasons, decree only should be admitted to be as understood at least in some Hebrew and the Greek of the

"Who seeks the Court of Heaven
speak ;

At least work his salvation out in
Priests so pedantic fancy that about
That most must have Interpreters

"THE DROPSICAL MAN"

As I was looking the other day in Dodsley's well-known *Collection* upon a poem, in the first of which Sir Walter Scott must have lived his days of literary omnivorosity, "The Dropsical Man," by Mr. Major, one whole line of which Scott borrowed (of course, unconsciously) from Heron's Song in "Marmion."

"With a jest in his mouth, and a tear

Scott's version is as follows :

"With a smile on her lips, and a tear

A day or two later, I happened upon the Songs of Samuel Lover, and behold ! I came across the acquaintance again—this time a disguised, though it was not to be at, considering the company of Mr. Rory O'More's. Here's Mr. Scott's appropriation :

"Reproof on her lip, but a smile

Quintus Sextius, the Pythagorean.

(Concluded.)

OF the works of SEXTIUS a few fragments alone remain; but whether any of them formed a part of the work which Seneca has so highly praised, cannot now be determined. The peculiar tenets of Sextius, as exhibited in these *Reliquiæ*, appear to have been derived principally from the doctrines taught by Pythagoras. In them, however, even in their present very imperfect state, may be traced the impress of a strong and vigorous mind, and of an exceedingly acute and penetrating understanding. We shall now cite a few of the characteristic *dictata* of Sextius which have been preserved by Seneca.

"*Quod dari possit, eripi posse, intelligebat*," says Seneca (Ep. XCVIII. vol. ii. p. 485). This knowledge, aided by Sextius's love of philosophy, produced his rejection of the senatorial honors. He lived in turbulent times, and could not but be well acquainted with the horrors into which the republic had been plunged during the civil wars, and therefore declined a rank, which might only lead to destruction.

He recommended an examination of the actions of the day, to his scholars, when they retired to rest (Seneca, *de Ira*, III. vol. i. p. 149). This precept corresponds

precisely with the lines in the Golden Verses:

Μηδ' ὕπνον μαλακοῖσιν, &c., ver. 40.

"Solebat Sextius dicere, *Jovem plus non posse, quam bonum virum*" (Seneca, Ep. LXXIV. vol. ii. p. 279). This remarkable sentiment has been examined by Lippius (*Manud.*, vol. viii. p. 789), and by Rhodoginus, in his *Lectiones Antiquæ*, XVIII. 14, p. 842. Sextius taught that the road *ad Astra*, was by frugality, temperance, and fortitude (Sen., Ep. LXXIII. vol. ii. p. 278). He used to recommend holding a looking-glass before persons who were disordered with passion (Sen., *de Ira*, II. vol. i. p. 90). We find the same idea, though without any mention of Sextius, in Plutarch, in his Treatise *De Ira cohibenda*, vol. vii. p. 789, edition Reiskii. Sextius strongly enjoined his scholars to abstain from eating animal food, not indeed from the reasons prescribed by Pythagoras, but from motives which seem very consistent with other parts of his doctrines (Seneca, Ep. CVIII. vol. ii. p. 534).

Sextius wrote in the Greek language, though "*Romanis moribus philosophans*" (Sen., Ep. LIX.) Seneca, therefore, has always given us his own *translations* of the doctrines of Sextius; and it is also probable that Claudianus Mammertus Presbyter

translated the passages which he quotes from Sextius, in his work *De Anima*, II. IX. There are, however, a few fragments from the writings of Sextius preserved in their original Greek, among the *Loci Communes Sententiarum, ex S. Scriptura, veteribus theologis et secularibus scriptoribus Collecti*, by the two monks, Antonius and Maximus, who followed in some measure the plan of Stobæus. Their collections were first published by Froschoverus, *Tiguri*, 1546. The last edition of them was printed at the end of Stobæus, *Aurel. Allobr.*, 1609; and to this, as it is the most common, we shall refer the reader. A considerable number of quotations from Sextius (whose name in the margin is improperly changed into *Sextus*) will be found on pages 8, 42, 96, 194, 197, 215, and 228. The learned Gale asserts (*Pref. ad Mytholog. Scriptor.*) that some of the passages in Stobæus, which are attributed to Pythagoras, really belong to Sextius. Neither Pythagoras nor his early disciples ever committed any thing to writing; but his later followers, in order to do honor to his memory, and perhaps to their own works, published their productions under the name of their master. In the same manner, the ancient Egyptian priests and prophets uttered their compositions as the genuine works of Mercury.

According to the testimony of St. Hierom and others, the character of Ruffinus was extremely bad, and any work published by him was considered very suspicious. On comparing these *Sententiæ* with the fragments which we have already mentioned to be preserved in Stobæus, and in Maximus and Antonius, there appears to be, as Gale has justly observed in his preface, sufficient evidence that one of the writers, who contributed his share to extend the fame of Pythagoras, was the same Sextius from whose writings the monkish collectors have preserved six short fragments, and whose *Sen-*

tentiæ were translated and interpreted by Ruffinus, and assigned by him to Gale, however, was not the first; he conjectured that the *Sententiæ* translated from Sextius the Philosopher. The same idea occurred to James Masius, who published it in the volume of Faber's *Thesaurus Scholasticæ*, under the article X.

The following list of the varieties of the *Sententiæ Sextii*, we believe, on examination, to be complete and accurate:

- I. 1507.—Lugd., 4to, à S. Champerio.
- II. 1514.—Wittenburg, 4to, reis Pythagoræ.
- III. 1516.—Basileæ, 4to, cu Rhenani.
- IV. 1615.—Helmstedt, 8vo, Thalesio.
- V. 16—.—In Bibliotheca Patrum.
- VI. 1671.—Cantab., 8vo, à Gale.
- VII. 1688.—Amstælodami, 8vo, Poiret, post Idea Theophrasti, &c.
- VIII. 1693. Amstælodami, 4to, Poiret, post Idea Theophrasti, &c.
- IX. 1725.—Leips., 4to, à M.

There is extant also a collection of the *Sententiæ Sextii* translated from the Greek by Urbanus Presbyter, who attributes them to Sextus II., but they are fully proved to be the productions of Sextius.

Urbanus Godofredus Siberus, in his edition of the *Sententiæ Sextii*, 1725, 4to, endeavors to refute the arguments of Gale and Thomaßius, in the most positive manner, that these *Sententiæ* were written by Sextus, and X; but the absurd opinion of Siberus has been thoroughly exposed and refuted by him in his *Bibliotheca Latina* (vol. iii. p. 501), and in his

Græca (vol. ii. p. 411; vol. xiii. p. 643), where may be found a detailed account of this dispute. Thomas Taylor, in the introduction to his translation of *Select Sentences of Sextius*, says: "It is deeply to be regretted that the Greek original of the *Sentences of Sextius* being lost, the fraudulent Latin version of them by the Presbyter Ruffinus alone remains. I call it a fraudulent version, because Ruffinus, wishing to persuade the reader that these *Sentences* were written by a bishop of the name of Sixtus, has in many places perverted and contaminated the meaning of the original."

Taylor's translation of these "incomparably excellent" *Sentences of Sextius*, made from the Latin version of Ruffinus, is as follows:

SELECT SENTENCES

OF

SEXTIUS THE PYTHAGOREAN.

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS TAYLOR THE PLATONIST.

1. To neglect the things of the smallest consequence, is not the least thing in human life.
2. The wise man, and the despiser of wealth, resembles God.
3. Do not investigate the name of God, because you will not find it. For every thing which is called by a name, receives its appellation from that which is more worthy than itself, so that it is one person that calls, and another that hears. Who is it, therefore, that has given a name to God? God, however, is not a name to God, but an indication of what we conceive of him.
4. God is a light incapable of receiving its contrary [darkness].
5. You have in yourself something similar to God, and therefore use yourself as the temple of God, on account of that which in you resembles God.
6. Honour God above all things, that he may rule over you.
7. The greatest honour which can be paid to God, is to know and imitate him.
8. Whatever you honour above all things, that which you so honor will have dominion over you. But if you give yourself to the domination of God, you will thus have dominion over all things.
9. There is not any thing, indeed, which wholly resembles God; nevertheless the imitation of him as much as possible by an inferior nature is grateful to him.
10. God, indeed, is not in want of any thing, but the wise man is in want of God alone. He, therefore, who is in want but of few things, and those necessary, emulates him who is in want of nothing.
11. Endeavour to be great in the estimation of divinity, but among men avoid envy.
12. The wise man whose estimation with men was but small while he was living, will be renowned when he is dead.
13. Consider all the time to be lost to you in which you do not think of divinity.
14. A good intellect is the choir of divinity. A bad intellect is the choir of evil demons.
15. Honor that which is just, on this very account that it is just.
16. You will not be concealed from divinity when you act unjustly, nor even when you think of acting so.
17. The foundation of piety is continence; but the summit of piety is the love of God.
18. Wish that what is expedient, and not what is pleasing, may happen to you.
19. Such as you wish your neighbour to be to you, such also be you to your neighbours.
20. That which God gives you, no one can take away.
21. Neither do nor even think of that which you are not willing God should know.
22. Before you do any thing, think of God, that his light may precede your energies.
23. The soul is illuminated by the recollections of deity.
24. The use of all animals as food is indifferent, but it is more rational to abstain from them.
25. God is not the author of any evil.
26. You should not possess more than the use of the body requires.

27. Possess those things which no one can take from you.
28. Bear that which is necessary, as it is necessary.
29. Ask those things of God which it is worthy of God to bestow.
30. The reason which is in you, is the light of your life.
31. Ask those things of God which you cannot receive from man.
32. Wish that those things which labour ought to precede, may be possessed by you after labour.
33. Be not anxious to please the multitude.
34. It is not proper to despise those things of which we shall be in want after the dissolution of the body.
35. You should not ask of divinity that which, when you have obtained, you will not perpetually possess.
36. Accustom your soul, after [it has conceived all that is great of] divinity, to conceive something great of itself.
37. Esteem nothing to be precious which a bad man may take from you.
38. He is dear to divinity, who considers those things alone to be precious which are esteemed to be so by divinity.
39. Every thing which is more than necessary to man, is hostile to him.
40. He who loves that which is not expedient, will not love that which is expedient.
41. The intellect of the wise man is always with divinity.
42. God dwells in the intellect of the wise man.
43. Every desire is insatiable, and therefore is always in want.
44. The wise man is always similar to himself.
45. The knowledge and imitation of divinity are alone sufficient to beatitude.
46. Use lying as poison.
47. Nothing is so peculiar to wisdom as truth.
48. When you preside over men, remember that divinity also presides over you.
49. Be persuaded that the end of all things is conformably to divinity.
50. Depraved affections are the bane of the soul.
51. An evil disposition is the disease of the soul; but impiety and injustice are the cure.
52. Use all men in such a way, as the common curator of all things after.
53. He who uses mankind badly, is himself badly.
54. Wish that you may be able to overcome your enemies.
55. Endure all things, in order that you may live conformably to God.
56. By honouring a wife man, you honour yourself.
57. In all your actions, place God before your eyes.
58. You are permitted to refuse marriage in order that you may live incessantly with God. If, however, as one knowing you are willing to fight, take a wife and children.
59. To live, indeed, is not in our power; but to live rightly is.
60. Be unwilling to admit accusation against the man who is studious of wisdom.
61. If you wish to live with hilarity, willing to do many things; for, in all your actions, you will be minor.
62. Every cup should be sweet to the man who extinguishes thirst.
63. Fly from intoxication as you fly from insanity.
64. No good originates from the body.
65. Think that you suffer a great loss when you obtain the object of corporeal desire for the attainment of such objects is a loss.
66. Invoke God as a witness to what you do.
67. The bad man does not think of Providence.
68. Assert that which possesses wisdom to be the [true] man.

69. The wise man participates of God.
70. Where that which is wise in you resides, there also is your good.
71. That which is not noxious to the soul, is not noxious to man.
72. He who unjustly expels a wise man from the body, confers a benefit on him by his iniquity. For he thus becomes liberated, as it were, from bonds.
73. The fear of death renders a man sad through the ignorance of his soul.
74. You will not possess intellect till you understand that you have it.
75. Think that your body is the garment of your soul; and therefore preserve it pure.
76. Impure demons vindicate to themselves the impure soul.
77. Speak not of God to every man.
78. It is dangerous, and the danger is not small, to speak of God even things which are true.
79. A true assertion respecting God is an assertion of God.
80. You should not dare to speak of God to the multitude.
81. He does not know God who does not worship him.
82. The man who is worthy of God is also a God among men.
83. It is better to have nothing, than to possess much and impart it to no one.
84. He who thinks that there is a God, and that nothing is taken care of by him, differs in no respect from him who does not believe that there is a God.
85. He honours God in the best manner who renders his intellect as much as possible similar to God.
86. If you injure no one, you will fear no one.
87. No one is wise who looks downward to the earth.
88. To lie is to deceive in life, and to be deceived.
89. Recognise what God is, and what that is in you which recognises God.
90. It is not death, but a bad life, that destroys the soul.
91. If you know him by whom you were made, you will know yourself.
92. It is not possible for a man to live conformable to divinity, unless he acts modestly, well, and justly.
93. Divine wisdom is true science.
94. You should not dare to speak of God to an impure soul.
95. The wise man follows God, and God follows the soul of the wise man.
96. A king rejoices in those whom he governs, and therefore God rejoices in the wise man. He who governs likewise, is inseparable from those whom he governs; and therefore God is inseparable from the soul of the wise man, which he defends and governs.
97. The wise man is governed by God, and on this account is blessed.
98. A scientific knowledge of God causes a man to use few words.
99. To use many words when speaking of God, produces an ignorance of God.
100. The man who possesses a knowledge of God, will not be very ambitious.
101. The erudite, chaste, and wise soul, is the prophet of the truth of God.
102. Accustom yourself always to look to divinity.
103. A wise intellect is the mirror of God.

Oken, Goethe, and the Cranial Homologies.

MR. LEWES, in his *Life of Goethe*, endeavors, in rather an abortive manner, to make his hero appear to advantage as a man of science. He gives a one-sided and imperfect statement of the pretence assumed by the poet when advanced in years (at

the instigation, doubtless, of his many servile flatterers), in claiming for himself the origination of the idea of the vertebrate construction of the cranial bones—an idea first advanced and demonstrated by the great naturalist Lorenz Oken, in 1807, whose claim to the originality of the conception had previously never been questioned. It has been too often the fate of most of the creative minds of science, to have their discoveries either derided by the world at the period of their inception, or else filched from them by base and unscrupulous pretenders; and, although the credit of this profound idea is now universally admitted to belong to Oken, nevertheless a brief account of the question and its bearings may prove interesting.

Oken's famous "*Antritts Programme*," "*Ueber die Bedeutung der Schädelknochen*" (On the Signification of the Cephalic Bones), was delivered before the University at Jena, in 1807. The young and rising "privat docent" had just been appointed Professor of Natural History. Goethe (curator of the University) was present at its delivery, and, complimenting the author upon the originality and beauty of his conception, invited him to pay him a visit. Oken accepted the invitation so kindly extended, and passed a week at the house of the poet, in Weimar. Can it be credited that Goethe, if he really had originated previously this profound truth, would have allowed another to lay it before the public, sanctioning it at the same time with his applause and his hospitality?

This significant essay, which has justly been termed "the most important contribution ever made toward the science of animal morphology," at once placed Oken at the head of the "*Natur-Philosophie*," or Physio-Philosophical School, of Germany.

In this, as in some previous bold and original investigations, Oken extended to natural science the philosophical and tran-

scendental principles which Kant, followed by Fichte, had already applied to mental and moral science.

Fichte, in his famous "*Wissenschaftslehre*" (Doctrine of Science), strove toward the construction of all knowledge *à priori*, that is, by deduction; but he barely indicated the path: it was reserved for Schelling to enter fully upon it, and for Oken to explore its mazes, and to develop with all the luxuriant fulness of experience a systematic plan harmonizing the activities of matter and spirit; and he, far from creating empty, abstract combinations, has, as it were, "linked, nay wedded Nature with Philosophy." Oken first defined truly the structure of the vertebral form or type, as evolved throughout the various animal systems, showing demonstratively the spinal segments of the cranial region—a distinct vertebra for each special cranial sense—the skull consisting of four expanded and modified vertebral segments, the last (that pertaining to the sense of smell) dimly shadowed forth in the nasal bones. Carrying out the Schellingian doctrine of the "all in every part," he proclaims the head to contain a repetition of the whole animal body. "The head is the whole trunk with all its systems; the brain is the spinal chord; the skull, the vertebral column; the mouth, intestine and abdomen; the nose, lung and thorax; the jaws are the limbs; the teeth, nails," &c. "This doctrine," says Oken, in his "*Natur-Philosophie*," "was at first scoffed at and repulsed; finally, when it began to force its way, several barefaced persons came forward, who would have made out, if they could, that the discovery was achieved long ago."

No one seems to have questioned the claim of Oken to this great and original conception during the long period of thirteen years, when the chance of appropriating the discovery seems to have blunted and overcome the moral sense—the least

developed element in the spiritual nature of the poet Goethe.

In 1820, Goethe first publicly stated that *thirty years previously* he had discovered the secret relationship between the vertebrae and the bones of the skull. The circumstances under which the poet, in 1820, narrates having become inspired with the idea, are so analogous to those described by Oken, in 1806, as to create a smile of incredulity, or at least of suspicion. A bleached skull is accidentally discovered in both instances, and which like a lightning-flash strikes the mind of the observer. In Oken's instance, it was that of a deer, stumbled upon while wandering in the Hartz forest; in Goethe's, it was that of a sheep, picked up on the shores of the Lido, at Venice.

As Goethe did not dare to impute plagiarism to Oken, the latter thereupon, with true dignity, kept silent, while the poet permitted his flatterers from time to time to ascribe to him the merit of the discovery; and again, in 1824, claimed it for himself, in his "*Tag und Jahres Hefte*," with a contemptuous allusion to Oken.

The gifted naturalist still continued to treat the poet's shameless mendacity with the contempt it justly merited. Not so his friends. Meckel, Spix, Ulrich, Bojanus, Carus, Cuvier, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Albers, Kiefer, Straus-Durckheim, Owen, and Lichtenstein, names illustrious in science and philosophy, have recorded their judgment in favor of Oken, and against the base attempt of Goethe to deprive him of his well-merited reward.

It was reserved for the naturalist Kiefer first publicly to vindicate the fame of Oken, at the yearly meeting of naturalists, held at Jena, in 1836. At this meeting, Kiefer gave a circumstantial account of Oken's discovery. Oken had communicated it to him in 1806, while on a journey together. On their return to Gottingen, Oken ex-

plained his ideas to Kiefer, illustrating them by the skull of a turtle in Kiefer's collection, which Oken disarticulated with his own hands for that purpose. "It is with great pleasure," says Kiefer, "that I am able to show here the same skull, after having retained it thirty years in my possession. The single bones of the skull are marked by Oken's own handwriting, which may be easily known."

Many of Goethe's friends were present at this meeting; not one had a word to offer on the subject. In the same year, an anonymous statement appeared in the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," to the effect that Oken had stolen the idea of the vertebral nature of the skull from Goethe. This direct charge brought out Oken, who with true German bluntness replied, in the same journal, that his nameless accuser "was a liar and a calumniator." *The accuser was silent.*

The accusation of plagiarism against Oken was first publicly made in 1842, in Michelet's edition of the Works of Hegel. This called forth Oken for the first time; and accordingly, in the "*Iffs*" for 1847, Hest VII., he enters into an able, circumstantial, and temperate statement, thoroughly refuting the accusation, and overwhelming his adversaries with shame.

Mr. Lewes asks, "Why did not Oken make the charge of plagiarism during Goethe's lifetime?" The answer is, Oken at no time made such a charge; it was only when charged with plagiarism himself that he entered into the question, and then solely with the view of honest self-vindication.

At the present period, when the discoveries of this gifted transcendental anatomist have been so ably illustrated and confirmed by the investigations of the English Owen, the scientific world has justly accorded to Oken the creation of this teeming conception, which has conferred immortality upon the name of its author.

Born at the Suabian village of Bohltsbach, in Wurtemberg, Oken died full of years and honors at Zurich, in August, 1851. A fine statue by Drake, of Berlin, has been erected to his memory at Jena.

Michael Menot.

MICHAEL MENOT, a successor of Maillard, was also a *Cordelier*. The place and the time of his birth are unknown. He flourished during the reign of Louis XI., and is supposed to have died at the commencement of the reign of Francis I., or at any rate not later than 1518. The only authority for this date is an edition of his sermons printed in Paris in 1519, in a preface to which the printer, Claude Chevalon, says that these sermons, carefully collected together, had been brought to him to be printed.

This is all we know of Menot's life. He was born, and he died. His sermons, however, show us that he tried to live to some purpose. He was even more violent than Maillard in the denunciation of the vices of his time, and was, if possible less careful in his choice of expressions. He says himself, in a sermon preached at Tours, in 1508:

"Vidi, sunt 24 anni, tempore Regis Ludovici & Caroli, quod spuebantur in faciem Blasphemi, & ponebantur au Collier, & in secundo vice scindebatur eis lingua."

This was a time when men began to think for themselves; and, unaccustomed to such an unwarranted freedom, many made perhaps a licentious use of their new privilege.

Certain it is that words meant something then, and Menot's plainness of expression gives us an insight into the follies and vices of his day. Perhaps a similar directness of

exhortation would not be entirely new in the pulpit of our own time.

The following extracts will show use Menot made of the Scriptures, sermons, and how plainly he spoke of the vices of the rulers both in Church & State, as well as of those common to the people:

"Heu Christe, quando fuisti in deserto, Angelus vobis presentans cibum vel panem. Non; sed Diabolus astutus famulus obtulit lapides. Posuit se in habitu dissimulato sanctitatem & vitam heremiticam, sicut nunc fecisset aliud toto tempore vitæ suæ nisi Pater noster & Ave Maria. Ille dicit C Heu! Misereor vestri, ex hoc quod dimittis sic mori fame; hæc Deus non præcepit quod occidamus per abstinentiam. Si scriptum est vobis, quod estis filius Dei, ecce lapides: nunc dicitis ut panes fiant, ut possimus simul recte facere pentaculum. Dominus ad eum reversus respicit hunc sapientem famulum, se retournergard ce galant, & dicit ei: O amice mihi quod fertis habitum religiosi & viri sancti; quid ergo me adeo premittis de solvendo jejunium; adhuc non estis ubi cogitatis, nonne scriptum est: Non in solo pane vivit homo. pauper jentaculum in quo non comederetur nisi ficcus; ce seroit un pauvre déjeuner que de se servir du pain tout sec. Facitis mihi festum de hoc."

"Audi ab ore Magistri Huet in Concilio Parisiensi prædicantis, quod si non alia occasione obtulisset, Virgo Maria tanto zelo amabat reprobationem generis humani, quod propriis manibus crucifixisset."

"O domini ecclesiastici qui roditis ossa pauperum, & bibitis sanguinem crucifixi audite."

"Non est canda prælatorum, quo hodie ducunt canes, & mangones indutos ad modum migerorum, sicut Suytenses, qui nullo modo de grege sibi credito."

"Quid dicetis domini ecclesiastici & qui comeditis bono huius pauperis qui per crucem, ducendo vestras vanitates?"

"O si non viderentur magni luxus, les bagues, simoniæ, magnæ usuræ patentes, luxuriæ, quæ sunt in ecclesia, populus scandalizatus, nec vos imitaretur. O quid moror; dico secundam puram veritatem: esclandre: J'en di à la pure & reale verité prælati sunt causa quod pauper & simplex peccat & quærit infernum: que le poure & le peuple peche, & se damne ad omnes diabolo"

"Sed unde provenit hoc? Quia certe spiritus sanctus est hodie expulsus de concilio, synagoga & capitulis episcoporum, & electionibus prælatorum. Quia, ut videtur, hodie puero decem annorum datur parochia in qua sunt quingenti ignes: & pro custodia assignatur quandoque un gentilhomme de Cour, unus nobilis curiæ: qui post deum nil odit nisi ecclesiæ. Hæc Deus scit quomodo hodie dantur beneficia ecclesiastica. Si quæritis quomodo puer iste habuit beneficium: sciunt responsum, Mater ejus erat familiaris episcopo, *sa mere estoit fort pri- vée de l'evêque: & pour les congnoissances dedit ci.*"

"*En dis autant de ancillis sacerdotum, quibus non licet dare hoc sacramentum eucharistiæ: quod certe non sunt de grege Dei, sed diaboli.*"

"Quantum ad populum, miseria in qua est, talis est: Moritur fame, quod nunc patitur tallias, gabellas, rosiones, exoraciones: & nisi dimittat pellem, non poterit amplius aliquid pati."

"O utinam illud attenderent domini justitiarum, qui favore principum, ut eis obtemperant, obediunt nefandis eorum præceptis, pauperem populum, rodentes, excoriantes pupillos & viduas, novas quotidie exactiones fuscitantes."

"Credite mihi, si mille diaboli descenderent de ære in terram ad perdendum bona pauperum, non tot mala facerent quanta unus grossus diabolus usufrui in una parochia. Et tales sunt fugiendi sicut diaboli."

"Vos usurarii putatis evadere, dicentes. Ego committam usuras, sed hoc est cum intentione fundandi unam capellam."

"Fuerunt alias Longobardi & Judæi expulsi a regno Franciæ, quod totum terram inficiebant usuris: sed nunc permittuntur crassiores diaboli usurarii quam fuerint Longobardi sive Judæi."

Nor is Menot less plain in his exhortations against the luxury of the times, and the vices which are always incidental to a spirit of social ambition, particularly among women. But these extracts are sufficient to show the style of his sermons, and their value as contemporary history of the social condition of his times. His paraphrase of the history of Mary Magdalen, of the Prodigal Son, and of Ruth, are interesting as specimens of the literature of the times. He gives the freest range to his imagination, narrates long conversations, and describes the persons and places with the greatest minuteness. Such writing was exceedingly popular in his day, nor has the

ignorance that made it so entirely disappeared from the world, for in these days we have our Ingrahams and Spurgeons.

Menot's sermons are all contained in four collections:

Fr. Michaelis Menoti Zelantissimi Prædicatoris ac Sacræ Theologiæ Professoris, Ordinis Minorum, perpulchra Epistolarum quadragesimalium expositio, secundum serias & dominicas declamatarum in aman- tissimo & devotissimo Conventu Fratrum Minorum. Parisiensium, Anno Domini 1517. Paris, 1519. 8vo.

Opus aureum Evangeliorum Quadragesimalium in Academia Parisiorum declamatorum per Venerabilem P. Michaelim Menotum ordinis Minorum. Paris, 1519. 8vo.

R. P. Mich. Menoti perpulcher Tractatus in quo tractatu perbelle de fædere & pace ineunda, media Ambassiatrice pænitentia. Paris, 1519. 8vo.

These three were printed together in Paris in 1526, under the general title—

Sermones Quadragesimales, R. P. Michaelis Menoti, ab ipso olim Parisiis declamati.

R. P. Michaelis Menoti Sermones Quadragesimales, ab ipso olim Turonis declamati. Paris, 1519. 8vo. 1525. 8vo.

Limited editions of his sermons upon Mary Magdalen and the Prodigal Son were printed in Paris in 1825 and 1832.

Sale of Zelotes Hosmer's Library.

(Continued from No. II., p. 41.)

298 to 305 DIBDIN (REV. THOS. FROGNALL).

Bibliotheca Spenceriana, 5 vols. imp. 8vo, numerous illustrative plates, turkey moroc., gilt backs, fides, and edges. Lond., 1814-22. Ædes Althorpiæ, &c. *Portraits and engravings.* 2 vols. imp. 8vo, large paper, mor., gilt. Lond., 1822. Descriptive Catalogue of Books printed in the Fifteenth Century, lately forming part of the Library of the Duke di Casano Serna, &c. 1 vol. roy. 8vo, large paper, mor., gilt. Lond., 1823. Remi-

- niscences of a Literary Life. *Portraits and engravings*. 2 vols. imp. 8vo, *large paper*, mor., gilt. Lond., 1836. Bibliomania, or Book Madness, a Bibliographical Romance. *Illustrated with engravings*. New edition, with Preliminary Observations, and a Key to the assumed Characters in the Drama. 2 vols. imperial 8vo, *large paper*, morocco, gilt. Lond., 1842. The Bibliographical Decameron, or Ten Days' Pleasant Discourse, &c. *Numerous portraits and illustrative plates*. 3 vols. imperial 8vo, *large paper*, mor., gilt. Lond., 1817. Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany. *Portraits and numerous highly-finished engravings, proofs on India paper*. 3 vols. 4to, morocco. *Large paper*, gilt. Lond., 1821. Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in the Northern Counties of England and Scotland. *40 fine plates (several of which are India-paper proofs)* and other illustrations. 3 vols. imperial 8vo, mor. gilt. Lond., 1838. Together 21 vols. \$840.00
[Humphry.]
- 308 DIBBIN (Rev. T. F.) Poems. 8vo, boards. Lond., 1797. \$3.00
[Grifwold.]
- 310 ———: Bibliography, a Poem in Six Books, 8vo. Lond., 1812. \$2.50
[Grifwold.]
- 312 ———: Specimen Bibliothecæ Britannicæ. Specimens of a Digested Catalogue of Rare, Curious, and Useful Books, appertaining to British Literature and Antiquities. 4to, *large paper*. Lond., 1808. \$10.50
[Richardson.]
- 314 ———: Specimens of a Tour. 8vo, hf. mor. *No title-page*. \$8.50
[Grifwold.]
- 315 ———: Lettre Trentième, Concer-
nant L'Imprimerie et la Librairie de Paris, traduite avec des Notes par G. A. Crapelet. 8vo, boards, *large paper*; 100 *copies only printed*. Paris, 1821. \$14.50
[Richardson.]
- 316 ———: Lettre Neuvième, Relative
à la Bibliothèque Publique de Rouen traduite avec des Notes par Th. Licquet. 8vo, boards, *large paper*. Paris, 1821. \$14.50
[Richardson.]
- 317 ———: A Roland for an Oliver —
Brief Remarks upon the Preface and Notes of G. A. Crapelet, attached to his Translation of the Thirtieth Letter of the "Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour." Imp. 8vo, *large paper*. Lond., 1821. \$20.00
[Richardson.]
- 325 DONNE (JOHN). Poems, with Elegies on the Author's Death. Second edition; *portrait by Marshall*. Sm. 4to, cf. Lond., 1635. \$5.25
[Norton.]
- 326 ———: Another copy, second edition, portrait, 12mo, mor. gilt. Lond., 1635. \$7.50
[Norton.]
- 331 DRAYTON (MICHAEL). Poems, collected into one volume, with Sundry Pieces inserted, never before Imprinted. *Portrait and rare frontispiece by Hole*. Folio, red mor. gilt. Lond., 1619. \$10.00
[Little, Brown & Co.]
- 332 ———: Poly-Olbion, &c. First edition, folio, red mor. gilt. Lond., 1613. \$22.00
[Grifwold.]
- 334 DRUMMOND (WILLIAM). The Most Elegant and Elaborate Poems of that Great Court-VVit. *Portrait*. 8vo, green mor. gilt. Lond., 1659. \$11.00
[Little, Brown & Co.]

- 338 DRYDEN (JOHN). Works, now first collected, illustrated with Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory, and a Life of the Author, by Sir Walter Scott. *Large paper*, 18 vols. 8vo, russia, gilt sides and edges. Lond., 1808. \$135.00

From the Library of Sir M. M. Sykes, with his autograph, as follows: "Upon thick paper, of which there were only six copies printed. This belonged to Mr. Miller the Bookseller, at whose sale, in 1813, I purchased it for £40."—M. M. SYKES.

[Grifwold.]

- 340 DU BARTAS (G. S.) His Deuine Weekes and Workes. Translated by Josuah Sylvester. *Frontispiece by Elstracke*. 4to, mor. gilt. Lond., 1608. \$11.00

[Fowle.]

- 342 DUNBAR (WILLIAM). Poems, now first collected, with Notes and Memoir of his Life, by David Laing. 2 vols. 8vo, hf. mor. Lond., 1834. \$10.50

[Fowle.]

- 370 FABYAN (ROBERT). The Chronicle of Fabian, which he nameth the Concordance of Histories, newly perused, and continued from the beginning of Kyng Henry the Seventh, to thende of Queene Mary. *Fine engraved frontispiece and initial letters*. Black letter, folio, mor. gilt, by Bedford. Lond., 1559. \$42.00

[Grifwold.]

- 374 FARLIE (ROBERT). Lychnocavasia, Sive Moralia Facvm Emblemata. Lights, Morall Emblems. *Curious wood engravings*. 12mo, red mor. gilt. Lond., 1638. \$6.00

[Ryder.]?

- 381 FLETCHER (GILES). Christ's Victorie and Triumph in Heaven and Earth, over and after Death. Second edition, 4to, cf. Cambridge, 1632. \$4.50

[Little, Brown & Co.]

L'Excellent du Mariage; DE SA NECESSITE, ET DES MOYENS D'Y VIVRE HEUREUX. OU L'ON FAIT L'APOLOGIE DES FEMMES; CONTRE LES CALOMNIES DES HOMMES. PAR JACQUES CHAUSSE, SIEUR DE LA TERRIERE. A AMSTERDAM, CHEZ PIERRE MORTIER. 12mo, pp. 300.

OF JACQUES CHAUSSE, Sieur de la Terrière, nothing is known except what may be gathered from the title of this scarce little volume. In his *avertissement*, he says to his readers:

"Vous y apprendrez l'art de craindre Dieu, & d'être honnête homme: d'éviter les dérèglements d'une vie libertine, & de pratiquer les vertus de la vie Chrétienne. C'est la son but general. Voici sa fin principal. Il se propose de vous inspirer de l'amour pour le Mariage. Il fait voir qu'il n'y a rien au Monde de plus excellent ou de plus nécessaire que cette sainte société. Il vous ouvre un chemin aisé pour y entrer avantageusement. Il vous fournit les moïens de vous en faire même une source éternelle de plaisirs légitimes, & d'y goûter des voluptez d'autant plus douces qu'elles sont pures & innocentes. Enfin il vous donne des préceptes pour apprendre à bien parler & à bien juger des Dames; c'est à dire de ce que naturellement vous aimez le plus, & que les Loix mêmes de la civilité vous obligent de respecter."

If Jacques Chauffé's book had produced this effect upon the world, it would have given him a better claim to its respect than even his title of *Sieur de la Terrière*. That he thought it would, is evident from a portion of the *avertissement*, in which he informs us that it was written only with a design—

"d'en persuader la nécessité à une personne de considération, dont j'honore extrêmement le mérite & la Famille.—Eh! combien aurois-je sujet de le bénir, s'il étoit capable de produire ce fruit? —On a cependant voulu me persuader moi-même qu'il seroit injuste de borner tout son effet, à la conquête d'un seul homme—Je me suis donc laissé vaincre aux sollicitations," &c.

It may have been that the *Sieur de la Terrière* was successful, both with his per-

sonne de consideration and the world at large; certain it is that, in the next century, Malthus thought the world required a theory which would appear opposed to our author's: but whether such a changed state of things was due to Jacques Chauffé's labors or not, we should greatly like to know whether he was himself convinced by his own arguments, and spoke from the stores of experience, or whether he was a mere theorizer and died a bachelor. But upon this point the records are silent, and we must be content with the book as it is.

The work is divided into five parts. The first treats of the *excellence du Mariage*.

The second shows the *infamie de l'incontinence*.

The third examines the motives *qui peuvent raisonnablement porter les hommes au mariage*.

The fourth replies *aux objections qu'ils font, & aux fausses raisons qu'ils allèguent pour ne se pas marier*.

The fifth gives *des préceptes pour se bien marier, & pour vivre heureux dans le mariage*.

Under the first head, he considers *mariage dans un triple rapport*:

"Par rapport a Dieu qui en est l'Auteur. Par rapport a l'homme pour qui il a été institué, & par rapport au monde à qui il est un principe perpétuel de subsistance. A ces trois égards l'on peut dire qu'il n'y a rien dans la nature de plus excellent que le mariage."

This being granted, we may omit the sixty pages the author takes to prove it; and passing over his second part—simply remarking that he takes fifty-four pages for its full exposition—we come to the motives which should reasonably determine men to marriage.

Here our duties to the human race, to the State, to the family, and to the Church, by which each of us may be looked upon as a man, a citizen, a son, and a believer,

are separately considered by our author, who concludes with Terence—

———"O fortunatissime!
Cui quod amas domi est."

In the fourth part, our author responds to the objections against marriage, and the false reasons given for not marrying. But though he consumes sixty-two pages in so doing, yet an unprejudiced person would find it difficult to determine which side was victorious. There is reason and ingenuity on both sides; the objections are well taken and well answered; and the question must be left for each man to pursue for himself with calmness as long as he remains a bachelor, or to decide with the impetuous rashness of a lover.

In the fifth part, the author gives some precepts how to marry well, and how to live happy in that condition. His best rule for the first is, that persons should know each other well before marrying, and not wait until after that event for their knowledge of each other. The rule is good, the only trouble being that our author does not inform us how this knowledge can be best obtained. The second division of this part is simply an extension of the following sentence, with a few remarks upon the education of children:

"L'on doit aimer sa femme par un motif, ou d'intérêt personnel, ou de pure reconnaissance. Je suppose de votre femme l'une de ces deux choses. Ou elle vous aime, ou elle ne vous aime pas. Si elle vous aime, vous ne pouvez sans ingratitude ne la pas aimer. Si au contraire elle ne vous aime pas, il faut que vous l'aimiez, afin qu'elle vous aime."

If both parties would follow this rule, there would never be any break to the felicity of married life.

The incidental defence of woman made by the author throughout his book, would not be thought very radical in these progressive days, though it is as liberal and enlarged as are most of the defences of woman

made by men. Since, however, woman has taken the matter of her defence into her own hands, she need only make her life conform to it to place her above all necessity for either claiming or defending her rights.

This little volume is useful for showing that some of our modern questions are older than to-day. It is also a bibliographical rarity, and was by Renouard attributed to the Elzevir press. Though excellently printed, it has been shown by Brunet that this was a mistake; yet at Renouard's sale his copy, *non rogné*, brought sixty-eight francs. (See Brunet, Art. CHAUSSE.)

The volume closes with Clifford's Epitaph and Character:

"Here snatcht by Death, Clifford interr'd does lye
Whose Nobler Part is vehicl'd on high;
There needs no Muse to celebrate his Fame,
Whose Book eterniz'd has his gen'rous Name.
He proved *Humane Reason's* worth so well,
From other arts it bears away the Bell.
If any Poet superadds to this,
With impure hands, his Holocaust's amiss."

HIS CHARACTER.

"As to his person 'twas little, his face rather flat than oval, his eye serious, countenance Leonine, his constitution cholerick, sanguine, tinctured with melancholy: of a facetious conversation; yet a great Humorist; of quick parts so of quick passions, and venereal, thence lazy; he was learned, very critical, positive and proud, charitable enough, and scorned to be rich; he had a will to be just; would drink to excess sometimes. His Religion was that of his Country; he was always loyal to his King, and a very good Poet. He died 'twixt 50 and 60, at Sutton's Hospital, whose Master he then was; not much lamented by the Pensioners; few knew him well. He was a man strangely compos'd; 'tis question'd whether his Virtues or Vices were most; I incline to the last, yet he departed peaceably and piously."

II.

A sage of the Revolution (Charles Thompson, Secretary of Congress) in whom, above all others, centred the means of exhibiting the characters who figured during that period in their true light, to the astonishment of the world thought proper to commit his invaluable deposit to the flames; assigning as a reason, *that they would MAKE MEN APPARENTLY LITTLE become REALLY GREAT, and MEN apparently great REALLY LITTLE.*

Adversaria.

I.

THE following character of Matthew Clifford, the author of the "Treatise of Human Reason," is from a rare volume by Albertus Warren, entitled "An Apology for the Discourse of Human Reason, Written by Ma. Clifford, Esq; Being a Reply to Plain Dealing. With the Author's Epitaph and Character" (12mo, Lond., 1680). In the dedication to the first Earl of Shaftesbury, he says: "Your Lordship's condescension in formerly obliging the, now deceased, Author of the Discourse about Human Reason, by a particular favour, and so significant then, that there may be reason to doubt, whether if it had not been seasonably done, we had ever seen the publication of that issue of his brain; for nothing has more often damped the pregnancy of clear Understandings, than the *Iron hand* of terrible Necessity, which was Mr. Clifford's case, till by the mediation and prevalent Influence of your Lordship, his (before) narrow Salary, as Master of Sutton's Hospital, was enlarged."

III.

JUDGE BRACKENRIDGE AND GEN. CHARLES LEE.

On Lee's last visit to Philadelphia, in 1782, he took lodgings at an inn, the *Sign of the Conefoga Waggon*, in Market street. A ludicrous circumstance here took place, which created considerable diversion: The late Judge H. H. Brackenridge, whose poignancy of satire and eccentricity of character was nearly a match for that of the General, had dipped his pen in some gall, which vehemently irritated Lee's feelings, inasmuch that he challenged him to single combat, which Brackenridge declined, in a very eccentric reply. Lee, having furnished himself with a horsewhip, determined to chastise him ignominiously on the very first opportunity. Observing Brackenridge going down Market street a few days thereafter, he gave him chase, and Brackenridge took refuge in a public house, and barricaded the door of the room he entered. A number of persons collected to see the sport. Lee damned the Judge, and invited him to come out and fight him like a man. Brackenridge replied that he did not like to be shot at, and made other curious observations, which only increased Lee's irritation and the mirth of the spectators. Lee, with the most bitter imprecations, ordered him to come out, when he said he would horsewhip him. Brackenridge replied that he had no occasion for a discipline of that kind. The amusing scene lasted some time, until at length Lee, finding that he accomplished no other object than calling forth Brackenridge's wit for the amusement of the bystanders, retired. This had such an effect on him, that, in a few days, he was taken with a shivering, the forerunner of a fever, of which he died, October 2, 1782.—(THOMAS WILSON'S *Biography of American Military and Naval Heroes*. 2 volumes 8vo. New York, 1817.)

IV.

CIBBER, though versed in the province of the drama—which is perhaps essential to make a good dramatic writer, since the knowledge of stage effect is of great consequence—possessed a genius not above mediocrity, and Tate was a very indifferent poet. Yet there is a line in Cibber's *Richard*, written by himself, so characteristic of the manner of his archetype, that it has often been cited as one of Shakespeare's beauties. I mean the exclamation of Richard on Buckingham's being taken:

"Off with his head! so much for Buckingham."

"And I heard," says Mr. Pye (*Comment. on Aristotle*), "Mr. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, quote the following verse of Tate's in the House of Commons, undoubtedly taking it for Shakespeare's:

'Where the gored battle bleeds in every vein.'"

V.

We find the significant ceremony of lifting up the hand in swearing, practised by the Greeks and Trojans. Thus Agamemnon swears in Homer (*Iliad*, vii. 412):

"To all the gods his sceptre he uplifts."

And Dolon, requiring an oath of Hector (*Iliad*, x. 321):

"But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,
And swear"—

So in Virgil (*Æneid*, xii. 196), we find Latinus, when swearing, looking up to heaven, and stretching his right hand to the stars.

And we even meet with traditionary traces of their gods swearing in like manner. Thus Apollo, in Pindar, orders Lachesis, one of the Fates, to lift up her hands, and not violate the great oath of the gods.—(*Memorabilia*, by JAMES SAVAGE, author of *The Librarian*.)

Miscellaneous Items.

DE
TRIBUS IMPOSTORIBUS.

M. D. IIC.

Texte Latin, Collationné sur l'exemplaire
Du Duc de la Vallière,
aujourd'hui a la Bibliothèque Impériale
augmente de variantes de plusieurs manuscrits, etc.
et d'une notice

Philologique et Bibliographique

Par Philomnest Junior.

(M. Gustave Brunet. ?)

Paris, chez Jules Gay, Editeur

Quai des Augustins, 25.

1861. 12mo. pp. lv. 57.

Tiré à 432 exemplaires, numérotés de I à 432.

2 sur-peau de vélin,
20 sur papier de Hollande,
30 sur papier vélin, et
380 sur papier vergé ordinaire.

THIS little volume is a handsome reprint of one of the most extraordinary books in the whole range of bibliography. For more than two hundred years its authorship has been the subject of much bitter and acrimonious controversy among the learned. It has been attributed to Boccacio, Poggio, Peter Pomponatius, Machiavel, Erasmus, Ochino, Estienne Dolet, Servetus, Rabelais, William Postel, Giordano Bruno, Vanini, Thomas Campanella, Muretus, and even to Milton. It has always been so excessively rare, that many authors have denied its existence. The Duc de la Vallière possessed a copy, which was sold at his sale for four hundred and seventy-four francs. Another copy was in the possession of M. Renouard, and was sold at his sale, in 1853, for one hundred and forty francs. A copy was also in the celebrated Crevenna library. These, we believe, are the only copies of the original edition known to be extant. It is to this remarkable book that Sir Thomas Browne alludes in his *Religio Medici* (London, 1672, 4to), sect. 20, where he speaks

of "that Villain and Secretary of Hell, that composed that miscreant piece of the three Impostors," &c. It is quite surprising that Mr. Wilkin and Mr. Gardiner, in their elaborate editions of the *Religio Medici*, should have passed over this singular allusion to a curious book without a word of comment. But it is not at all astonishing that Mr. Fields, and "*those friends who have kindly aided him with their corrections and annotations*," should have slurred over this passage in silence; for there is not a single note or reference, in Mr. Fields's recent edition of the *Religio Medici*, which is not to be found either in that of Mr. Wilkin or in the excellent edition edited by Mr. Henry Gardiner, and published by Pickering in 1845. As we design soon to give a detailed account of the peculiar character and history of the DE TRIBUS IMPOSTORIBUS, we shall dismiss it for the present, with this brief notice.

COLERIDGE'S NOTES ON COLQUHOUN.

I have a small collection of books, each of which contains the autograph of some well-known English author, to whom it formerly belonged: a few are enriched with annotations. Among the latter is a copy of Patrick Colquhoun's *Treatise on Indigence* (London, 1806), once in the possession of Coleridge. It does not appear to have belonged to him, however, but to Mr. Thomas Poole, whose name is written on the cover, and who, if I remember rightly, was one of his neighbors at Nether Stowey. Coleridge's opinion of the volume is summed up thus on the fly-leaf:

"There appear to me many and important exceptions to several of the doctrines and proposals advanced in this Treatise; yet it is an excellent Book spite of these exceptions.
s. t. c."

In the *Preliminary Elucidations* of Mr.

Colquhoun occurs the following paragraph (pp. 7, 8):

"*Poverty* is therefore a most necessary and indispensable ingredient in society, without which nations and communities could not exist in a state of civilization. It is the lot of man—it is the source of *wealth*, since without poverty there would be no labour, and without labour there could be no riches, no refinement, no comfort, and no benefit to those who may be possessed of wealth—inasmuch as without a large proportion of poverty surplus labour could never be rendered productive in procuring either the conveniences or luxuries of life."

Against this paragraph Coleridge has written the following note, which fills the outer margin of the 8th, and the bottom of the 8th and 9th pages:

"Certainly! if the present state of general Intellect and morals be supposed a fair average of the capabilities of society. Otherwise I can not see why without this *Poverty* (even as here contra-distinguished from Indigence) A. might not agree to make Shoes, B. Cloth, C. Breeches, &c: and the whole Alphabet of Labor carry on a similar Barter to the present, even tho' one third of Society were not devoted to the production of useless & debasing Luxuries for those who are privileged to live in Idleness. —For mark, the definition of Poverty is invidious—he is not a poor, [man?] whose subsistence depends on constant Industry, but he whose bare wants can not be supplied without such unceasing bodily Labor from the hour of waking to that of sleeping, as precludes all improvement of mind—& makes the intellectual Faculties to the majority of mankind as useless a boon as pictures to the Blind. Such a man is poor indeed: for he has been robbed by his unnatural Guardians of the very house-loom of his human nature, stripped of the furni-

ture of his Soul. S. T. C. S. Camus, line 46 to 47."

The lines in question are in Lady's speaking of Nature:

— "She, good as
Means her provision only to the good
That live according to her laws:—
And only riches of spare temperance
If every just man, that now pines
Had not a moderate and well-temper'd
Of that which few thy-gamblers' in
Now heap upon some few with
Nature's full blessings would be w
In unperceptive even proportion,
And the no waste encounter'd with
And then the Giver would be seen
His praise due paid: for which gi
Never looks to have's amble his
But with beneficent and ingratitude
Grains, and blessings has feeder.

SUCKLING AND SHAKESPEARE

(*Philobiblion* N^o. I, p. 2)

My supposition that no one the poem of Suckling's, to which the attention of your readers number of *The Philobiblion* erroneous one, I have since less hasten to correct it. It was Malone in his notes to *The Rape of Lucrece*. He gives, as I did, th of the two copies, and conjecture one used by Suckling preceded of *The Rape of Lucrece*, in w afterwards incorporated. It m he tells us, in *England's Par* this volume was published in years after the first appearance o of *Lucrece*, I am inclined to thi zas in question were an emen the printed copy of the poem, that they are a first draught—

"With all their imperfections on

The point, however, is of no consequence. One thing seems pretty certain, viz.: that Suck-

as familiar with Shakespeare's *Poems* as he seems to have been with his *Plays*.

R. H. S.

Notes and Queries.

FRENCH TRANSLATION OF THE EPISTOLÆ OBSCURORUM VIRO- RUM.

(*Philobiblion* No. I., p. 23.)

IN the new edition of Michaud's *Bibliographie Universelle* (Paris, 1854), and in the article on Jean-Marie-Louis Coupé, it is stated that Coupé intended giving a translation of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. I quote the words of M. Weifs, the author of the article. In his notice of Coupé's *Soirées Littéraires* (20 vols. 8vo, Paris, 1795-1801), M. Weifs says that Coupé, in the preface to his twentieth and last volume, speaks of his project of giving a translation of the Latin letter-writers (*Epistolaires*), concluding them with a version of the *Epistolæ Virorum Obscurorum*, which he says "are worth all the celebrated ones of the present day." Coupé died in Paris in 1818, before he had executed this design. If there had been a translation in as modern French as the extract given by Voltaire, Coupé would hardly have deemed it necessary to propose a new one. This may, perhaps, serve as a piece of collateral evidence, showing that there has never been a French translation of these famous *Epistolæ*, and that Voltaire's extract from them was simply a passage translated by himself.

T. E.

Boston.

ROBERT LANDOR.

In *The Doctor* (interchapter viii. vol. ii.), Southey says: "Robert Landor (a true poet like his great brother, if ever there was one) says finely in his *Impious Banquet*:

K

"There is a pause near death, when men grow bold
Towards all things else."

Can any of your readers tell me any thing concerning this Robert Landor? I can not find any further notice of him or of his works. Though Walter Savage Landor does not need, at this late day, to have his well-deserved reputation supported by the revival of any of Southey's commendations, yet as a study of the mutual puff system may not be either uninteresting or unprofitable in these times, it may be well enough to understand why Southey, who was a general detractor of all his literary contemporaries, should have so persistently praised Landor. In the *Public Characters* for 1816, Landor is mentioned as a person deserving notice principally from the fact that Southey has spoken so highly of him. The key to this high opinion of the Laureate's is to be found in the fact that Landor thought highly of Southey's poems, and even went so far in this singular enthusiasm as to offer to print, at his own expense, all the epics that Southey would write of his intended series in illustration of all the known religions in the world, and this too after the booksellers had wisely concluded to discontinue the experiment. This fact appears in the four volumes of *Selections* from Southey's Letters, edited by his son-in-law. Walter Savage Landor, as well known, is full of the eccentricities of genius; his admiration of Southey was one of them. Can it be that his brother's only claim to Southey's praise was a similar eccentricity, or is he really as admirably original? Perhaps some of your readers can tell me.

T. C.

BLUNDERS IN BOHN'S DICTIONARY OF CLASSICAL QUOTATIONS.

The following epigram is No. 21 in "Scott's *Martial*:"

"Pharmaca das ægroto, aurum tibi porrigis æger:
Tu morbum curas illius, ille tuum."

Bohn's Dictionary of Classical Quotations makes Martial the author of the epigram. It is not, however, to be found in Bohn's "Martial's Epigrams," nor in any edition of Martial that I have ever seen.

If the editor of Bohn's Dictionary had read the note subjoined to this epigram, he would have inferred, as I do, that Scott himself was the author.

Again, Bohn credits to Martial the line,

"Rifu inepto res ineptior nulla est."

It is from Catullus, Carm. 29, in *Egnatium*.

In another place, Martial is incorrectly quoted:

"Casta moribus et integra pudore"

should read—

"Castus moribus, innocens pudore."

(Lib. vi. line 28.)

The following, attributed to Martial, is not found in his works. Who is the author?

"Omne epigramma fit instar opis, aculeus illi,
Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui."

A. G. J.

"DRAMATIC PUFFING BURLESQUED."

"On Saturday, Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamantine, soft, and lovely person, for the first time, at Smock-Alley Theatre, in the bewitching, melting, and all-tearful character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London newspapers, we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel; but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy, at beholding a mortal goddess! The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, that went away without a fight. This extraordinary

phenomenon of tragic excellence! this star of Melpomene! this comet of the stage! this sun of the firmament of the Muses! this moon of blank verse! this queen and princess of tears! this Donnellan of the poisoned bowl! this empress of the pistol and dagger! this chaos of Shakespeare! this world of weeping clouds! this Juno of commanding aspects! this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes! this Proserpine of fire and earthquake! this Katterfelto of wonders! exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of description! She was nature itself! She was the most exquisite work of art! She was the very daisy, primrose, tuberosa, sweet-brier, furze-blossom, gilliflower, wallflower, cauliflower, aurica, and rosemary! In short, she was the bouquet of Parnassus! Where expectation was raised so high, it was thought she would be injured by her appearance; but it was the audience who were injured: several fainted before the curtain drew up! but, when she came to the scene of parting with her wedding-ring, ah! what a sight was there! the very fiddlers in the orchestra, 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' blubbered like hungry children; and when the bell rang for music between the acts, the tears ran from the bassoon-player's eyes in such plentiful showers, that they choked the finger-stops, and, making a spout of the instrument, poured in such torrents on the first fiddler's book, that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played in one flat. But the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of corks drawn from the smelling-bottles, prevented the mistake between the flats and sharps being discovered. One hundred and nine ladies fainted! forty-six went into fits! and ninety-five had strong hysterics! The world will scarcely credit the truth, when they are told that fourteen children, five fat women, one hundred tai-

lors, and six common-councilmen, were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, the slips, and the boxes, to increase the briny pond in the pit; the water was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches, were in that position up to their ankles in tears! An act of Parliament against her playing any more will certainly pass," &c., &c.

This piece of burlesque dramatic puffing is said to have been written on Mrs. Siddons when she made her first appearance on the Dublin stage. I should be glad to know the name of the paper or magazine in which it was first published, and also the name of the author.

NORVAL.

PHILADELPHIA.

GARTH'S DISPENSARY.

(*Philobiblion* No. I., p. 24.)

R. H. S. closes his interesting note on Garth's "Dispensary" with the following query: "What is the original of THE DISPENSARY?" Perhaps this question may be partially answered by citing the title of a burlesque poem alluded to by M. J. H. Reveillé-Parise in one of his amusing notes on the *Lettres de Gui Patin* (Paris, 1846, 8vo), tome ii. pp. 92-3:

LA STIMMIMACHIE,

ou

Le Grand Combat des Médecins Modernes,
Touchant l'Usage de l'Antimoine,

Poème histori-comique, dédié à MM. les Médecins de la Faculté de Paris, par le Sieur C. C. (Carneau, Célestin).

A Paris, chez Jean Passé, au Palais, dans la galerie des Prisonniers, à la Pomme d'or couronnée.
Avec privilège du Roy et approbation des Docteurs en Médecine. M.DC.LVI. 8vo.

M. Reveillé-Parise apparently believes that this highly ludicrous poem on the

"ANTIMONIAN WAR" of the *quack* doctors of the seventeenth century suggested to Garth the idea of the Dispensary. His own words are—

"Il est possible que cette bouffonnerie ait donné au Doct. S. Garth l'idée de son poème le Dispensary."

An extended analysis of *La Stimmimachie* is given by the Marquis Du Roure, in his *Analecstabilion*, tome ii. pp. 259-262.

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

GOLDSMITH CRIBBING.

Turning over the pages of an old volume of verse which I picked up a few days ago ("Poetical Miscellanies, Consisting of Original Poems and Translations, By the Best Hands. Published by Mr. Steele." London, Tonson, 1714), I stumbled over an epigram, that reminded me of a couplet which the biographers of Goldsmith put into his mouth in boyhood. Not having Prior's Life of "Poor Noll" by me, I took down the Boston edition of his poetical works (Little & Brown's Aldine "British Poets"), where, in the Life, by Mitford, I found it.

"The earliest specimen of Oliver's poetry," he says, "is given in Dr. Percy's narrative at this period of our Poet's life. It was directed in spleen against a village Orpheus, who had likened him to Æsop dancing:

'Our herald hath proclaimed this saying,
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing.'"

The original of this boyish epigram, as I wonder Mitford did not remember—since it was in his own copy of Steele's book that I found it—is undoubtedly this couplet (page 49):

"UPON A COMPANY OF BAD DANCERS TO GOOD MUSICK.

"How ill the Motion with the Musick suits!
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the Brutes."

PORTLAND, ME.

X.

EARLY POEM BY LAMB.

TO THE POET COWPER,
ON HIS RECOVERY FROM AN INDISPOSITION.

Written some time back.

COWPER, I thank my God, that thou art heal'd.
Thine was the forest malady of all;
And I am sad to think that it should light
Upon thy worthy head; but thou art heal'd,
And thou art yet, we trust, the destin'd man,
Born to re-animate the lyre, whose chords
Have slumber'd, and have idle lain so long;
To th' immortal sounding of whose strings
Did Milton frame the stately-paced verse;
Among whose wires with lighter finger playing
Our elder bard, Spenser, a gentler name,
The lady Muses' dearest darling child,
Enticed forth the softest tunes yet heard
In hall or bower; taking the delicate ear
Of the brave Sidney, and the Maiden Queen.
Thou, then, take up the mighty epic strain,
Cowper, of England's bards the wisest and the best!

Dec. 1, 1796.

C. LAMB.

[*Monthly Magazine and British Register*, vol. ii.
p. 389.]

ACADEMIE DES FEMMES SANS SEXE.

In a little volume entitled *Curiosités Littéraires* (Paris, 1845), I find the following curious account of an Academy established near Boston, towards the close of the last century, for the purpose of educating young women according to the principles of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. The passage is as follows:

"En Amérique, près de Boston, il se forma, à la fin du dernier siècle, une Académie où l'on s'attachait à former des femmes sans sexe, d'après les principes de Mistrès Godwin, la femme du célèbre auteur de *Caleb Williams*. Mistrès Godwin prétendait que la femme est appelée,

par la nature, à partager avec l'homme toutes les fonctions élevées que celui-ci s'est arrogé exclusivement; que l'homme n'a d'autre supériorité que celle de la force musculaire; et que c'est uniquement en subissant l'influence de l'amour que le sexe féminin est tombé dans l'état de dégradation où il se trouve aujourd'hui. Cette Académie, que bien des femmes de nos jours voudraient voir ressusciter, n'eut pas une longue durée."—Pp. 385-6.

Is there any historical evidence that such an institution as this was ever organized in the vicinity of Boston; and if so, where may it be found? PAULUS SILENTIARUS.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir Edgerton Brydges. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges' as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows:

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each.

100 on large paper, at 4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies. Messrs. Philes & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of old English poetry. The next volume in the series will be "ENGLAND'S HELICON."

George Darley's *Paradise Lost*.

I HAVE an early copy of *Paradise Lost* (the third edition, 1678), which I bought three or four years ago, for the sake of one of its former possessors, whose autograph is on the title-page—George Darley. I knew little of him at the time, except that he was the author of a charming lyrical drama, *Sylvia, or the May Queen* (London, 1827); nor have I been able to learn much since. The fullest account of him that I have seen is in Miss Mitford's *Recollections of a Literary Life*. She devotes a chapter to him and the Rev. Edward William Barnard, under the head of "Unrecognized Poets," an unfortunate class of men for whom she had the largest and warmest sympathy.

After a graceful prelude on her theme, in which she compliments Wordsworth for having lived down the sneers of his critics, and compelled the world to admire him by the bare persistence of his genius, she says:

"Men of less power and of less faith die of the trial. Of such was George Darley. Gifted certainly with high talents, and with the love of song, which to enthusiastic youth seems the only real vocation, he offended his father, a wealthy alderman of Dublin, by devoting his whole existence to poetry, and found, when too late, that the

fame for which he had sacrificed worldly fortune eluded his pursuit. It is impossible not to sympathize with such a trial; not to feel how severe must be the sufferings of a man conscious of no common power, who sees day by day the popularity for which he yearns won by far inferior spirits, and works which he despises passing through edition after edition, while his own writings are gathering dust upon the publisher's shelves, or sold as waste-paper to the pastry-cook or the Chandler. What wonder that the disenchanted poet should be transmuted into a cold and caustic critic, or that the disappointed man should withdraw into the narrowest limits of a friendly society, a hermit in the centre of London!

"To add to these griefs, Mr. Darley was afflicted by a natural infirmity not uncommon with men of high talent and nervous and susceptible temperament. He stammered so much as to render conversation painful and difficult to himself, and distressing to his companions. The consciousness of this impediment (which he called 'his mask') increased its intensity, causing him to shrink from all unnecessary communications, except with the few to whom he was familiarly accustomed, and of whose appreciation he was sure. They seem to have esteemed him much.

"I myself never saw him. But I sup-

pose I owed to the too partial report of some of his own most valued friends the honor of being admitted among his correspondents. Much as I admired him, and sincerely grateful as I felt for his notice, I confess that these elaborate epistles frightened me not a little. Startling to receive, these epistles, resembling the choicest part of the choicest orations, were terrible to answer; and as my theory as to letter-writing is, that it should be like the easiest, most careless, most off-hand talk, and my practice full of blots and blunders, and of every sort of impertinence that a pen can by any chance commit, is apt to carry out my theory even to excess, I have no doubt but I often returned the compliment by startling my correspondent.

"Besides these letters, Mr. Darley sent me a little volume, called '*Sylvia, or the May Queen*,' a dramatic pastoral full of lyrical beauty; a tragedy on the story of Thomas-à-Becket, of which the most original scene is one in which Richard is represented as a boy, a boy foreshowing the man, the playful, grand, and noble cub, in which we see the future lion; and an unpublished poem called '*Nepenthe*,' as different in appearance from the common run of books 'printed for private distribution,' which are usually models of typography, of paper, and of binding, as it is in subject and in composition. Never was so thorough an abnegation of all literary coxcombry as was exhibited in the outward form of this '*Nepenthe*,' unless there may be some suspicion of affectation in the remarkable homeliness, not to say squalidness, of the strange little pamphlet, as compared with the grace and refinement of the poetry. Printed with the most imperfect and broken types, upon a coarse, discolored paper, like that in which a country shopkeeper puts up his tea, with two dusky leaves of a still dingier hue, at least a size too small for cover, and garnished at top and bottom with a

running margin in his own writing, such (resembling nothing but a street ballad or an old 'broadside') is the singular disguise (ah, Mr. Darley might well have called that a mask!) of the striking poem of which I am about to offer an extract. There is no reading the whole, for there is an intoxication about it that turns one's brain. Such a poet could never have been popular. But he was a poet."

She gives four pages of *Nepenthe*—four dreamy pages of dainty, luxurious verse, which make one long to see the rest of the poem—and concludes as follows:

"Mr. Darley's death was even more lonely than his life. The kind and admirable persons who had been his best and truest friends in London, wrote to his brother in Dublin as soon as the imminent danger of his last illness was known. No answer arrived. He died; and they wrote again still more pressingly, and then, after a delay which rendered his interment inevitable, it was discovered that the brother in Ireland lay dead also."

A date or two, and the names of some of Darley's books, are all that I can add to his brief and imperfect memoir. He was born in Dublin, in 1785; studied in Trinity College, in the same city, and graduated in 1811; went to London in 1825, and became attached to *The Literary Gazette*, and *The Athenæum*; died in 1849.

Allibone gives the following as a list of his works:

Poems. Sylvia, or the May Queen (London, 1827, 12mo); *Familiar Astronomy* (1830, 12mo); *Popular Algebra* (third edition, 1836, 12mo); *Geometrical Companion* (second edit., 1841, 12mo); *Ethelstan, a Dramatic Chronicle* (1842, 8vo); *Geometry* (fifth edit., 1844, 12mo); *Errors of Extasie and other Poems* (8vo); *Trigonometry* (third edit., 1849, 12mo).

Besides these works, he edited an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, for Moxon, a fact of which Allibone seems to have been

ignorant. He is also the author (if Appleton's *Cyclopædia* may be relied upon) of *Laboris of Idleness*—a poem, I presume.

Dr. Grifwold, in his *Poets and Poetry of Europe* (second edit., 1845), attributes to him *The Manuscripts of Erdeley*—the work of Mr. George Stephens, author of *Dramas for the Stage*.

So much for George Darley, of whom I should be glad to know more. And now for the copy of *Paradise Lost*, which contains a number of curious annotations in his neat but rather cramped writing, mostly referring to parallel passages in earlier poets. What induced him to annotate Milton, on whom so many have tried their hands, I know not; perhaps the editing him at some future time was one of his "pleasures of hope." Be this as it may, his notes are valuable, as showing a wide range of reading; and if in some of them he has been anticipated by Todd and others, he is still entitled to credit for independent and careful research. The following, I believe, are original with him. At any rate, I do not find them in Todd, the most minute of all the Miltonic commentators.

BOOK I.

- "No light, but rather darkness visible." l. 63.
Where the light is as darkness.—JOB x. 22.
 "Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream."
Stream in Saxon means the sea. [l. 202.
 "Hewn on Norwegian Hills, to be the Mast."
 l. 293.
*Must-great the spear was, which the Gallant bore,
 Which in his warlike pride he made to shake,
 At winds tall cedars toss on mountains hoar.*
 FAIRFAX—TASSO, III, 16.
 "Though all the Giant brood
 Of Phlegra with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd."
 ll. 576-7.
*Phlegra, the field where all the sons of earth
 Mustered against the gods, did ne'er acknowledge
 So proud & huge a monster.*
 SEJANUS, A. V. S. last.
*The blood of Giants, which were slain
 By thundering Jove, on the Phlegrean plaine.*
 FAIRIE QUEENE, V. Canto 7, 10.

"With fear of change
 Perplexes Monarchs." ll. 598-9.
*Qual con le chiome sanguinose orrende
 Splender cometa suol per l'aria adusta,
 Che i regni muta, e i feri morbi adduce,
 Ai purpurei tiranni infausta luce.*

GER., LIB. vii. 52.

"The sudden blaze
 Far round illumin'd hell." ll. 665-6.
Odin's hall is said to be illumined by drawn swords.
 V. WART., Sp. 11, 310, for this quotation from
 HICKES. V. Edda, Ild Part, & also V. Iliad
 XIX.

BOOK II.

- "And through the palpable obscure find out."
 l. 406.
 "Darkness that may be felt." *Alfo Warton, (Sp.*
 11. 267) quotes Hobbes, 1650, "palpable darkness."
 "The parching Air
 Burns froze." ll. 594-5.
Urbant montana nives.—LUCAN, IV. 52. *Am-*
busti artus vi frigoris.—TAC., ANN. XIII.
 "The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on." l. 673.
*And on his head like to a coronet
 He wore.*—FAIRIE QUEENE, IV. 2c. 27.
 "Wing silently the buxom Air." l. 842.
And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre.
 FAIRIE QUEENE, III. XIc. 34.
 "Had from his wakeful custody purloind
 The guarded Gold." ll. 946-7.
 V. PLINY, XI. 31, where the prodigious *Ants* *and*
seem identic with the Gryphons.
 "Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length."
 l. 1028.
Bridge between Life & Death, Earth & Hell,
mentioned in the Edda, XXIX Fable.

BOOK IV.

- "How from that Sapphire Fount the crisped
 Brooks." l. 237.
 V. WARTON on COMUS, 984. (*Along the crisped
 shades and bowers.*)
 "And heav'nly Quires the Hymenean sung."
Their Hymenean all the palace rung. [l. 711.
 CHAPMAN'S THEOCRITUS, Id. 18,
 "Not to know mee argues your selves unknown."
Thou know'st me now, [l. 830.
If thou at all art known.—SAMSON, 1093. (This
 reference is wrong.)

BOOK V.

"Aurora's fan
Lightly dispers'd." ll. 6, 7.
Come gentle Zephyr, trickt with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweetened Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with thy silken fan.

PEELE'S David & Bethsabe.

"Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with Gold." l. 187.

... A cloud ...
Whose skirts were bordered with bright sunny
Glist'ring like gold. [beams
FAIRFAX—TAS. II, 63.
The married Elm fell with his fruitful Vine.

"Or they led the Vine
To wed her Elm." ll. 215-16.
The loving Vine about her Elm is twined.
FAIRFAX—TAS. II, 63.
The married Elm fell with his fruitful Vine.

"Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues
Powers." l. 601.
Archangells, Angells, and Domynations,
Thronis, Potestatis, & Martyrs seir.
DUNBAR, Nativitie of Chryste.

R. H. S.

Napoleon a Myth.

THE following ingenious piece of sophistry is interesting as a pendant to Archbishop Whately's treatise, *Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte*, first printed in 1819. It is translated from a little volume entitled "*Curiosités Historiques*. Paris. Paulin et le Chevalier, Editeurs, 1855"—which forms the ninth of the series of the *Bibliothèque de poche, par une Société de gens de lettres et d'érudits*.

"To a great number of peasants Napoleon is not dead; these good persons, by an effort of credulity, arrive finally at an entirely opposite opinion to that so wittily maintained by an ecclesiastic of Agen, in 1836: *Comme quoi Napoléon n'a jamais existé*."

We will give extracts from the pamphlet,

in which the author develops his system, an excellent parody of that of Dupuis in his *Origine des Cultes*, and also a very ingenious satire on the historical and archaeological methods of many of our learned men:

"NAPOLEON is the Sun personified.

1. Between the name of NAPOLEON and that of APOLLO or APOLEON, the Sun-made man, we must grant that the difference is not great. There is a letter or even a syllable more, for sometimes it was written *Néapoleo*, as on the column of the *Place Vendôme*. But what difference does this syllable make? Even granting it, it is well that it is there. This syllable is doubtless Greek, like the rest of the name; and in Greek, *né* (*νη*), or *nai*, is one of the strongest forms of affirmation, which we may translate by the word *truly*; whence it follows that NAPOLEON signifies *truly* APOLLO. He is, then, truly the Sun.

But his other name, BONAPARTE, how explain that? Nothing more simple. The day is divided into two parts: one good and luminous; the other bad and dark. To the Sun we owe the good part, *bona pars*: whence, very naturally, APOLLO, or NE-APOLEON, received the surname BONAPARTE.

2. Apollo was born in Delphos, an Isle in the Mediterranean Sea: Napoleon was born in Corfica, another island in the same sea.

See the resemblance. According to Pausanias, Apollo was an Egyptian divinity. And 'they say that, in Egypt, Napoleon was thought to be endowed with an extraordinary character, and to be a friend of Mohammed, and that there he received such homage as amounted to adoration.

3. It is pretended that his mother was called *Letitia*; but under this name of *Letitia*, which means joy, it was intended to designate Aurora, whose brilliant birth spreads joy over all nature; Aurora, who

gives birth for the world to the Sun, as the poets say, in opening for him, with her rosy fingers, the gates of the Orient.

And again, it is very remarkable that, following the Grecian mythology, the mother of Apollo was called *Leto* or *Lêto* (Λητώ). But if of *Leto* the Romans made *Latona*, the mother of Apollo and Diana, we have preferred in our age to make *Letitia* of it, because *Letitia* is the substantive of the verb *lato*, or the unused form *lato*, which means to inspire with joy.

It is, then, certain that this *Letitia* is taken, as was her son, from the Grecian mythology.

4. According to what is told, this son of *Letitia* had three sisters; and it is indubitable that these three sisters are the three Graces, who, with the Muses, their companions, made the ornaments and the charms of the court of Apollo, their brother.

5. It is said that this modern Apollo had four brothers. But these four brothers are the four Seasons of the year, as we will prove. But we should not be offended at seeing the Seasons of the year represented by men rather than by women. This should not appear even new; for, in French, of the four Seasons of the year, only one is feminine, that is Autumn; and further, our grammarians disagree greatly on this point. But, in Latin, *Autumnus* is no more feminine than any one of the other Seasons. Thus, there is no difficulty upon this head. The four brothers of Napoleon can represent the four Seasons of the year; and what follows goes to prove that they did really do so.

Of the four brothers of Napoleon, three, it is said, were kings; and these three kings are—Spring, which reigns over the flowers; Summer, which reigns over the harvests; and Autumn, which reigns over the fruits. And, as these three Seasons depend upon the powerful influence of the Sun, they tell

us that the three brothers of Napoleon derived their royalty from him, and reigned only by him. And when they add that, of the four brothers of Napoleon, there was one who was not a king, it is because, of the four Seasons of the year, there is one which reigns over nothing—that is, Winter.

But if, in order to weaken our parallel, it is pretended that Winter is not without an empire, and to him is attributed the sad principality of the snows and frosts which, in this melancholy season, whiten our fields, our answer is ready: it is, we say, this very thing which they have wished to indicate to us by the vain and ridiculous principality with which it is pretended that this brother of Napoleon was endowed after the decadence of his family—a principality which they have attached to the village of CANINO, in preference to any other, because *canino* comes from *canis*, which means the white hairs of cold old age, that remind us of Winter. For, to the eyes of the poets, the forests which crown our hills are hair; and when the winter covers them with frost, they are the white hair of failing nature, in the old age of the Year:

“Cum gelidus crescit canis in montibus humor.”

Thus, the pretended prince of Canino is nothing but Winter personified—Winter, which commences when there remains nothing of the three fine Seasons, and when the sun is at its greatest distance from our lands, invaded by “the children of the North,” a name which the poets have given to the Winds which, coming from those countries, take all color from our fields, and cover them with snow; a fact which has furnished the subject of the fabulous invasion of France by the people of the North, when they made disappear a flag of diverse colors with which she was embellished, and substituted a white flag, with which she has been completely cov-

ered ever since the disappearance of the fabulous Napoleon. But it would be useless to repeat here, that this is only an emblem of the frosts which the winds of the North bring to us during the winter, in the place of the colors which the Sun produces in our fields before he has moved so far from us by his declination to the South; all matters in which it is easy to see the analogy with the ingenious fables which have been imagined in our ages.

6. According to the same fables, Napoleon had two wives: the same number have been attributed to the Sun. These two wives were the Moon and the Earth—the Moon, according to the Greeks (Plutarch says so); and the Earth, according to the Egyptians: with this remarkable difference, that of one (that is, the Moon) the Sun had no posterity, and that of the other he had a son, *an only son*, that is, the little *Horus*, the son of Osiris and Isis; that is, of the Sun and the Earth, as we see in the *History of Heaven* (vol. i. p. 61—). It is an Egyptian allegory, in which the little *Horus*, born from the Earth fecundated by the Sun, represents the fruits of agriculture. And precisely so have they placed the birth of the pretended son of Napoleon, on the 20th of March, the Spring equinox, because it is in the Spring that the productions of agriculture take their great development.

7. They say that Napoleon put an end to a devastating scourge which *terrorized* all France, and which they call the Hydra of Revolution. But a hydra is a serpent, and the species is of small importance, particularly when the whole matter is a fable. It is the serpent Python, a monstrous dragon, who was the *terror* of Greece, and who was strangled by Apollo when he was yet in his cradle; and therefore it is that they tell us Napoleon commenced his reign by strangling the French Revolution, as chimerical a matter as the rest; for we see

clearly that *revolution* is derived from the Latin word *revolvere*, which indicates the position of a serpent coiled up upon himself. It is Python, and nothing else.

8. The celebrated warrior of the nineteenth century had, they say, twelve marshals of his empire, at the head of his armies, and four not in active service. The first twelve (as well known) are the twelve signs of the Zodiac, marching under the orders of the Sun Napoleon, and commanding, each of them, a division of innumerable army of Stars, which is divided into twelve parts, corresponding to twelve signs. Such are the twelve marshals, who, according to our fabulous chronicles, were in active service under the emperor Napoleon; and the four others, would seem, are the four cardinal points, which, motionless in the midst of the general movement, represent very well non-activity in question.

Thus, all these marshals, active as well as inactive, are purely symbolical beings who have no more reality than their chronicles.

9. They tell us that the chief of many brilliant armies had gloriously overrun the countries of the South, but, having penetrated too far North, he could not maintain himself there. But all this characterizes perfectly the march of the Sun.

The Sun, it is well known, rules as sovereign in the South, as is said of the emperor Napoleon. But what is very remarkable is, that after the equinox of Spring the Sun tries to reach the regions of the North by moving away from the equator but at the end of *three months* advances towards these countries, he meets the boreal tropic, which forces him to retreat and return upon his steps towards the South following the sign Cancer—that is, the *Crab*—a sign to which this name was given (says Macrobius) in order to express the retrograde march of the Sun in this portion of his circle. It is from this that the

have evolved the imaginary expedition of Napoleon towards the North, to Moscow, and the humiliating retreat with which they say it was followed.

Thus, all they tell us of the successes and reverses of this strange warrior are only allusions to the Sun.

10. Finally, and this needs no explanation, the Sun rises in the east and sets in the west, as all the world knows. But, for the spectators on the borders of the ocean, the Sun seems to emerge in the morning from the eastern seas, and to sink in the evening in the western seas. It is thus that all the poets describe his rising and his setting. And this is all that we should understand when they tell us that Napoleon came by sea from the East (from Egypt) to reign over France, and that he disappeared in the western seas, after a reign of twelve years, which are only the twelve hours of the day, during which the Sun shines above the horizon.

He reigned only one day, says the author of the *Nouvelles Messéniennes*, speaking of Napoleon; and the manner in which he describes his elevation, his decline, and his fall, proves that this charming poet has seen, as we do, nothing in Napoleon but an image of the Sun: and he is nothing else. It is proved by his name, by the name of his mother, by his three sisters, his four brothers, his two wives, his son, his marshals, and his exploits; it is proved by the place of his birth, by the region whence he came in entering upon his career of domination, by the time he spent in passing through it, by the countries where he ruled, by those where he failed, and by the region where he disappeared, pale and *uncrowned*, after his brilliant course, as the poet Delavigne says.

It is, then, proved that the pretended hero of our age is only an allegorical person, all of whose attributes are borrowed from the Sun; and consequently, Napoleon

Bonaparte, of whom so much has been said and written, has never even existed, and the error which so many persons have passively received comes from a *quidproquo*; it is because they have taken the mythology of the nineteenth century for history.

P. S.—We could still bring to the support of our theory a great number of royal ordinances, the unquestionable dates of which are evidently contradictory to the reign of the pretended Napoleon; but we have our motives for not using them."

Gabriel Barlette.

GABRIEL BARLETTE was the most distinguished of the monkish preachers of the end of the fifteenth century. His popularity gave rise to the proverb—

"Nescit prædicare, qui nescit Barlettare."

Yet so fleeting is the cheap notoriety of extravagance, that neither the date of his birth nor of his death are known. He has left no record behind him but his sermons; and some modern critics have tried to deprive his memory of the credit of these.

His name, it has been said, was taken from *Barlette*, a village in the kingdom of Naples; while by other authorities *Aquino*, a small place which will be ever memorable for having given birth and a name to Thomas Aquinas, is said to have added to its claims upon posterity by producing Barlette also. This last opinion is probably the correct one; at least, it has the preponderating weight of authorities in its favor.

Of the period of Barlette's life nothing is known, except that it is supposed he was alive in 1480, since he mentions, in one of his sermons, the capture of Otranto by the Turks, which took place in that year.

Leandro Alberti, who was born in 1479

and died in 1552 or '53, calls Barlette "a learned and eloquent preacher," and says in his *Descrizione di tutta Italia*, &c. (Bologna, folio, 1550), speaking of Barlette, that "sermons have been printed which are attributed to him, which in truth were not worthy of so great a man: they are the work of an ignorant person whom I knew in my youth. In order to give them value, he printed them under the name of P. Gabriel."

But then we must remember that Alberti was a Dominican, and that Barlette belonged to the same order; and since—

"Concerning those of our own sect or creed
To tell the truth is very hard indeed"—

we must not put too great faith in Alberti's testimony, even though he is not single in his opinion.

Other writers, who wished to rescue Barlette's reputation, have supposed that the extravagances in his sermons were added in the century after his death; but as the first editions contain them, this opinion is hardly tenable.

Others, again, have supposed two Barlettes—one serious, the other burlesque; but there can be no doubt that the sermons, such as we have them, were the productions of a single person.

The fact seems to be, that Barlette, though perhaps a good man, an earnest man, and it may be a man of some learning, had still the folly to desire a reputation as a sensation preacher; and like all men of his type, now as well as then, he appealed to the lowest class among his hearers, and so—

"While he to fish for men pretended,
And from the Twelve to be descended,
He used mean bait, and caught his fools
As mackerel are caught, in schools."

Perhaps, however, since the popularity of his sermons is undoubted, they are more valuable to us on account of their

extravagances, inasmuch as they serve the better to show the character of the civilization of his time; of the abuses in the Church, of the ignorance of the people, which permitted them, of the wonderful mixture of learning and stupidity, of freedom and bigotry, which make it so hard to arrive at an accurate comprehension of the Middle Ages.

But for the sermons themselves:

"Non est plus erubescencia tenere publicè concubinas, accipere sacramenta falsa, & omnia illa cuncta perpetrare. A Saracenis, ab Agarenis, ab Arabibus ab Idumæis, a Mahometanis, a barbaris, a Judæis ab infidelibus o falsæ Christiane hæc accepisti."

"Non est amplius verecundia publicè concubinas: finitur uxor, & nutritur putana cum manicis rubeis."

"Hoc impedimento impedit diabolus linguam Sodomitæ, qui cum pueris rem turpem agit. O naturæ destructor! Impeditur ille qui cum uxoribus non agit per rectam lineam. Impeditur qui cum bestiis rem agit turpem. O bestia deterior!"

"Exemplum prælati, quem novi Januæ, qui loqui nesciebat nisi per corpus & nomen diaboli. Quum nemo anderet monere, ego Gabriel officium suscepi, dicens, Pater reverende, plures de vestris nobis dicunt quod nescitis loqui sine iuramento & nomine diaboli. At episcopus in impatientiam versus ait. In nomine diaboli & quis de me ita dicit? Per corpus Christi non est verum. Cui respondi. Reverende domine a vobis testimonium capio; sicque cum rubore discessit."

"Quia tempore passionis, quanvis fui dolores essent intensi, videndo filium affligi, tamen volebat filium mori pro humanæ generationis salvere. Et ut dicit archiepiscopus. Si alius modus non fuisset, ipsamet filium proprium occidisset. Quia non minor erat charitas sua quam Abraham qui filium suum erat paratus occidere."

"Unde isto mane ad Mariam veniunt dicentes. Heu filius tuus nobis promisit mittere Spiritum sanctum: hodie sunt decem dies quod ascendit, & adhuc Spiritum sanctum non misit. Et Virgo, Non dubitetis quod hodie omnino mittet; nec ante mittere debuit. Et ratio. Quando Deus traxit populum de captivitate Egypti, quinquagesimo die descendit in forma ignis in Monte Sina, dando legem: fuit figura quod quinquagesimo die resur-

rectionis sue nos liberaret & vivificaret. Unde ponamus nos in oratione. Petrus cum aliis se ad unam partem posuit. Lazarus cum LXXII, ad aliam : & Magdalena cum aliis mulieribus, ad aliam : & virgo Maria in medio. In cælesti palatio facta est dissensio inter Patrem & Spiritum sanctum. O pater (inquit Filius) promissi Apostolis meis paraclitum & consolatorem : tempus advenit ut promissionem attendam. Cui Pater. Sum contentus : indica Spiritui sancto. Cui Spiritus sanctus. Dic mihi quomodo te tractavere. Cui filius. Vide me per charitatem. Ostendit ei latus & manus & pedes perforatos. Heu mihi. Sed vadam in aliam effugiam, quod non audebunt me tangere. Qui descendit cum maximo strepitu. Factus est repente de cælo sonus tanquam advenientis."

"Quomodo Samaritana cognovit Christum esse Judeum? Respondeo quod triplici de causa. Prima : ad habitum quem portabat. Numeri XVI. Loquere filiis Israel ut faciant sibi simbrias per quatuor angulos palliorum. Hunc habitum Christus habebat. Secunda ratio : quia Nazareus ; in cujus capite novaculum non ascendit. Quia Nazareus non poterant esse de alio populo nisi Judaico ; unde agnovit. Tertia ratio ad circumcisionem. Nullus populus erat circumcissus nisi Judaicus."

"Altercatio facta est quis debebat ire ad Matrem annuntiare hanc Resurrectionem. Adam dixit : Mihi incumbit, quia fui causa mali. Respondit Christus : Comedis ficus, forte in via morareris. Abel similiter dixit ; cui Christus : Non, quia invenire Cain posses, qui te occideret. Noë ; mihi incumbit : Non ibis, quia bibis libenter. Venit Joannes Baptista ; Ego ibo : Non vere, quia habes indumentum de pilis. Et Latro ; Ad me pertinet : Non, quia habes tibias fractas. Missus est Angelus, quia cantare cepit : Regina Cæli, lætare, alleluia ; quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia ; resurrexit sicut dixit, alleluia."

"Non est peccatum ita Deo abominabile ut peccatum Iudi. Et vix est dare actum in quo concurrant tot mala sicut ex Iudo. Et sicut deus invenit XXI litteras alphabeti, alie autem postea sunt superaddite ad componendum biblia ; ubi est omnis sapientia revelata. Ita diabolus invenit bibliam seu datos, ubi posuit XXI puncta tanquam litteras nigras. Prima littera A, i. e. *Amisso* temporis, quo nihil est preciosius. Secunda B, i. e. *Blasphemia*. 3. C, i. e. *Contumelia*, nam contumelias sibi dicunt, gulose, asine satue. 4. D, i. e. *Diffipatio* substantie temporalis. 5. E, i. e. *Ecclesie* contemptus. 6. F, i. e. *Furtum*. 7. G, i. e. *Gula*. 8. H, i. e. *Homicidium*. 9. I, i. e. *Invidia*. 10.

K, i. e. *Caristia* rerum, que sequitur in domo. Modo deficit panis. 11. L, i. e. *Laudatio* mala quia se laudat esse bonum iustorem. 12. M, i. e. *Mendacium*. 13. N, i. e. *Negligentia*. 14. O, i. e. *Odium*. 15. P, i. e. *Participatio* sceleris. 16. Q, i. e. *Questio* litigiosa. 17. R, i. e. *Rapina*. 18. S, i. e. *Scandalum*. 19. T, i. e. *Tristitia*. 20. U, i. e. *Usura*. 21. X, i. e. *Christianitatis* vituperatio."

Barlette's sermons have been often reprinted. At least sixteen editions are known, and by some writers it is said that twenty editions were printed. They are all, however, rare. The first edition is said to have been printed in 1470, but this date is considered apocryphal. The first well-authenticated date is 1497. (See Hain and Clement.)

Barlette's sermons, together with those by Maillard and Menot, are valuable as commentaries upon the times, and to enable us to better comprehend Rabelais and the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. They explain the fact that this last was, at its appearance and long after, mistaken as the genuine correspondence between Ortuinus and his friends, and justify Sir William Hamilton in calling that work the best satire of the Middle Ages.

Adversaria.

VI.

GENUINE PARTICULARS CONCERNING MR. POPE.

MR. POPE was unable to dress or undress himself, or get into bed without help ; nor could he stand upright until a kind of stays, made of stiff linen, were laced under him, one of his sides being contracted almost to the back-bone. He wanted much waiting on, but was very liberal to the maid-servants about him, so that he never had reason to complain of being neglected. These

females attended him at night, and in the morning brought him his writing-desk to bed, lighted his fire, drew on his stockings, &c., which offices he often summoned them to perform at very early hours; so that when any part of their other business was left undone, their common excuse was, that they had been employed with Mr. Pope, and then no further reprehension was to be dreaded. He ordered coffee to be made several times in a day, that he might hold his head over the steam, as a temporary relief to the violent headaches from which he usually suffered. His hair having almost entirely fallen off, he sometimes dined at Lord Oxford's table in a velvet cap; but, when he went to court, he put on a tye-wig and black clothes, and had a little sword peeping out by his pocket-hole. It was difficult to persuade him to drink a single glass of wine. He and Lady Mary Wortley Montague had frequent quarrels, which usually ended in their alternate desertion of the house. When Mr. Pope wanted to go out anywhere in the evening, he always sent for Mrs. Blount to accompany him in a hackney-coach. He often resided at Lord Oxford's while the family was absent in the country, and whatever he ordered was got ready for his dinner. He would sometimes, without any provocation, leave his noble landlord for many months, nor would he return till courted back by a greater number of notes, messages, and letters, than the servants were willing to carry. He would occasionally joke with my lord's domestics as well as higher company; but was never seen to laugh himself, even when he had set the whole table in a roar, at Tom Hearne, Humphrey Wanley, or any other persons whose manners were as strongly tinged with singularity.—J. Alcock's *Entertaining and Instructive Companion*. (8vo. Wolverhampton. 1779.)

Pope and I, with my Lord Orrery and Sir Harry Bedingfield, dined with the late

Earl of Burlington. After the first court Pope grew sick, and went out of the room. When dinner was ended and the cloth removed, my Lord Burlington said he would go out and see what had become of Pope. Soon after, they returned together. But Pope, who had been casting up his dinner, looked very pale, and complained much. My Lord asked him if he would have some mulled wine or a glass of old sack, which Pope refused. I told my Lord Burlington that he wanted a dram. Upon which the little man expressed some resentment against me, and said he would not taste any spirit, and that he abhorred drams as much as I did. However, I persisted, and assured my Lord Burlington that he could oblige our friend more at that instant than by ordering a large glass of cherry-brandy to be set before him. This was done, and in less than half an hour, while my Lord was acquainting us with an affair which engaged our attention, Pope had sipped all the brandy. Pope's frame of body did not promise long life; but he certainly hastened his death by feeding much high-seasoned dishes, and drinking spirits.—*DR. WILLIAM KING'S Political and Literary Anecdotes of His Own Time.*

VII.

Dr. Maty, in his *Memoirs of the Earl of Chesterfield*, gives the following curious anecdote of Pope and Bishop Atterbury. Chesterfield's own words: "I went to see Pope one morning at Twickenham, and found a large folio Bible with gilt clasps lying before him upon his table; and I knew his way of thinking upon that book. I asked him jocosely if he was going to write an answer to it? It is a present, I thought, he, or rather a legacy, from my old friend the Bishop of Rochester. I went to take my leave of him yesterday in the Tower, where I saw this Bible upon his table. After the first compliments, the Bishop said

to me, My friend Pope, considering your infirmities, and my age and exile, it is not likely that we should ever meet again; and therefore I give you this legacy to remember me by it.—Does your lordship abide by it yourself?—I do.—If you do, my Lord, it is but lately. May I beg to know what new light or arguments have prevailed with you now, to entertain an opinion so contrary to that which you entertained of that book all the former part of your life?—The Bishop replied, We have not time to talk of these things: but take home the book; I will abide by it; and I recommend to you to do so too, and so God bless you.”

VIII.

Respecting the system of Optimism as set forth by Pope in the *Essay on Man*, Warburton, amongst other things, says: “As to the passages of Mr. Pope that correspond with Leibnitz, you know he took them from Shaftesbury, and that Shaftesbury and Leibnitz had one common original, Plato, whose system of the best, when pushed as far as Leibnitz has carried it, must end in fate. It is pleasant enough to see the different taste of authors. Leibnitz, in his *Théodicée* Scheme, objects against Sir Isaac Newton’s theory of attraction, because on that scheme the revolutions of the celestial orbs could not be performed without a perpetual miracle. And Mr. Baxter makes that very consideration one of the most recommending qualities of that theory, and has, you know, wrote a large book to prove that there is a perpetual miracle in the case; i. e. God’s immediate power exerted in every moment of time.—I have a poor opinion both of Markland’s and Taylor’s critical abilities, between friends; I speak from what I have seen. Good sense is the foundation of criticism; this is that has made Dr. Bentley and Bishop Hare the two greatest critics that ever were in the world.

Not that good sense alone will be sufficient; for that considerable part of it emending a corrupt text, there must be a certain sagacity, which is so distinguishing a quality in Dr. Bentley. Dr. Clarke had all the requisites of a critic but this, and this he wanted. Lipsius, Jos. Scaliger, Faber, Is. Vossius, Salmasius, had it in a great degree; but these are few amongst the infinite tribe of critics.”

What he writes to Dr. Birch on selling his library is truly Warburtonian: “I do not at all disapprove of your parting with your library. For I am fully persuaded Mr. Pope’s prophecy will be fulfilled before Will Whiston’s: and that his son Jack will see the end of learning before the Father gets to the beginning of his Millennium. However, do not be over-hasty, for your books will sell best when there is nobody that can understand them. That thriving auctioneer will tell you there are always the most buyers where there are the fewest readers. This is the best reason I have why you should suspend your project. For the rest, if you would get up into the higher forms, you must do at Lambeth what you formerly did at the Charter-House, *learn your lesson without book*. I confess myself a dunce; I could never learn this necessary trick, neither in youth nor age, and have thriven accordingly.”

IX.

Warburton’s discovering “the regularity” of Pope’s *Essay on Criticism*, and the “whole scheme” of his *Essay on Man*, I happen to know to be mere absurd refinement in creating conformities, and that from Pope himself, though he thought fit to adopt them afterwards. By this method of overlooking the plain and simple meaning, which presents itself at first sight (as that of good authors always does, and is the end of writing, and of words themselves, only that there is no credit to be gained in discover-

ing what any one else could discover) with proper talents, a good deal of imagination, and more vanity, it might clearly be shewn that Pope's *Art of Criticism* is, indeed, an *Essay on Man*, and his *Essay on Man* was, really, designed, by the deep author, for an *Art of Criticism*. I know that these would not be more false than the assertion and sophistry in proving the regularity of his *Art of Criticism*, since he, when often speaking of it, (before he so much as knew Warburton) spoke of it always, as an "irregular collection of thoughts, thrown together as they offered themselves, as Horace's *Art of Poetry* was," he said, "and written in imitation of that irregularity," which he even admired, and said was beautiful.

As for his *Essay on Man*, as I was witness to the whole conduct of it in writing, and actually have his original MSS. for it, from the first scratches of the four books, to the several finished copies, (of his own neat and elegant writing these last) all which, with the MS. of his *Essay on Criticism*, and several of his other works, he gave me himself, for the pains I took in collating the whole with the printed editions, at his request, on my having proposed to him the "making an edition of his works in the manner of Boileau's;" as to this noblest of his works I know that he never dreamed of the scheme he afterwards adopted, perhaps for good reasons, for he had taken terror about the clergy, and Warburton himself, at the general alarm of its fatalism, and deistical tendency, of which however we talked with him (my father and I) frequently at Twickenham, without his appearing to understand it otherwise, or ever thinking to alter those passages, which we suggested as what might seem the most exceptionable.—*Richardsoniana*.

Poe's Early Poems.

I AM desirous of obtaining information concerning the first volume of verse published by the late EDGAR A. POE, its date, size, contents, etc. It appears to be a scarce book—so scarce, indeed, that Griswold never saw it. In his memoir of Poe, in *The Poets and Poetry of America* (sixteenth edition, 1855), he refers to it in the vaguest terms, "shirking the details, as the painters say, in his customary manner." It is evident that, at the time he wrote his memoir, he knew nothing about it. In his *Prose Writers* he says it was published in 1830. Mr. Duyckinck, in his *Cyclopedia*, gives the date, publishers, and price. (*Hatch & Dunning, Balt. 1829. 8vo. p. 71*), and, I presume, the title, *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems*. Poe himself, in his own edition of his poetical works, devotes a portion of the volume to *Poems Written in Youth*, which he introduces by the following Preface:

"Private reasons—some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems—have induced me, after some hesitation, to republish these, the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood. They are printed *verbatim*—without alteration from the early edition—the date of which is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged. E. A. P."

This Preface is characterized by Poe's usual mendacity. The poems are *not* "printed *verbatim*—without alteration from the early edition"—nor have we any reason to think them "the crude compositions of his earliest boyhood." He was at least eighteen when they were printed—rather a late period in a man's life to be considered his "earliest boyhood!" Why he should say the date was "too remote to be judiciously acknowledged," I can not see: the more remote he could make it the

better, if he really thought the poems discreditable to him. He knew that he was guilty of falsehood when he penned that preface, but he ran the risk of detection, trusting to the chance of his first volume never turning up against him. What it really contained, I know not; his second volume, or what he calls a second edition of the first, is before me: *Poems by Edgar A. Poe. Tout le Monde a Raïson.*—*Roche-foucault. Second Edition. New York: Published by Elam. Blifs. 1831.* It is a presentation copy, bound up with two other early volumes, by then prominent American poets. The original size (the volume has been cut down in the binding) I take to have been a 12mo, or small 12mo, of 124 pages, probably bound in boards. It is dedicated to "THE U. S. CORPS OF CADETS," of course of West Point, which Poe was then about to leave. The Dedication is followed by an Introduction in the shape of a letter, of 17 pages, dated West Point, 1831, and addressed to Mr. ———, an enigmatical "Dear B———."

This letter is smart, but somewhat flippant, not to say impertinent. The assured young poet gossips about his art, as such gentry will, and is severe on two of his elder brethren, Coleridge and Wordsworth, the former of whom he sneers at, preferring Macpherson to him, or rather *Temora* to *Peter Bell*. One passage of the letter is curious as containing a definition of poetry, similar to that afterwards adopted by Poe, and insisted upon with vehemence and ingenuity: "A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its immediate object, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having its object an indefinite instead of a definite pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained: romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with indefinite sensations, to which end music is an essential, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most

infinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music without the idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definiteness."

After the prose Introduction, or letter, comes an *Introduction* in verse, consisting of 66 lines. The first and fourth stanzas, or divisions, of this poem, are similar to the piece which Poe afterwards christened *Romance*, and printed among his *Poems Written in Youth*. The third stanza is remarkable as showing his psychological tendencies, and as foreshadowing the class of compositions in which he afterwards delighted, and on which his reputation chiefly rests:

"For, being an idle boy lang syne,
Who read Anacreon, and drank wine,
I early found Anacreon rhymes—
Were almost passionate sometimes—
And by strange alchemy of brain
His pleasures always turn'd to pain—
His naïveté to wild desire—
His wit to love—his wine to fire—
And so being young and dipt in folly
I fell in love with melancholy,
And used to throw my earthly rest
And quiet all away in jest—
I could not love except where Death
Was mingling his with Beauty's breath—
Or Hymen, Time, and Destiny
Were stalking between her and me."

The next poem is *To Helen*, a charming little cabinet-piece, which he afterwards retouched, and printed among his youthful poems. Then comes *Israfel*. This he retouched, expanding it from 44 lines, its original length, to 51, and printing it among the poems of his manhood. This is followed by *The Doomed City*—58 lines, afterwards shortened 5 lines, and printed among his later poems, as *The City in the Sea*. *Fairy Land*, the next piece, consists of 64 lines, the last 24 of which he afterwards expanded into 46, and printed, with the same heading, among his early poems. Here is the cancelled portion:

"Sit down beside me, Isabel,
Here, dearest, where the moonbeam fell
 Just now so fairy-like and well.
 Now thou art drest'd for paradise!
 I am star-stricken with thine eyes!
 My soul is lolling on thy sighs!
 Thy hair is lifted by the moon
 Like plumes by the low breath of June!
 Sit down, sit down—how came we here?
 Or is it all but a dream, my dear?

You know that most enormous flower—
 That rose—that what d' ye call it—that hung
 Up like a dog-star in this bower—
 To-day (the wind blew, and) it swung
 So impudently in my face,
 So like a thing alive you know,
 I tore it from its pride-of place
 And shook it into pieces—so
 Be all ingratitude requited.
 The winds ran off with it delighted,
 And, thro' the opening left, as soon
 As she threw off her cloak, yon moon
 Has sent a ray down with a tune.

And this ray is a *fairy* ray—
 Did you not say so, Isabel?
 How fantastically it fell
 With a spiral twist and a swell,
 And over the wet grass rippled away
 With a tinkling like a bell!
 In my own country all the way
 We can discover a moon ray
 Which thro' some tatter'd curtain pries
 Into the darkness of a room,
 Is by (the very source of gloom)
 The moths, and dust, and flies,
 On which it trembles and lies
 Like joy upon sorrow!
 O, *when* will come the morrow?
 Isabel! do you not fear
 The night and the wonders here?"

Irene, 74 lines, is identical with *The Sleeper*, which consists of 61 lines, and is printed among his later poems. *A Paean* contains the germ of what he afterwards called *Lenore*, which consists of 26 long lines, equal to 52 lines of the original measure. *The Valley Nis*, 46 lines, was afterwards changed into *The Valley of Unrest*, 27 lines. Then come *Al Aaraaf* and *Tamerlane*, both of which were afterwards shortened, the former about 100 lines. Half of

these poems (there are ten in all, not counting a sonnet, which stands as an Introduction to *Al Aaraaf*, and which is identical with the sonnet afterwards headed *Science*) were printed by Poe among his later productions, the remainder as early pieces—not *verbatim*, as he said, but very materially changed.

Two or three things strike one in reading Poe's early poetry. First, that he was remarkable for genius in his youth; for no American poet, with the exception of Bryant, whose *Thanatopsis* is said to have been written in his eighteenth year, ever wrote so well at so early an age. Second, that his artistic perceptions were keen and sure, for he may be said to have bettered every thing that he altered. The principle of the Refrain is not to be found in his first poems. It is a pity, I think, that he ever stumbled upon it, for, effective as he made it in *The Bells*, it too often degenerates in his hands into the merest jingle.

As your readers may like to see the first draught of *Lenore*, I subjoin it:

A PÆAN.

I.

How shall the burial rite be read?
 The solemn song be sung?
 The requiem for the loveliest dead,
 That ever died so young?

II.

Her friends are gazing on her,
 And on her gaudy bier,
 And weep!—oh! to dishonor
 Dead beauty with a tear!

III.

They loved her for her wealth—
 And they hated her for her pride—
 But she grew in feeble health,
 And they *love* her—that she died.

IV.

They tell me (while they speak
 Of her "costly broider'd pall")
 That my voice is growing weak—
 That I should not sing at all—

v.
Or that my tone should be
Tun'd to such solemn song
So mournfully—so mournfully
That the dead may feel no wrong.

vi.
But she is gone above
With young Hope at her side,
And I am drunk with love
Of the dead, who is my bride—

vii.
Of the dead—dead who lies
All perfum'd there,
With the death upon her eyes,
And the life upon her hair.

viii.
Thus on her coffin loud and long
I strike—the murmur sent
Through the gray chambers to my song,
Shall be the accompaniment.

ix.
Thou died'st—in thy life's June—
But thou didst not die too fair:
Thou didst not die too soon,
Nor with too calm an air.

x.
From more than friends on earth,
Thy life and love are risen,
To join the untainted mirth
Of more than thrones in heaven—

xii.
Therefore to thee this night
I will no requiem raise,
But waft thee on thy flight,
With a Pæan of old days.

H. R.

Sale of Zelotes Hosmer's Library.

(Continued from No. III., p. 59.)

395 FULLER (THOMAS, D. D.) History of the Worthies of England. *Portrait by Loggan, and vignette.* Folio, russia. Lond., 1662. \$15.00

[Little, Brown & Co.]

401 GASCOYNE (GEORGE). A Hundreth Sundrie Flowers, bounde up in One Small Poetrie, Gathered partely (by trans-

lation) in the fine Outlandish Gardins of Euripides, Ouid, Petrarke, Ariosto, and others; and partely by inuention out of our own fruitfull Orchards in Englande. *Black letter*, 4to, morocco, gilt. *Imprinted for Rychard Smith.* London, N. D.—G. Stevens' copy, 1572. \$38.00

[Grifwold.]

402 ———: THE POESIES OF GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Corrected, Perfected and Augmented by the Authour. *Black letter.* Russia joints, with arms' stamped on the cover. *Imprinted by H. Bynne-man.* Lond., 1575. \$49.00

[Grifwold.]

413 GIBBON (EDWARD). History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. *Portrait and vignette.* 8 vols. roy. 8vo, large paper. Oxford, 1827. \$50.00

[Humphry.]

411 GOLDSMITH (OLIVER). The Vicar of Wakefield. *Printed on large paper, India proofs*, 8vo, full mor. gilt. Chiswick, 1819. \$18.00

[Richardson.]

416 GOOGE (BARNABY). The Zodiacke of Life, written by the Godly and Zealous Poet, Marcellus Pallingenius Stellatus; wherein are contained twelue feuerall Labours, etc, translated out of Latine into English, and newly recognised. *Black letter.* Small 4to, morocco, gilt, *Bound by Clarke & Bedford.* *Imprinted by Robert Robinson, neere Holborne,* London, 1588. \$11.00

[Little, Brown & Co.]

421 GOWER (JOHN). De Confessione Amantio. Folio, *black letter*, red mor. gilt, and gilt edges, *bound by Hering.* *Imprinted in Flete Strete by Thomas Berthelette, printer to the King's Grace.* Lond., 1532. \$51.00

[Grifwold.]

- 422 GRAFTON (RICHARD). A Chronicle at Large, and Meere History of the Alfayres of Englande, and Kings of the same, deduced from the Creation of the Worlde vnto the first habitation of this Islande, and so by Contynuanee vnto the first yere of the Reigne of our Most decre and Souereigne Lady, Queene Elisabeth. *First edition. Frontispiece and other engravings. Black letter.* Thick folio, mor. gilt, tooled sides and edges. Lond., 1569. \$53.00
[Fowle.]
- 426 GREENE (ROBERT). The Spanish Masquerado, Wherein vnder a pleasant deuise is discovered effectually in certaine breefe sentences and mottos, the pride and insolencie of the Spanish estate; Whereunto by the Author, for the better vnderstanding of his deuice, is added a breefe glosse. *First edition. Black letter.* Sm. 4to, hf. mor. Roger Ward. Lond., 1589. \$14.50
[Grifwold.]
- 427 ———: A Quip for an Vpstart Courtier, or a Quaint Dispute betwene Velvet-breeches and Cloth-breeches.— *Black letter.* 4to, morocco, gilt edges, bound by Bedford. Lond., 1620. \$17.00
[Grifwold.]
- 428 ———: Neuer too Late. Both partes. Sent to Youthfull Gentlemen, deciphering in a true English Historie, those particular Vanities, that with their Frostie Vapours, nip the blossomes of euery braine, from attaining to his intended perfection, etc. Sm. 4to, moroc. Lond., 1631. \$15.00
[Lowe.]
- 430 ———: Dramatic Works, to which are added his Poems, with some account of the Author, and Notes by the Rev. Alex^r. Dyce. 2 vols. 12mo, red mor. Pickering, London, 1831. \$12.50
[Humphry.]
- 439 HABINGTON (WM.) Castara. *Third edition, with frontispiece by Marshall,* corrected and augmented. 18mo, green mor. Lond., 1640. \$7.50
[Guild.]
- 441 HAGTHORPE (JOHN). Visiones Rerum. The Visions of Things. *First edition,* sm. 4to, turkey mor. gilt, tooled edges. B. Alsop, Lond., 1623. \$10.00
[Grifwold.]
- 450 HALL (JOSEPH). Satyres and Poems. Virgideiarm, Sixe Bookes; First three Bookes, of Tooth-lesse Satyrs, 1602; Three Last Bookes, of Byting Satyres, 1599; Certaine Worthye Manuscript Poems of Great Antiquitie Preferred long in the Studie of a Northfolke Gentleman, 1597. Sm. 4to, cf. London, 1597-1602. \$12.50
[Grifwold.]
- 457 HALLE (EDWARD). The Vnion of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancastre and Yorke, beyng long in Continually distension for the Croune of this Noble realme, with all the Actes done in both the tyme of the Princes, both of the one Linage, and of the other. Whereunto is added to euery Kyng a feuerall Table, with preface by Richard Grafton. *Fine engraved frontispiece and initial letters. Black letter.* Thick folio, mor. gilt; tooled back, sides, and edges. Lond., 1550. \$42.00
[Fowle.]
- 470 HARINGTON (SIR JOHN). Vlysses vpon Ajax, written by Misodiaboles to his friend Philaretes. *First edition,* 12mo, mor., gilt back, sides, and edges, bound by Murtan. Lond., 1596. \$6.00
[Guild.]
- 471 ———: Epigrams, both Pleasant and Serious, and neuer before Printed. 4to, hf. mor. Lond., 1615. \$6.25
[Grifwold.]

- 475 HASLEWOOD (JOSEPH). Catalogue of his Curious and Valuable Library. *Beautiful interleaved copy, large paper, prices and names.* 4to, turkey morocco, gilt edges. Lond., 1833. \$7.25

[Grifwold.]

- 486 HELICONIA. Comprising a Selection of English Poetry of the Elizabethan Age. Written or Published between 1575 and 1604, edited by Thomas Park. *Fine frontispieces.* 3 vols. 4to, russia, gilt. Lond., 1815. \$36.75

[Ryder.]

- 488 HERBERT (GEORGE). The Temple, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. *First edition,* 12mo, green mor. Cambridge, 1633. \$11.50

[Little, Brown & Co.]

- 490 HERODOTUS. *Historiæ Græcæ.* Folio, russia, gilt. In Doma Aldi. Venitiis, 1502. \$10.25

[Parker.]

- 491 HERRICK (ROBERT). *Hesperides, or the Works, Humane and Divine. Original and rare portrait by Marshall.* *First edition,* 8vo, turkey morocco, gilt. Lond., 1648. \$21.50

[Grifwold.]

- 493 HEYWOOD (JOHN). Parable of the Spider and the Flie. *Illustrated with engravings.* Black letter. 4to, crimson mor. gilt; tooled back, sides, and edges. *Imprinted in Flete street by Thomas Powell,* Lond., Anno 1556. \$36.00

[Grifwold.]

- 496 ———: The Workes of John Heywood, newly imprinted, viz: A Dialogue conteyning the number of the effectual Prouerbs in the Englishe tonge, compact in a matter concerning the manner of mariages, with one hundred of Epigrammes; and three hundred of Epigrammes vpon three hundred of Prouerbs; and a fifth hundred of Epigrammes.

N

Whereunto are now newly added a syxt hundred of Epigrammes by the sayd John Heywood. Black letter. 4to, moroc. gilt, bound by Bedford. *Imprinted at London, in Flete-strete, near vnto Saint Dunstons Church, by Thomas Marshe.* Lond., 1587. \$18.50

[Grifwold.]

- 496 ———: A Mery Playe, betweene the Pardoner and Frere. Folio. Black letter. *Reprinted from the ed. of 1533.* George Smeeton, London, 1819-1820. \$5.50

[Fowle.]

Miscellaneous Items.

PARNELLIANA.

THE volume of Steele's "*Miscellanies*" from which I sent you an extract for your third number, contains, like most similar publications, a great deal of unreadable verse, by the "best hands" of the time, and one or two meritorious as well as curious pieces. Among the then living poets who were interested in it was Dean Parnell, who contributed four poems, the text of which differs somewhat from that of the copy used by Pope, who edited Parnell's *Remains*, and whose readings have been followed by every subsequent editor. Two of these poems—a Song, beginning "My Days have been so wondrous Free," and the Anacreontic, "Gay Bacchus liking Estcourt's Wine"—contain each a stanza not to be found in Pope's edition of Parnell. The omitted stanza of the first is as follows:

"An eager Hope within my Breast
Does ev'ry Doubt controul,
And charming Nancy stands confest
The Fav'rite of my Soul."

The *Nancy* of the poem was Miss Anne Michin, the lady whom Parnell married,

and whose death, Goldsmith tells us, drove him to drink, and broke his heart. The cancelled stanza of the Anacreontic runs in this fashion :

"Free Jests run all the Table round
And with the Wine conspire,
(While they by sly Reflection wound,)
To set their Heads on Fire."

In addition to these stanzas, which, it must be confessed, are not of much consequence, the volume contains a poem not to be found in the ordinary editions of Parnell. Here it is, in the doubtful glory of the old style of "composition:"

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON

Her Translation of the Story of *Phæbus* and *Daphne*, from *Ovid*.

By the same Hand.

In *Phæbus Wit* (as *Ovid* said)
Enchanting *Beauty* woo'd;
In *Daphne Beauty* coily fled,
While vainly *Wit* pursu'd.

But when you trace what *Ovid* writ,
A diff'rent Turn we view;
Beauty no longer flies from *Wit*,
Since both are join'd in You.

Fair Lines the wondrous Change impart,
From whence our Laurels spring:
In Numbers fram'd to please the Heart
And merit what they Sing.

Methinks thy *Poet's* gentle Shade
Its Wreath presents to Thee;
What *Daphne* owes you as a Maid,
She pays you as a Tree.

X.

THE DEATH OF DR. YOUNG.

Reading lately the letters of Dr. Nathaniel Cotton, one of the physicians who attended Young in his last illness, I came across a passage which, as it seems to have escaped the notice of all Young's biographers, I copy below. There is no date to

the letter, but it must have been written (see the letters of Mr. Jones, Young's co-rate and executor, quoted in Mitford's *Lives*) either on Thursday, the 4th, or Friday (Good Friday), the 5th of April, 1765.

"In my last, I acquainted you, that I was called to Welwyn. When I arrived there, I found Dr. Yate waiting for me. It seems he had been sent for three or four days before my assistance was desired. Dr. Young's disorder was attended with some obscurity. But on Tuesday matters wore a very discouraging aspect; and on Wednesday, Yate and myself gave up the case as lost. From that period to the present, Dr. Young hath been dying. Whether the scene be closed this evening I cannot tell upon me to say; but this day at noon physicians took their leave. Dr. Young, although in his eighty-sixth year, has disputed every inch of ground with death from the strength of his constitution, not impaired in his early life by riot and bauchery. As I sat by his bedside, I earnestly did I wish the vital knot untied. I humbly pray God, that myself, and who are connected with me, whether blood or friendship, may be favoured with an easy transition out of this world into a better. For long and painful agonizing nature under her dissolution, appear to sufferings hardly inferior to some of the severest tortures of martyrdom; and consequently trials, which require apostolic attainments and supernatural assistances support our souls under them.

"Your friendship will excuse the melancholy reflections, for the sake of the object which suggested them. I was very fond of Dr. Young's company, and greatly venerated his mental abilities."

The Dr. Yate mentioned above (Mitford calls him Dr. *Yates*) was of Hertford. Cotton's residence was at St. Albans, where he had a private insane asylum. Cowper, the reader will remember, was under his

charge; and, as near as I can gather from Mitford's *Life* of him (I have not Southey's by me at this moment) at this very time. Think of a good-natured proser like Cotton having two such poets as Young and Cowper on his hands together—the one dying, the other mad! The fact, if it be one, ought to do more towards perpetuating his memory than all his verses; for nothing that he has written will repay perusal, except *The Fireside*, which is successful of its kind, because its kind is so common. He is not a poet to Cotton to. H. R.

CURIOUS FRENCH TRANSLATION OF GRAY'S EPITAPH IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Ici repose en paix dans le sein de la terre
Des grands, de la Fortune, un jeune homme
ignoré;
De son humble berceau, par les arts honoré,
A la Mélancolie il voua sa carrière.
Doué d'un cœur sensible et d'une âme sincère,
Donnant aux malheureux tout ce qu'il passeroit
Une larme; il obtint tout ce qu'il desiroit
Un ami; car le ciel dans toute sa puissance
Ne pouvoit lui donner plus riche récompense,
Ne serutons point plus loin, dans la nuit des tombes,
Les défauts, les vertus de cette ombre plaintive;
Près de son père du moins laissons-lui son repos,
Et du grand jour de Dieu l'espérance craintive.

SIR WILLIAM JONES ON THE PHILOBIBLION.

DEAR PHILOBIBLION:

I found a mention of you to-day in an author from whom I should least have expected it—Sir William Jones. It is in *Plassey Plain*, a ballad, addressed by him to his wife, August 3, 1784. The tenth stanza is as follows:

"Three elephants, to warn her, call,
But they no western tongue could speak;
Tho' once, in Philobiblian stall,
Fame says, a brother jabber'd Greek."

NEMO.

WILSON, Feb. 1, '62.

Notes and Queries.

SEDLEY AND POPE.

"SEDLEY," says Pope, in *Spence's Anecdotes*, "is a very insipid writer; except some few of his little love-verses." Pope was not remarkable for the justness of his judgments concerning his tuneful brethren, particularly those of the preceding century. Something of this may have been owing to his ignorance of their writings—an ignorance so marked, in some cases, as to excite wonder. For proof on this subject, I advise the reader to turn to Pope's Classification of the Poets, in which he places Cowley, Davenant, Drayton, Randolph, Cleveland, Crashaw, Corbet, and others, in the school of Donne; confounds Carew with T. Carey (a supposititious versifier), and makes an imaginary Tho. Baynal one of the originals of *Hudibras*! He seems to have had a spite against the earlier poets, and embraced every opportunity of having a sling at them—a much safer proceeding in his day, when they were almost unknown, than in this age of reprints. Sedley is not "an insipid writer," as Pope pretended, but, with the exception of Carew, Waller, and Suckling, the most charming poet of the class to which he belonged. "His little love-verses" are exceedingly graceful and elegant—almost perfect in their finish. The best point in Pope's best love-poem—the short epistle which he addressed to Gay, who had congratulated him on finishing his little band-box at Twickenham—is borrowed and enlarged from Sedley. The reader will at once recall the couplet:

"So the struck deer in some sequestered part
Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart."

Here is the original, which may be found in a poem of Sedley's, beginning "*Thyrifis*, no more against my Flame advise:"

"And now like a hurt Deer, in vain I start
From her, that in my Breast has hid the Dart."
X.

EPITAPH ON JACOB TONSON, THE BOOKSELLER.

The following epitaph on Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, has considerable resemblance to the celebrated epitaph written by Dr. Franklin on himself. What is the date of Tonson's death? When and where was his epitaph first published?

P. S.

Vitæ Volumine peracto
Hic Finis Jacobi Tonson
Perpolitæ Sociorum Principis.
Qui, velut obstetrix Mufarum,
In Lucem edidit
Felices ingenii partus.
Lugete Scriptorum chorus, et frangite Calamos.
Ille vestris qui chartis vitam dedit,
E vitæ Margine crasus, deletur.
Sed hæc postrema Inscriptio
Huic primæ mortis Paginæ
Imprimatur,
Ne prælo Sepulcri commissus
Ipse Editor careat Titulo;
Hic jacet Bibliopola,
Folio vitæ delapso,
Expectans novam Editionem
Auctiorem et Emendatiorem.

J. G. PRÊTRE, THE ARTIST.

Can any of your readers give me an account of the life and labors of a French artist, J. G. Prêtre, who was employed by Temmenck to illustrate his "*Nouveau recueil de planches coloriées d'oiseaux pour servir de suite et de complément aux planches enluminées de Buffon*" (Paris, 1820-'39)? I have about 470 (originally 500) exquisite designs of birds and quadrupeds painted by him in water-colors, on fine parchment, and I am anxious to discover for what work they were prepared.

S. W. P.

MARY HOWITT CRIBBING:

Among the plagiarists we are sorry to class the amiable and ingenious authoress of *The Spider and the Fly*. This pretty song for children is merely an alteration and adaptation of one of the songs of the English comic-poet Hudfon. The song is

set to the tune of Tom Moore's rather sensual *Will you come to the bower?*

Hudfon's piece is entitled *The Spider and the Fly*, and so is Mary Howitt's. Hudfon wrote for grown-up people, and Mary Howitt for children. The idea and moral are the same, but Mary Howitt has improved on her original and model by omitting the coarser illustrations and language, and substituting incidents and temptations better suited to childish comprehension. Mary Howitt's song is in every household and Sabbath-school. Those who would like to see Hudfon's, will find it on page 268 of the *Universal Songster, or Museum of Mirth*, published in London, in 1826.

A. G. J.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir Edgerton Brydges. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges' as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows:

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each.

100 on large paper, at 4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies. Messrs. Philes & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of old English poetry. The next volume in the series will be "ENGLAND'S HELICON."

April, 1862.

The Philobiblion.

Number 5.

THE
Savages of Europe.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Printed by Dryden Leach, for T. Davies, in Ruffel-street, Covent Garden. London:
1764. 12mo.

SUCH is the title of a little book I discovered one day in my rambles about old book-stalls. It purports to be "from the French," and has for motto, "*Fas est ab hoste doceri.*" Many times have I read this small *jeu d'esprit*, without being able to satisfy my own mind as to whether it is really the work of a Frenchman, or a mere pretext of some satiric Englishman for castigating his fellow-countrymen. It is perhaps as well to let the word of the professed translator decide the matter; and he says distinctly that it is from the French, and that the work, in that language, was selling in large numbers at Amsterdam at the time of the publication of this version of it.

A young Frenchman, by name Delouaville (Christian name not given), and a young lady, called Cecilia (surname not given, perhaps as of no importance, owing to her expected change of situation), being betrothed, and finding themselves laughed at in Paris for their determination to marry for love, have resolved on going to England, as to a freer, less quizzical country.

By a singular freak, they did not marry before starting; nor is it in their prospectus to undergo that ceremony at an early period.

The lovers are first introduced to us on board an Amsterdam vessel, bound for Dover. They sit on the deck, discoursing of the past and the future. "Adieu to France, land of heartlessness and satire!" says Delouaville. "Welcome, Britain, realm of freedom and of love!" rejoins Cecilia. And so the duet runs on in a *crecendo* of praise to England, and of scorn for France, for a page or two, until they are joined by a fat, square-faced old gentleman, who sits near them, reading the *Travels of Tchín Kao*. "The savages! how shall I civilize them?" mutters this latter gentleman. A trio is thus established, such as we find in operas, where each person sings different words and different airs at the same time, and then unite both words and melody in a grand *ensemble*. The lovers, in different degrees of sentiment and silliness, sing their anticipated bliss in England; the old gentleman abuses the English as *the savages of the world, par excellence*; and then the trio go off *da capo*, with a "We shall see!" This old gentleman, it appears, is a Chinese Mandarin, who has set up a little "Propagation Society" on his own account—has travelled over all

countries, shedding the light of Confucius on all people from Oregon to Cathay.

They land just as another vessel is discharging a cargo of French prisoners. These are tied together in various stages of nudity, and are no sooner flung on the mud than the people of Dover commence leaping on them, robbing those who have any thing to be robbed of, and cutting off the noses and poking out the eyes of others by way of amusement. This is the first sight England presents to the lovers. Delouaville draws his sword, and rushes at the people; he is surrounded in an instant, beaten to the earth, and nearly killed, while Cecilia has her ear-rings and a portion of her ears carried away; and the Mandarin, while preaching "Confucius on Peace," has some teeth struck out by a brick.

However, they get away alive, and reach London. The lovers' faith in England is now quite overthrown. The coach puts them down at a London inn. They enter the room and find it opaque with tobacco-smoke, manufactured wholesale by some score of individuals who sit silently around the tables, drinking a liquid resembling street mud, and eating thick slices of half-raw beef. The disgust of the lovers is, of course, increased, and the triumph of the Mandarin beyond question.

They then proceed to take a street ramble, but are soon caught along by a dense crowd, and huddled on and on, until they are deposited, half-suffocated, before the very Tyburn-Tree! Three or four individuals are about to be suspended. One dances, another sings, and a third makes a humorous oration previous to being tied up. No sooner are they swinging, than the crowd hang on their legs, fighting in their anxiety to be partakers in the execution. The bodies are then opened on the spot, and favored parties are allowed to help themselves to bits of the pericardium and viscera as relics. Delouaville and Cecilia

are sick and shocked; but Kin Foe, the Mandarin, tells them all savage nations are the same. He noticed a like indifference to death, a like brutality, among the Caribbees.

A theatre is their next venture. They are entertained by a real English tragedy, with fencing and killing *ad libitum*, instead of a delightful love-episode—like their own, for instance. After the play, dancers come on; they are much applauded, until a whisper goes round that they are French. Then ensues a riot; the audience rush upon the stage, cut down the dancers, then break their own heads and the benches. Kin Foe and the lovers escape with life; that is all that can be said.

This is all unlucky enough, but worse comes. A young Englishwoman sets eyes of admiration on the prim, lath-and-plaster proportions of Delouaville. Gallant to the core, he must, at any rate, smile in return; besides, as Cecilia is confined to her bed with bruises, a little flirtation serves to kill time. Fanny Blickman is the name of the English siren. She entices him to join her in a walk. He consents. She leads him to a distant part of the town; asks him to step into a house, and lo! no sooner are they in, than up starts a fat man in a black gown, who gabbles out of a book for ten minutes, and then the affrighted foreigner is informed that the lady is his wife. He has scarcely time to remonstrate, before the door opens, and Fanny's mamma and papa enter, and, after tearing her hair and scratching her eyes, carry her off with them. Delouaville finds his way back, and consults with Kin Foe, who assures him of his marriage, although the happy bridegroom cannot at all comprehend it. Kin Foe tells him of a similar adventure of his own among the Cherokees; but remarks that the British Channel forms an excellent divorce. Delouaville retires to rest, but has scarcely dozed ere his wife comes to seek him. She

is heard by Cecilia, who flies at her like—like a jealous woman. They fight fiercely, and, when thoroughly exhausted, fall into Delouaville's arms, until the sage Kin Foe appears in his night-dress, and makes an amicable arrangement. The next day, Fanny brings her husband before a magistrate, and he is ordered to maintain her as his wife, much to his embarrassment and surprise. However, her implacable relatives interfere again, and tear her from her willing husband, who, returning to his lodgings, finds Cecilia gone!

In gaining a wife, he has lost a "dearer one still, and a nearer one." In vain to tear his hair, and curse his ill luck; gone she is, and the Mandarin as well. Distracted, despairing, the hapless Delouaville runs through the streets of the metropolis, shrieking "Cecilia!" and, by singular good fortune, escaping the lock-up or lunatic asylum, regains his lodgings at midnight. At the door he stumbles over something; he examines it, and it turns out to be Kin Foe himself, not dead, but dead drunk. "Where is my Cecilia?" screams Delouaville. "Hurry for brandy-and-wa'r!" says the Mandarin. And so the lover has to wait as patiently as may be until the morning, when Kin Foe, despite his headache, informs him that Blickman, Fanny's father, coming there to search for his daughter, found Cecilia instead; was seized with a brutal desire for her, and carried her off in his arms, in spite of her shrieks and Kin Foe's extracts from Confucius, to the amusement of an applauding mob. The Mandarin also gives the story of his own intoxication. Despairing of the civilization of the lower orders, Kin Foe determined to try his hand on their betters, and obtained admittance to a fashionable bachelor's party in Pall Mall. These gentlemen pretended to be much interested in Confucius, with the design of converting the missionary to the practices of Bacchus, in which, as we have seen, they succeeded.

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But the one desire of Delouaville is, of course, to find Cecilia, and he therefore performs the office of town-crier again for a whole day, with considerable success, as far as regards insults and an acquisition of mud, but none at all as regards the object of his crying. Nay, in crying Cecilia, he loses the Mandarin: Kin Foe becomes mysteriously *non est*, but there are rumors that he has been arrested as a suspected priest. In the mean time, Blickman pursues his designs upon his fair prize, in a markedly English manner. He does not sigh, or breathe soft nothings, or cast delicious, languishing love-looks upon her, or beat his left breast, and use many genuflections; on the contrary, he locks her up in a damp garret, relying on cold and hunger as the most effectual go-between to the accomplishment of his desire. His daughter Fanny discovers who is her father's victim, and immediately flies to Delouaville, informing him that, unless he behaves like a husband to her, she will infallibly slaughter his Cecilia. Numerous errands Fanny makes between these two individual termini. At the one end, her employment is pinching and half-strangling Cecilia; at the other, holding Cecilia's life out to Delouaville as the price of his affection. Delouaville remains firm, and Cecilia does not yield to the forcible, *practical* love-making of Blickman. In despair, Fanny seeks her father, casts herself on her knees before him, and prays him to give her—what does the reader imagine? a new dress or a new bonnet?—no, to "Give her *death*!" The season of fogs has just set in, and with November comes the English desire for suicide. Blickman, seeing his daughter thus in despair, finding himself unable to win Cecilia's favor, and, moreover, expecting a distraint upon his chattels, decides that the time has come to die. He marshals all his family—wife, Fanny, eight other olive-branches, and Cecilia. In a long procession they descend into the

cellar, "black with the gore of his ancestors." He ranges them on their knees in a row before him; and then taking down an old, blood-blackened sword from the wall, tells them that he is now convinced of the vanity of human wishes, and sees a great joy and an incalculable good in giving up wishing in this world, and in walking out of it altogether. Loud applause from his family greets him; they bare their throats and bosoms, and, stretching imploringly forward, with a savage thirst for death, which it appears is a peculiar characteristic of the English nation, cry, "Kill! kill! kill!" Politeness, even in England, demands one to help strangers first; and so he places Cecilia between his knees, *à la bas-viol* players, and performs a *fantasia* on her windpipe with his old sword. Fanny follows, exulting in the death of her rival; and then, in succession, wife and children, and finally Blickman himself.

This grand finale of *felo-de-se* is hardly ended, when the bailiffs burst in up-stairs, and Delouaville with them. Cecilia is not dead, and, on coming to herself, screams. This noise attracts Delouaville and the distrainers; they enter the cellar, and discover the scene of horror. Delouaville bears away Cecilia, and the creditors lock up the dead family in the cellar, to save the expense of their interment. Of course, Cecilia is very ill, and Delouaville falls into a fever from excitement and anxiety. They lie in bed in separate apartments, with the connecting door ajar, lisping adoration in the intervals of delirium. A Romish priest attends them, and administers the consolations of his faith. They recover.

As soon as they can go abroad, they ramble through the town, with the vague design of coming across Kin Foe. Once more they are entangled in a crowd, and irresistibly borne on to Tyburn. Two culprits are about to suffer; and with horror they discover that one is the priest who at-

tended them in their illness, and the other Kin Foe! Both have been convicted of being Romanist priests—the priest because he *is* one, and the Mandarin because he looks like one—and, in pursuance of the laws of England, are to be hanged. The priest prays for the mob, amid their jeers and laughter, and is worked off. The Mandarin addresses the populace, and tells them that all European religions are humbug; whereupon they raise a cry that he talks too sensibly for a priest—that there must be some mistake; and, accordingly, they rush on the sheriff and the hangman, break their heads, and rescue Kin Foe.

The trio now do a sensible thing. They proceed at once to Dover, and set sail for France: the lovers with the intention of being married in the French manner, and bearing the polished sneers of their countrymen, as infinitely preferable to the brutal manners and *practical* satire of the English; the Mandarin affirming that he had civilized Caribbees and Cherokees and Japanese with ease, but that the English were the absolute and eternal savages of nature, whom neither Confucius nor Kin Foe could reform.

JOHN ACKERLOS.

THE
GOLDEN SENTENCES
OF THE

Philosopher Democrates.

Translated by William Bridgman.

1. If any one will give his mind to these sentences, he will obtain many things worthy of a man, and be free from many things that are base.
2. The perfection of the soul will correct the depravity of the body; but the strength of the body, without reasoning, does not render the soul better.
3. He who loves the goods of the soul will love

things more divine; but he who loves the goods of its transient habitation will love things human.

4. It is beautiful to impede an unjust man; but, if this be not possible, it is beautiful not to act in conjunction with him.

5. It is necessary to be good, rather than to appear so.

6. The felicity of a man does not consist either in body or in riches, but in upright conduct and justice.

7. Sin should be abstained from, not through fear, but for the sake of the becoming.

8. It is a great thing to be wise where we ought in calamitous circumstances.

9. Repentance after base actions is the salvation of life.

10. It is necessary to be a speaker of the truth, and not to be loquacious.

11. He who does an injury is more unhappy than he who receives one.

12. It is the province of a magnanimous man to bear with mildness the errors of others.

13. It is comely not to oppose the law, nor a prince, nor one wiser than yourself.

14. A good man pays no attention to the reproaches of the depraved.

15. It is hard to be governed by those who are worse than ourselves.

16. He who is perfectly vanquished by riches, can never be just.

17. Reason is frequently more persuasive than gold itself.

18. He who admonishes a man that *fancies* he has intellect, labors in vain.

19. Many who have not learned to argue rationally, still live according to reason.

20. Many who commit the basest actions often exercise the best discourse.

21. Fools frequently become wise under the pressure of misfortunes.

22. It is necessary to emulate the works and actions, and not the words, of virtue.

23. Those who are naturally well disposed know things beautiful, and are themselves emulous of them.

24. Vigor and strength of body are the nobility of cattle; but rectitude of manners is the nobility of man.

25. Neither art nor wisdom can be acquired without preparatory learning.

26. It is better to reprove your own errors than those of others.

27. Those whose manners are well ordered, will also be orderly in their lives.

28. It is good not only to refrain from doing an injury, but even from the very wish.

29. It is proper to speak well of good works; for to do so of such as are base, is the property of a fraudulent man and an impostor.

30. Many that have great learning have no intellect.

31. It is necessary to endeavor to obtain an abundance of intellect, and not pursue an abundance of erudition.

32. It is better that counsel should precede actions than that repentance should follow them.

33. Put not confidence in all men, but in those that are worthy; for to do the former is the province of a stupid man, but the latter of a wise man.

34. A worthy and an unworthy man are to be judged not from their actions only, but also from their will.

35. To desire immoderately is the province of a boy, and not of a man.

36. Unseasonable pleasures bring forth pains.

37. Vehement desires about any one thing render the soul blind with respect to other things.

38. The love is just which, unattended with injury, aspires after things becoming.

39. Admit nothing as pleasant which is not advantageous.

40. It is better to be governed by, than to govern, the stupid.

41. Not argument, but calamity, is the preceptor to children.

42. Glory and wealth without wisdom are not secure possessions.

43. It is not, indeed, useless to procure wealth; but to procure it from injustice is the most pernicious of all things.

44. It is a dreadful thing to imitate the bad, and to be unwilling to imitate the good.

45. It is a shameful thing for a man to be employed about the affairs of others, but to be ignorant of his own.

46. To be always intending to act renders action imperfect.

47. Fraudulent men, and such as are only seemingly good, do all things in words and nothing in deeds.

48. He is a blessed man who has both property and intellect, for he will use them well in such things as are proper.

49. The ignorance of what is excellent is the cause of error.

50. Prior to the performance of base things, a man should reverence himself.

51. A man given to contradiction, and very attentive to trifles, is naturally unadapted to learn what is proper.

52. Continually to speak without being willing to hear, is arrogance.

53. It is necessary to guard against a depraved man, lest he should take advantage of opportunity.

54. An envious man is the cause of molestation to himself, as to an enemy.

55. Not only he is an enemy who acts unjustly, but even he who deliberates about so acting.

56. The enmity of relations is far more bitter than that of strangers.

57. Conduct yourself to all men without suspicion, and be accommodating and cautious in your behavior.

58. It is proper to receive favors, at the same time determining that the retribution shall surpass the gift.

59. When about to bestow a favor, previously consider him who is to receive it, lest, being a fraudulent character, he should return evil for good.

60. Small favors seasonably bestowed, become things of the greatest consequence to those that receive them.

61. Honors, with wise men, are capable of effecting the greatest things, if at the same time they understand that they are honored.

62. The beneficent man is one who does not look to retribution, but who deliberately intends to do well.

63. Many that appear to be friends, are not; and others, who do not appear to be friends, are so.

64. The friendship of one wise man is better than that of every fool.

65. He is unworthy to live, who has not one worthy friend.

66. Many turn from their friends, if, from affluence, they fall into adversity.

67. The equal is beautiful in every thing; but excess and defect to me do not appear to be so.

68. He who loves no one does not appear to me to be loved by any one.

69. He is an agreeable old man who is facetious, and abounds in interesting anecdote.

70. The beauty of the body is merely animal, unless supported by intellect.

71. To find a friend in prosperity, is very easy; but in adversity, it is the most difficult of all things.

72. Not all relations are friends, but those who accord with what is mutually advantageous.

73. Since we are men, it is becoming not to deride but bewail the calamities of men.

74. Good scarcely presents itself, even to those who investigate it; but evil is obvious without investigation.

75. Men who delight to blame others, are not naturally adapted to friendship.

76. A woman should not be given to loquacity, for it is a dreadful thing.

77. To be governed by a woman, is the extremity of insolence and unmanliness.

78. It is the property of a divine intellect to be always intently thinking about the beautiful.

79. He who believes that Divinity beholds all things, will not sin either secretly or openly.

80. Those who praise the unwise do them a great injury.

81. It is better to be praised by another than by one's self.

82. If you cannot reconcile to yourself the praises you receive, think that you are flattered.

83. The world is a scene; life a transition. You came, you saw, you departed.

84. The world is a mutation; life a vain opinion.

Lyons' Infallibility of Human Judgment.

DR. FRANKLIN, in his *Autobiography*, speaking of his first work, a pamphlet upon Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain, addressed to his friend James Ralph, in answer to Wollaston's *Religion of Nature Delineated*, says:

"My pamphlet by some means falling into the hands of one Lyons, a Surgeon, author of a book entitled 'The Infallibility of Human Judgment,' it occasioned an acquaintance between us; he took great notice of me, called on me often to converse on those subjects, carried me to the Horns, a pale ale-house in — Lane, Cheapside, and introduced me to Dr. Mandeville, author of the *Fable of the Bees*, who had a club there, of which he was the soul, being a most facetious entertaining companion. Lyons, too, introduced me to Dr. Pemberton at Baston's Coffee-house, who promised to give me an opportunity sometime or other of seeing Sir Isaac Newton, of which I was extremely desirous; but this never happened."

The following is the title-page of Lyons' book, which he informs us is, with the table of contents, a material part of his treatise:

"The Infallibility of Human Judgment, its Dignity and Excellency. Being a New Art of Reasoning, and discovering Truth, by reducing all disputable Cases to General and Self-evident Propositions. Illustrated, by bringing several well-known Disputes to such Self-evident and Universal Conclusions. With the Supplement, answering all Objections which have been made to it, and the design hereby perfected, in proving this Method of Reasoning to be as forcibly Conclusive and Universal as Arithmetick, and as easie. Also a Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity."

The fourth edition, to which is now added, A Postscript, obviating the Complaints made to it, and to account for some Things which occur'd to it and the AUTHOR. By MR. LYONS." (8vo. London, 1724. pp. 252.)

The author commences his treatise with the declaration, "That man is most excellent in his kind who useth to greatest advantage those distinguishable properties and excellencies wherein he differs from other animals. Reason is the distinguishing excellency, dignity, and beauty of mankind: whoever, by teaching or otherwise, hinders a man from using his reason, dishonours him, and degenerates him to something of less worth than he is. There is no use of reason but to judge of Good and Bad, Justice and Injustice, Wisdom and Folly, and the like; that a man may thereby attain knowledge to distinguish Truth from Error, and to determine his actions accordingly."

Upon the subject of authority in matters of opinion, there are some sensible observations, that are, in practical life, often overlooked: "Ten thousand different men may pretend to sacred authorities, with as many differing precepts for religion and manners reduced to regular schemes; if they are not to be examined but by themselves and their own rules, they must of consequence be every one good, tho' never so repugnant to each other, or to common sense. There is no authority but what hath some others that are repugnant to it, and condemn it; whence it comes to pass that there is scarce a single person in the world but supposes the generality of mankind are still, and have always been, imposed on by false authorities. . . .

"No authority must be allowed implicitly, before it be tried whether it be good or bad: there is no possibility of trying one authority by another. A Mahometan will no more have his Koran tried by the Bible, than a Christian will have his Bible tried

by the Koran. You must first show him some defects in *his*, contrary to reason, and prove *yours* to be agreeable to reason, before you can expect he will hear you name it with patience. If reason is not to examine all authorities, all authorities in the world are *good* to the persons pretending to believe them, and do no more than their duty in defending them. Which makes such a ridiculous and absurd conclusion as is hardly to be expressed in intelligible terms, (*viz*) That every man must believe his *antagonist* in the right, tho' at the same time he believes he merits the greatest punishment for being in the wrong.

"The way to avoid these absurdities, and to discover and defend the truth, is to adhere to reason, as not only a competent and infallible judge, but the only test to which all authorities must submit to be tried, before they can be known to be *good* or *bad*.

"The judgment of man, is an involuntary faculty, acted upon by objects, and determines without any consent of the will; like a mirror, which gives a true image of everything that can be brought to it; and according to the certainty or uncertainty of the evidence, or the plainness or obscurity of any matter, the judgment determines it to be more or less doubtful, true or false."

Upon the subject of Belief, the author appears to have met with the same difficulties that other metaphysicians have encountered when attempting to investigate that obscure subject. His method of obviating them possesses novelty, at least, if it cannot claim the merit of truth:

"There is nothing hath contributed more to the debauching Human Understanding than the use of the Word BELIEVE. It is a term without any certain idea, and hath no intelligent meaning particularly adapted to it, nor expresses any proper conception or operation of the mind: is

most extensively and promiscuously used as may best serve to confound and conceal the true determination of the judgment.

"When an opinion is offered to a man for his *belief*, let him consider what evidence there is of its being *possible*, *probable*, or *certain*, and so let him receive it and speak of it.

"This every one will readily say knowledge; and surely it is more proper and significant speaking, to call it so, as say we *know* (instead of saying we *believe* it to be more or less *probable*, *possible*, *certain*, or *false*). So that, in this case, he is no want of the word *believe*; and if a man hath a will to say *he believes* a thing of which he hath no knowledge at all; if he would say he believes it to be true a certain, when his knowledge of it amounts to no more than a bare probability; this is a resolution to say something contrary to knowledge, and is therefore no other than what we call in plain significant language a LIE.

"Not only all degrees of knowledge from *possibility* to positive *certainty*, are alike said to be believed, but also a *belief*, without so much as any knowledge or scarce a consideration; also a pure supposition, or even only the not resisting authoritative recommendation, are all called *believing*. All that logicians aim at, is not to excite knowledge, but persuade *belief*; and those who pretend to search after knowledge are content with believing. When a man *believes*, he must defend and support by all possible force and invention: and more learning hath been inculcated to him after this manner, the more notions and opinions he hath to support, and is better furnished with invention and authority to defend; and consequently, as is more fit to confound other people's understanding, so he is more liable to be confounded in his own, than a man who knows nothing to rely on but vulgar sense, firm

and unsophisticated. Hence it is no wonder that discoveries more beneficial to mankind have been taken from supposed ignorant persons, or found, as it were, by chance, whilst the fashionably learned and laborious searchers after knowledge, when the exigencies of mankind require their assistance, sit all amused, not being able to agree, any more than to understand themselves, or one another; and nothing practical for general good can be brought forth, till at length, with great labour and pains, something is magisterially dictated which authority gives a sanction to, but when it comes to be put in practice, proves vexatious to the world, and the ridicule of men of sense.

"Nor can we expect much better success from learning, till the pernicious *verb*, BELIEVE, and its *substantive*, are erased from all *vocabularies*, and the very mention of them forbade the schools.

"If this fallacious, tyrannical usurper of the throne of human judgment was removed, there might be hopes that men would arrive at the knowledge and use of their own plain sense and common reason; and then, there would be no difficulty in persuading them, that above all things, and in all cases, they ought to give it the principal regard.

"When any thing is offered, to which the belief or assent of the judgment is required; divide the mind into *apprehension*, *judgment*, and *will*: If what is seen in the *apprehension* be contrary to what is required, the *judgment* doth so determine it to be contrary: and if there is nothing seen by the *apprehension*, then hath the judgment made no determination. In either of these cases it may be boldly affirmed and demonstrated, that the proposer himself doth not believe it, nor hath any faculty of his mind any thing to do with the matter, but the will only; and his pretended faith is an idle airy conceit, an unintelligible chimera of the phantasia: for the secret of the art lies in observing that the

DETERMINATION OF THE JUDGMENT IS INVOLUNTARY, and therefore one man may know what another believes. Or, more properly speaking, we have no meaning at all when we say we *believe*, but what could more intelligibly be expressed by saying, we *suppose*, we *assent to*, or we *know it to be* more or less *possible*, *probable*, or *certain*.

"And therefore, whosoever would learn to think and speak justly, must learn to think and speak as if there were no such words as BELIEVE and FAITH; and he that durst not, or cannot conceive THIS, is incapacitated for forming a right understanding; for HERE lies the impediment, and THIS is the GRAND MYSTERY of all confusion and error."

"This amusement [trifling with the understanding] being removed, the reasoning is not on Notions, but on matters of fact and appearances of sense, and an honest report of what the Judgment dictates: arguing is then from GENERAL PERCEPTION to a GENERAL DETERMINATION, and an assent is as necessary and forcible as in Arithmetic, arises exactly after the same manner, is liable to no other obstruction nor objection, and as easily attained as the first Rules thereof."

These extracts may perhaps suffice to enable the reader to *determine* whether or not the author (as Butler says)—

"Knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

He appears to have been a man of candor, and a sincere inquirer after truth; yet he did not escape the evils that too frequently attend upon those who think freely, and who fearlessly publish their thoughts. We learn from the Postscript at the end of the volume, that a prosecution was commenced against him, and that he was imprisoned on account of his book, but was, through the exertions of the enlightened and humane Dr. Richard Mead, released from confine-

ment. Of him he says: "Though I was altogether unknown to him before, yet hearing of my confinement on this account, with an indefatigable industry he undertook and perfected my deliverance. Nor am I a single instance of his generosity of this kind: there is continually some new thing discovered, either for public or private benefit, which demonstrates him to be a general friend to mankind."

"The most that ever I, or any of my friends could learn of it [the prosecution], was, That it was a piece of ironical drolle-ry (of a certain young Noble Lord,) which being ill timed, created some heat, and was either improved into, or mistaken for a serious complaint: but when we were produced in three successive Terms, neither adversary, objection or complaint appeared."

The writer of this forgotten book was not without "the fondness and vanity natural to authors" (p. 250), and depicts with bright colors the great benefits which would accrue to the world from the general diffusion of his principles:

"Tho' it seems to some now to be only a speculative matter, it will be found in the end to be a real deliverance of mankind from a most abject condition of misery, slavery, and ignorance. People will in a short time stand amazed to consider what a wild wilderness of savage and stupid brutes the world hath been (especially for some hundreds of years past) for want of knowing the most simple and natural use and authority of *common sense*: but what hideous monsters those appear who have hindered their improvement, and contributed toward the continuance of it!"

Adversaria.

X.

BRITTON, in his edition of Anstey's *New Bath Guide*, illustrated by Cruikshank (8vo,

London, 1832), introduces the following remarks and epigram from the *Monthly Magazine* (April, 1830, p. 412), without correcting the blunders:

"Warburton had married the daughter of R. Allen, of Prior Park, (a genuine *Wife of Bath*), a match which, to the shame of the times, got him his bishopric. Of his wife, and that of Dean Tucker, the following epigram is given:

THE DEAN, *loquitur*.

My wife, Father William, is ugly and old,
Asthmatic, chest-foundered, and lame.

THE BISHOP.

My wife, son Josiah, no man needs be told,
Is as bad in the other extreme.

THE DEAN.

I have put mine away.

THE BISHOP.

the deed I applaud,
Yet applauding, can only admire;
For you are bound only by man and by God,
But my obligations are *Prior*."

"Dean Tucker is one of the curious instances of a man's slipping out of recollection. Who now mentions his name? Yet he was one of the most active and most public minds of England, not fifty years ago; a scholar, a most acute and stirring politician, and a most subtle and scientific metaphysician; yet the author of '*Search's Light of Nature*,' and the pamphlet on the American Question, has strangely passed away."

Warburton married Miss Gertrude Tucker (a niece of Ralph Allen), in whose right on Allen's death, in 1764, he became proprietor of Prior Park. If there be any truth in the stories concerning Mrs. W.'s intimacy with Thomas Potter, the author of the *Essay on Woman*, she was, without doubt, "a genuine *Wife of Bath*." It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that Josiah Tucker, the Dean of Gloucester, of whom Warburton said, "Trade was his religion, and religion his trade," is confounded with

Abraham Tucker, the author of *Search's Light of Nature Pursued*.

XI.

A curious instance of misapprehending an author's meaning, by overlooking a comma, is found in Brayley's *Londiniana* (vol. ii. p. 45): "Admiral Vernon, whom Lord Byron, in the opening canto of *Don Juan*, has stigmatized as 'the butcher,' became a popular favorite after his capture of Porto Bello, in November, 1739." Byron has, in *Don Juan*, canto i. stanza ii.:

"Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe,
Hawke."

XII.

In De Quincey's *Literary Reminiscences* (vol. i. p. 155), there is a story about Coleridge's explication of the Pythagorean precept, "Abstain from beans" (which De Quincey might have found in the *Symbols*, not in the *Golden Verses*, from which he quotes it), that it refers to public employments; having been stolen from a German author, "a poor stick of a man." This explanation is Aristotle's, as is also the "flash of lightning" with which Coleridge (p. 170) "illuminated a darkness which had existed for twenty-three centuries" upon the momentous problem of Achilles and the Tortoise.

At page 210, we learn that Coleridge seemed to labor under the singular "paralytic inability to raise the upper jaw from the lower."

XIII.

We should be glad to learn what authority De Quincey had for asserting (*Lit. Rem.*, vol. i. p. 222) that Watson, Bishop of Landaff, "talked openly at his own table as a Socinian; ridiculed the miracles of the New Testament, which he professed to explain as so many chemical tricks, or cases of politic legerdemain; and certainly had as little of devotional feeling as any man that ever lived."

P

XIV.

Grammont said of Alexander More's death: "He died like a good Hugonot, but what I most pity him for, is, that he died in a religion that is as much out of fashion as a cocked hat."

"The detection of errors is the first and surest step towards the discovery of truth."
—HALLEY.

XV.

"When I was in England, in the retinue of the Duke d'Aumont, Mr. Newton did me the honor to send me an invitation to dinner; where I found Messrs. Moivre, Halley, and two or three other gentlemen of the same genius. It is the custom in England, after dinner, to drink the health of kings and princes, persons with whom philosophers have seldom much to do; but Mr. Newton, of an understanding too great to be swayed by custom, taking me by the hand, with a smile of pleasure, which I dare say was sincere, said: 'Come, sir, *Here's to all honest men of all countries*. We, here, are all friends, concurring in the only view becoming a man—the knowledge of truth; nay, I will say we are of the same religion, all of us sedulously endeavoring to pay to the Deity that worship which, to our weak intelligence, appears to be the most agreeable to his attributes, and the revelation he has vouchsafed to give us.'"
—DESLANDES' *Hist. Crit. Philosophie*.

XVI.

Thackeray, in his *Four Georges*, mentions that when Atterbury was carried off to the Tower, it was asked what next should be done with him? "Done with him? Fling him to the lions!" Cadogan said, Marlborough's lieutenant. He does not mention the revenge the bishop took by his severe lines against Cadogan. They are given by Malone in his edition of Spence's *Anecdotes*, but omitted in Singer's:

- 564 ———: London in Luster, projecting many bright Beams of Triumph: disposed into several Representations of Scenes and Pageants, performed with great Splendour, etc. 4to, mor., bound by Mackenzie. Lond., 1679. \$13.50
[Grifwold.]
- 565 ———: London's Glory, or the Lord Mayor's Shew, containing an Illustrious Description of the Several Triumphant Pageants; also Three New Songs, with their Proper Tunes, either to be Sung or Played, etc. 4to, moroc. gilt. Lond., 1680. \$10.00
[Rodd.]
- 567 JUSTINUS. Historicus Clarissimus. In Trogi Pompei Historias libri XLIV. Folio, russia, gilt. *Me Gallus Veneta Jensen Nicolaus in urbe formavit.* 1470. \$11.50
[Little, Brown & Co.]
- 587 KENDALL (TIMOTHY). Flowers of Epigrammes out of Sundrie the Moste Singular Authors, selected as well Ancient as late Writers. (Pleasant and profitable to the expert Readers of quicke Capacities.) *Black letter.* 16mo, green mor., silk linings and tooled sides. London, 1577. \$16.00
[Little, Brown & Co.]
- 589 KILLIGREW (MRS. ANNE). Poems. 4to, cf. *Portrait.* Lond., 1686. \$4.50
[Grifwold.]
- 596 LACTANTIUS FIRMIANUS. Opera, cum prefatione Andreæ Episc. Aleriensis. Fol. Editio Tertia. Conr Sweynheym et Arn Pannartz. Romæ, 1470. \$16.00
[Guild.]
- 597 LAING (DAVID). Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland, with Dissertations, Notes, etc. 4to, green moroc., gilt back, sides, and edges; bound by Clarke and Bedford. Edinburgh, 1822. \$16.50
[Fowle.]
- 606 LEWIS (JOHN). The Life of Mayster William Caxton, of the Weald of Kent, the first Printer in England. *Portrait.* 8vo, turkey morocco, bound by Murton. Lond., 1738. \$14.50
[Richardson.]
- 610 LIDGATE (JOHN). The Tragedies, gathered by Jhon Bochas, of all such Princes as fell from their Estates, through the Mutability of Fortune. Translated. *Bl. letter.* Folio, mor. gilt. Jhon Wayland, Lond, N. D. (1555.) \$16.50
[Grifwold.]
- 612 LILLY (JOHN). Euphues. The Anatomie of Wit, verie pleasant for all Gentlemen to Reade, and most necessarie to remember; also, Euphues and His England, containing his Voiage and Adven- tures. 4to, *black letter*; cf., gilt. London, 1606. \$13.00
[Fowle.]
- 624 LOVELACE (RICHARD). Lucaſta. Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, etc., to which is added Aramantha. *First edition*, 18mo, green mor. gilt and gilt edges. *Sold by Thomas Evofter at the Gun, in Foie Lane.* Lond., 1649. \$3.50
[Little, Brown & Co.]
- 625 ———: Another copy, *with the rare frontispiece by Faithorne, and the portrait of Lucaſta.* Small 8vo, morocco. Lond., 1649. \$8.00
[Grifwold.]
- 626 ———: Lucaſta. Posthume Poems. Sm. 8vo, cf. Lond., 1659. \$6.00
[Grifwold.]
- 637 LUTHER (MARTIN). Colloquia Menſalia, or Dr. Martin Luther's Divine Discourses at his Table, etc. Translated out of the High Germane into the English Tongue, by Capt. Henrie Ball. Fol-

io, russia, gilt, bound by Clarke & Bedford. Lond., 1652. \$13.50

[Grifwold.]

- 643 MALLORY (SIR THOMAS). The Byrth, Lyf, and Astes of Kyng Arthur; of his Noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table, their Marveyllous Enquestes and Aduentures, and in the end, Le Morte-D'Arthur, with the Dolourous Deth and Departyng out of thys Worlde of them al. — Introduction and Notes by Robert Southey. *Frontispiece and engraved initials.* 2 vols. 4to, large paper, red morocco, gilt extra, bound by Clarke and Bedford. *Printed from Caxton's edition,* 1435. Lond., 1817. \$28.00

[Grifwold.]

- 644 MARLOWE (CHRISTOPHER). Dramatic Works, with Notes and some account of his Life and Writings, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 3 vols. 8vo, red moroc. Pickering, Lond., 1850. \$15.60

[Lodge.]

- 647 MARSTON (JOHN). Works, being Tragedies and Comedies, collected into one Volume, viz.: Antonio and Mellida, two Parts; Sophonisba; What you Will; The Fawne; The Dutch Courtezian. 8vo, moroc. gilt. Lond., 1633. \$16.50

[Grifwold.]

- 662 MASSINGER (PHILIP). Dramatic Works, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, by William Gifford, Esq. *Second edition. Portrait.* 4 vols. 8vo, hf. russia. Lond., 1813. \$23.00

[Campbell.]

- 678 MILL (HUMPHREY). A Night's Search, discovering the Nature and Condition of all Night-Walkers; with their Associates. *Fine frontispiece.* Small 8vo, half calf. *Printed by R. Bishop.* London, 1640. \$5.00

[Denny.]

Humane Industry:

OR, A

History

OF MOST

MANUAL ARTS,

Deducing the Original, Progress, and Improvement of them.

Furnished with Variety of

INSTANCES AND EXAMPLES, SHEWING FORTH THE EXCELLENCY OF

Humane VVit.

(By Thomas Powell, D.D.)

Τέχνη κρατοῦμεν ὧν φύσει νικώμεθα.

EURIPID.

LONDON,

Printed for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the *Blew-Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange.

1661. (8vo, pp. 188.)

THE brief memorial that Anthony à Wood has fortunately preserved of the Reverend Thomas Powell is yet the only distinct notice to be found of him in English biography. His name does not appear in the Biographical Dictionaries of Aikin, Watkins, Chalmers, Gorton, Rose, &c., or even in the *Cambrian Biography* of his countryman William Owen. Yet the Reverend Thomas Powell was, in his day, a very remarkable man. He was, says Wood, "an able philosopher, a curious critic, was well skilled in various languages, and not to be contemned for his knowledge of divinity."

Born in 1608, Powell entered the University of Oxford in 1625, and was graduated in 1627. Having finished his theological studies, he was appointed rector of Cantrefre, in the county of Brecknock, the

place of his nativity. During the ravages of the civil war in 1649, he was silenced and deprived of his benefice. He then passed over into Holland, where he probably became acquainted with the great Descartes. This fact we infer from an allusion which he makes to Descartes, in a curious passage on page 137 of the volume before us, which is as follows:

"There are also Glasses called Telescopes, from their use in discovering things afar off, invented first by Jacobus Metius of Almar, as *Des Cartes* tells me, and perfected (since) by Gallileo Gallilei the Florentine, whereby they have discovered many new stars in the firmament, which no mortal eyes had noted before, which will represent objects thirty times bigger than their apparent quantity, and a hundred times nearer than their apparent distance. By these, men have discovered not only new stars, brought the moon before them to be better surveyed and perused, which they finde to be another *America*, full of pleasant rivers, hills and dales, and also inhabited with people," &c.

After the return of Charles II., Powell was restored to his benefice, was created Doctor of Divinity, and made canon of St. David's. He would doubtless have risen high in the preferments of the Church had his life been spared. "He gave way to fate," says Wood, "at London, on the last day of December, 1660, leaving then behind him the character of a most ingenious and polite person."

Such, we believe, is the substance of all that is known of the learned and once celebrated Dr. Thomas Powell. The very brief sketch of him which may be found in Jöcher's *Gelehrten Lexicon*, is simply an abridgment from Wood, and contains no additional facts. It is now more than a hundred years since the accurate and industrious bibliographer William Oldys devoted eighteen pages of his *British Libra-*

rian to an abstract of this entertaining and exceedingly curious little volume, which even in his day was of extreme rarity, and the special envy of judicious and discriminating collectors of choice English books. Considering, therefore, the great scarcity of this "bibliographical gem," we shall endeavor to exhibit the peculiar nature of its contents by liberal quotations from its pages, rather than by giving an extended critical analysis of the various subjects of which it treats—leaving the reader to judge for himself of its literary excellence, and the recondite learning of its almost-forgotten author.

Chapter I. treats of *The Invention of Dyals, Clocks, Watches, and other Time-tellers*, and begins thus:

"Time is the most precious commodity that man doth enjoy; because time past, cannot be revoked; and time lost, cannot be repaired.

Damna fleo, sed plus fleo damna dierum,
Rex poterit rebus succurrere, nemo diebus.
*Lost Treasure I bewail, but lost Days more;
Kings can give treasure, none can days restore.*

Therefore men should set a due estimate upon this commodity, and expend it thriftily and wisely; to which purpose the ancient Sages of the world have ingeniously devised a way to divide even the Natural day (which is one of the least measures of time) into hours, and those into quarters and minutes, and into lesser Fractions than they: that by this *Horometry*, they might mete out and proportion business to the time, and time to the business in hand. The name of *Horæ*, Hours, came from *Horus Apollo*, an Aegyptian Sage, who first divided the day into those portions we call hours, as *Macrobius*, *Saturnal. l. I. Cap. 21*, informs us.

"In Aegypt there was a Beast of a very strange kinde, called *Cynocephalus*, kept in the Temple of *Serapis*, which in the time of the two Aequinoxes, did make water twelve times in a day, and so often in the night, and that regularly, at even spaces of time; from the observation whereof they divided the natural day into twenty four hours; and that Beast was their Clock and Dial, both to divide the day, and reckon the hours by. This gave a hint (belike) to the *Clepsydræ*, or water-glasses (invented by *Ctesibius of Alexandria*) which distinguished the hours by the fall or dropping of water, as *Clepsammidia* or Sand-glasses did by the

running of sand: *Miro modo in terris aqua peragit, quod Solis flammeus vigor desuper moderatus excutrit.* Cassiod. de Divin. Lektion. C. 30. And to shew they owed the invention to this creature, they used to set one carved on the top of these Water glasses, as may be seen in Kircher's *Mechanica Aegyptiaca*.

"Anaximenes the Philosopher was the first that took an account of time by shadows projected on the ground, and which changed and moved according to the motion of the Sun, from which observation he devised Sun-dials, called *Scioterica*. Though Vitruvius ascribes the Invention to Berosus the Chaldean, who framed *Vasa Horoscopa*, and *Epicyclia ex cavavata cum stylo*, (as he terms them,) certain hollow Dyals (like dishes) with Stiles or Gnomons erected in the middle. At Rome they counted the day (for a long time) by the shadow of a brazen Obelisk or Pillar; when the shadow of the pillar did fall in such a place, they did account it Noon or Mid-day, and then a Cryer was appointed to cry it about the Town; so likewise at Evening, when the shadow fell in such a place, the Cryer proclaimed *horam supremam*, the last hour of day; other distinctions they had none as yet.

"The Nafican Scipio was the first that brought the use of Water-glasses amongst them, and distinguished the hours of day and night: until his time, *Populo Romano indiscreta lux fuit*, saith Pliny, the Roman people had no division of hours; as the Turks (at this day) have no distinction of their ways by miles, nor of their days by hours, as *Busbequius* relates, Ep. I. *Legat. Turc.*"

"Among the Persians every ones belly was his Dial; so it was in *Ammianus Marcellinus* his time; But these ways of *Horometry* were rude and imperfect. By Water-glasses the account was not regular, for from the attenuation and condensation of the water, the hours were shorter or longer, according to the heat or coldness of the weather. Then for the Sun-dials they did serve but at sometimes, only by day time, and then not alwaies neither, but when the Sun shined. To remedy these defects, some wits did cast about how to distinguish the hours of the night as well as of the day; and of cloudy days as well as of serene and clear. Hereupon some Engines and contrivances have been compassed by *Trochilique* art, or the artifice of wheels; which, by the motion of several Wheels, and Springs, and Weights, and counterpoises, should give an account of the time, without Sun or Stars, and these were called *Horologes*."

"Severinus Boetius, a worthy Patrician of Rome, and a most eminent Philosopher and Mathematician, was the first (that I finde) that contrived any

Engine of this sort; Theodoricus King of the Goths wrote a letter to the said Boetius to beg one from him for to bestow on his brother-in-law Gundibald King of Burgundy; in which letter he calls it, *Machinam mundo gravidam, caelum gestabile, rerum compendium*; A portable heaven, and a compendium of the heavenly Sphears, as Cassiodorus hath it, who was the penman, in the first book of his *Variae Lektionen*."

"The wit of man hath been luxuriant and wanton in the Inventions of late years; some have made Watches so small and light, that Ladies hang them at their ears like pendants and jewels; the smallness and variety of the tools that are used about these small Engines seem to me no less admirable than the Engines themselves, and there is more art and dexterity in placing so many Wheels and Axles in so small a compass (for some French Watches do not exceed the compass of a farthing) than in making Clocks and greater Machines.

"The Emperour Charles the Fifth had a Watch made in the Collet or Jewel of a Ring; and King James had the like; and one *Georgius Caput Blancus*, or George Whitehead, was expert at making such knacks at *Vicenza* in Italy, as *Schottus* tells us in his *Itinerary* of that Country."

"Andrew Alciat the great Civillian of France, had a kinde of Clock in his chamber, that should awake him at any hour of the night that he determined, and when it struck the determined hour, it struck fire likewise out of a flint, which fell among tinder, to light him a candle; it was the invention of one *Caravagio* of Sienna in Italy. In the Town-Hall of Prague, there is a Clock that shews the annual and periodical motions of the Sun and Moon, the names and numbers of the moneths, days and Festivals of the whole year, the times of the Sun-rising and setting, throughout the year, the Aequinoxes, the length of the days and nights, the rising and setting of the 12 Signes of the Zodiack; the age of the Moon with its several Aspects and Configurations, as George Bruy describes it in *Theatro Urbium*."

"But the Town of Straßburg carries the bell of all other steeples (of Germany) in this point. A scheme of the Straßburg Clock you may finde in *Coriat's Travels*, with a full description thereof. It was made by one *Conradus Dasypodius* a German, and Professor of the Mathematiques in that city."

"In that famous Stable of the Duke of Saxony at Dresden, there is a room furnished with all manner of Saddles; among the rest, there is one that in the Pommel hath a gilded head, with eyes continually moving; and in the hinder part there-

of hath a Clock, as M. Morison (an eye witness) relates in his Travels."

The chapter concludes with the following epigram, *De Horologio Portabili*, by Thomas Campian :

"Temporis interpres parvum congestus in orbem.
Qui memores repetis nocte diergz sonos,
Ut semel instructus jucundè sex quater horas
Mobilibus rotulis irrequietus agis,
Nec mecum (quocunqz ferer) comes ire gravis
Annumerans vitæ damna, levanqz meæ."

Translated by H. V(AUGHN?)

Times-Teller wrought into a little round,
Which count'it the days and nights with watchful
sound;

How (when once fixt) with busie Wheels dost thou
The twice twelve useful hours drive on and show,
And where I go, go'it with me without strife,
The Monitor and Ease of fleeting life.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous Items.

SHAKESPEARE:

A REPRINT

OF HIS

COLLECTED WORKS,

As put forth in 1623.

PART I.—CONTAINING

The Comedies.

LONDON:

Reprinted for LIONEL BOOTH, 307 Regent Street,
1862. (Small 4to.)

THE following extract from the Prospectus of the publisher of this most opportune and beautiful reprint of the *editio princeps* of SHAKESPEARE, will point out to our readers the special object, and some of the peculiar characteristics, which Mr. Booth has attempted to secure in this reproduction of the "famous Folio of 1623:"

"In the present reproduction of the First edition of the collected works of Shakespeare, the prime object has been to secure its entire identity with the Original. It is well known that there exists in the Original a great variety of errors; but not one of these has here been corrected. Whatever the defects of the Volume, it was felt that it reproduced at all it must be reproduced intact as it was first put forth in 1623, and that if the least 'license of ink' were assumed, all reliance upon its identity would be destroyed. For accuracy, therefore, it is designed that the present reprint should not only be 'letter perfect,' but on the needful occasions letter imperfect. Notwithstanding its defects, it should not be forgotten that the Folio of 1623 is the most important edition extant; the authority of its Text duly considered. Yet while, for the reasons given, the blemishes must be allowed to remain, they have not been unheeded. On the hint of Horne Tooke (see *Diversions of Purley*, Part II., p. 52, Edit. Lond. 1805), they have all been noted, with a view to a comprehensive list of corrigenda.

"To instance the exactness of the reproduction, it may be mentioned that attention has been called to some letters at the top of page 240, Col. i.—*All's Well that ends Well*—as being rather out of array. On referring to the Original, due warrant was found for the deviations from the right line there. . . . The occurrence is now alluded to, because various such peculiarities—likely to be regarded as blemishes—are known to exist, and have only been perpetuated from the desire that Reprint and Original should be—as One. In illustration of the difficulties attending the effort to accomplish an exact reprint, it may be here stated, that Porson and Upcott 'carefully compared, literatim and verbatim,' the reprint of 1808 with the Original, and discovered '348 errors of the press' requiring to be corrected; thus rendering every copy, if not so corrected, utterly useless for all purposes of study or critical inquiry. (*Vide Lowndes's Bibliographical Manual*, p. 1645. Col. i.)

"After accuracy, the next object is to place within easy attainment of the many a book the possession of which has hitherto been restricted to the very fortunate few. Henceforth for less than two pounds may be secured, in a perfect state, the coveted of all English book-collectors—a Volume which, in the Original, and in a condition more or less of defacement and repair, would be considered cheap at a hundred; and this in form and condition more pleasing to the eye—a 'cheerful semblance' of its prototype—and much more convenient for use: in this respect it will serve admirably."

landbook to its ponderous predecessors, of 1623, although so important for the its Text, from its rarity may almost as a sealed book; and it is hoped that nity now afforded of a more extended of its contents, will lead to a corre-lucidation of the many perplexities remain, but which possibly are not beyond self-explication." A recent wri-ood battle for the Text of the First reference to a passage in *Anthony and bserve*, "I am inclined to think the ding the right one, and the emenda-ible." Possibly, this remark may be ve a just application in numerous other

ork will be completed in Three Parts :ontaining the Histories—Part III. the each at the same price. There will ections in Royal 8vo and Folio."

Cocker's Arithmetick:

in and Familiar Method, suitable to the Capacity, for the full Understanding of nparable Art, as it is now taught by the ool-Masters in City and Country. Com-EDWARD COCKER, late Practitioner in the Writing, Arithmetick, and Engraving; it so long since promised to the World. and Published by JOHN HAWKINS, Wri-ler, near St. George's Church in South-the Author's correct Copy, and com-the World, by many eminent Mathema-d Writing-Masters in and near London. ondon, 1694.

urious volume consists of 215 lusive of Dedication; Address Reader;" "Mr. Edward Cock-ic or Preface;" another Address Courteous Reader" (signed John list of persons by whom "This f Arithmetick is recommended;" able of Contents." Prefixed is rtrait of Cocker, with these lines

Cocker! (now to rest thou'rt gone):
can shew thee fully but thine own;
Arithmetick alone can shew,
umt of Thanks wee for thy Labours owe."
refs "To the Reader," by the

Editor, is worth extracting, as it gives us an insight into the history of this popular little Manual:

"COURTEOUS READER,

"I having the Happiness of an intimate Acquaintance with Mr. Cocker in His life time, often solicited him to remember his Promise to the World, of Publishing his Arithmetick, but (for Reasons best known to himself) he refused it; and (after his Death) the Copy falling accidentally into my hands, I thought it, not convenient to smother a work of so considerable a moment, not questioning but it might be as kindly accepted, as if it had been presented by his own hand. The method is familiar and easie, discovering as well the Theorick as the Practick of that necessary Art of Vulgar Arithmetick; And in this new Edition there are many remarkable Alterations for the benefit of the Teacher or Learner, which I hope will be very acceptable to the World; I have also performed my promise in publishing the Decimal Arithmetick, which finds encouragement to my Expectation, and the Booksellers too.

"I am Thine to serve thee,

"JOHN HAWKINS."

The first edition of *Cocker's Arithmetick* is now excessively rare. A copy was sold in London, in April, 1852, for £8 10s. Dibdin never saw any edition printed in the *seventeenth century*, and mentions the thirty-second edition as the earliest he had met with. There have been upwards of sixty editions of this "rare Arithmetick." The following is a list of those we have been able to discover:

1st edition.....	1678
2d ".....	1678
4th ".....	1682
.....	1685
.....	1694
20th ".....	1700
37th ".....	1720
40th ".....	1723
41st ".....	1724
44th ".....	London Bridge
50th ".....	1746
52d ".....	1748
.....	Edinburgh 1751
.....	Edinburgh 1765
56th ".....	London 1767
.....	Glasgow 1777

POETICAL TRANSLATION AND IMITATION.

CANNING's *Knife-Grinder*, for its ingenious employment of a classical measure, is rivalled by Francis Davison (the editor of the *Poetical Rhapsody*, and son of the admirable but unfortunate victim of the state policy of Queen Elizabeth, Secretary Davison), in his *Sapphics upon the Passion of Christ*, commencing—

“Hatred eternal, furious revenging,
Merciless raging, bloody persecuting,
Scandalous speeches, odious revilings,
Causeless abhorring, &c.”

In the paraphrase, by the same author, of the twenty-third Psalm, so well known by the fine hymn of Addison, we think we can discern some slight marks of imitation by the Queen Anne wit. The imitation (if any) is very slight; and Addison's hymn is the far finer version.

Translation, imitation, and paraphrase, were favorite poetical studies of the English poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from Chapman and Fairfax, through Dryden and Pope, to Gray and Cowper. These great names, as well as Jonson, Cowley, Milton, Swift, Johnson (and others of a secondary rank), did not disdain to employ their genius and talents upon rendering into versions as classic as their originals, some of the finest productions of the Greek and Latin poets. Indeed, a mere English reader may obtain a fair idea of ancient literature by a careful reading of their admirable paraphrastic versions. This is especially true of Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Anacreon (or whoever passes for him), Juvenal, Pindar, Martial, Æschylus, &c.

So, too, of poetical translations from the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, and

French, by Fairfax, Byron, Mickel, Lockhart, Holcroft, Shelley, Maginn, &c.

But the poets of the Stuart period, *in particular*, as pure classical scholars, deeply imbued with the spirit of antiquity, could make Greece and Rome and England contemporary by their genius and skill.

Ethical poetry (not technically didactic verse, the dullest form of so-called poetry) was a favorite species of composition with them, and often happily caught up from the best models and elaborated into sterling English poems; and there were few of the highest or lightest writers of that day who did not at times point a moral as well as adorn a tale. An instance occurs in the translation from a portion of the chorus (act ii.) in the *Thyestes* of Seneca the Tragedian—

“Stet quicunque violet potens.”

On this fine passage Sir Matthew Hale, Norris of Bemerton (the Platonist and divine), Cowley, and Andrew Marvell (the wit, poet, and publicist), have all tried their hands; and, as we have often noticed, the greatest original writer is not always the happiest translator—we think Norris bears the bell.

Poetical “Choices” form a class of poems unique and agreeable. They are ideals of a happy life and domestic comfort, philosophic and scholarly. Among these are Cowley's *Wish*, Norris's *Choice*, Jonson's version of Martial, Cowley's *Old Man*, from Claudian, Swift's paraphrase from Horace, Dr. Walter Pope's *Old Man's Wish*. Pomfret's “Choice,” Dr. Johnson states, in his life of that poet, to have been more popular than any poem of his time; and in the present century we have John Quincy Adams and Leigh Hunt.

W. A. J.

Notes and Queries.

TALE OF A TUB. (PART SECOND.)

WHO was the author of "*A Tale of a Tub* (2) Part Second. With Notes and Illustrations.

—'Videntem dicere veram
Quid vetat?'—Hor.

"By Democritus Americanus. Philadelphia: Printed for the Author. 1826." 8vo, pp. 97. Eight well-executed woodcuts of Martin, Mitre, Jack, Broadbrim, Leatherlungs (spitting flames and devils), Lord Peter (with a shaven crown and the key of Paradise), and Cantwell, and a wolf with a sheep on its back.

"Goode menne who onderstonde, wille not condemn me:

Goode menne who doo not onderstonde me, wille suspende

Cherre sentence till they doo, and of hadde menne

And foolss the condemnation's prayse."

DEKKAR MSS.

The volume ends with a poem, under the title of *Apolloniana, or, A Dinner at Ruby's*.

It is a strange rhapsody, as the following extracts will testify; and one is often at a loss to know what the author is aiming at:

..... The infractors of his laws "were punished by Leatherlungs with unsparing severity, who, to show them they were not a dead letter, proceeded with the zeal of a *Draco*. He fined—he whipped—he banished; and besides hundreds of witches, actually tucked up a couple of unfortunate Broadbrims, whose evil stars had led them into the Colony. The deputies of Peter—fryars to a man—endeavoured to persuade their followers to have a pan, but in vain—they were too partial to a barbecue to think of a fry. They had indeed no objection to the *Insurance office*, *pickle*, or *bulls*, all of which were imported without delay."

"It having been asserted on good au-

thority that on the coast of a far-distant land there existed a race of black monkeys, without tails, very much resembling men in appearance, and well adapted for labour, a number of ships were sent thither, with experienced hunters, to catch a few, who were no sooner taken, than they were packed in the hold like herrings in a barrel—heads and points. When the vessels returned, those that escaped suffocation on the passage, were taken out, exhibited in the market, and sold to the highest bidder, at so much per pound. The she ones, if young and likely, brought prodigious great prices from the gentlemen, who took them into their houses, as servants; while the males, and the old or ugly females, were turned into the fields, to hoe corn, plant tobacco, dig potatoes, and live upon cotton-seeds. Now, though these animals were nothing but monkeys, they very much resembled men in their aversion to labour and cotton-seeds—so much so, that it was soon found necessary to give them a driver, who, armed with a long whip, kept a strict watch over them, and if they flagged but a moment, applied the thong of it with such dexterity to their backs, as to take out the skin. This was sure to give them fresh vigour and strength, and enable them to proceed in their tasks with alacrity."

"By this policy the settlers soon became wealthy; and, finding the benefit of the traffic alluded to, some of their number took it up as a business, and *swearing they would never abandon it*, prosecuted the trade with so much vigour, that in a short time, thousands and tens of thousands of these animals were imported, who so manured the soil with their sweat, tears, and blood, that the country round them bloomed like a garden, producing all the necessaries and luxuries of life in such profusion, that Leatherlungs himself began to wish he had pitched his own tents to the South."

c.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

I have looked in vain, in Hood, for the following quotations : L. L. C.

"But, kindled into action, human clods,
Kings, Cobblers, Statesmen, Nightmen,—all,—
Stalk, here, this Spheric Plaything's Demigods,
Terrestrial Joves, of Jove's mere billiard ball.—
They prate, they legislate, they criticise,
Chop logic, ethicise, philosophise,
(Poor reasoning dirt-pies !)

While nine in ten,
Among the mighty foolish men,
Are the sophisticated mighty wise."

"Offian's patched spectre,—on his breast
A Gaelic nightmare's hoof imprest,—
The rhymes would rave a curse on :
In metaphors from Homer's lore,
And tropes from David's Psalms, good store,
Supplied by James Macpherfons."

[They are not by Hood, but Colman the Younger, and may be found in his *Ec-centricities for Edinburgh*.—Ed.]

The following lines I have seen ascribed to Jortin, but, not having his works at hand, am unable to ascertain the fact. Can you help me out ? L. L. C.

"MAN,—the lordly sovereign of the world,
Whose soul aspires to great and glorious deeds,
If once life's spring and vigorous youth
Are pass'd, decays ; nor does the general law
Of Nature raise him to the æthereal realm,
Nor the cold prison of the tomb unbar.
Yet, that repose is never broke by cares :
There grief, disease, and anger, and revenge,
Pain with her scourge, and av'rice ever-craving,
Discord that madly wields her blood-stain'd sword,
And hunger prompting ill, and want in rags,
And hatred, or that deadly foe to virtue
The green-eyed envy, or deceit, whose face
Wears the insidious mask,—dare not intrude :
But night with friendly gloom enwraps the scene,
And placid Sleep waves flow his dusky wings.

Let Patience then assist thee, to sustain
The lot which Nature and all-conquering Fate
Impose. The globe and all that it contains,
Will sink in chaos' wide-devouring gulf :
Even he, whose fiery front illumines the earth,
Fate's heavy hand will feel, like hapless man :
Old age will bow him down ; his hoary steeds
Will drag laboriously his sluggish car,

His hand still trembling as he guides the reins :
Time will bedim the lustre of the stars,
Nay, glory only lives a few short years,
Like the frail column that records its triumphs.
The Muse and Virtue long shall brave the shocks
That lay the world in ruins ; yet o'er them
Her dusky veil will late Oblivion fling."

[They are to be found in Jortin's *Tracts*,
edited by his son, vol. i. p. 465.—Ed.]

THE FEATHERS TAVERN PETITION.

Having frequently seen Bishop Porteus and Archdeacon Paley reproached for their connection with a certain *Feathers Tavern Petition*, I should be glad to learn the nature and object of the petition, and in what way these two eminent churchmen were connected with it.

H. E. S.

UTICA, N. Y.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir Edgerton Brydges. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges' as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows :

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each.

100 on large paper, at 4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only ; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies. Messrs. Philes & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of old English poetry. The next volume in the series will be "ENGLAND'S HELICON."

May, 1862.

The Philobiblion.

Number 6.

Humane Industry:

OR, A

History

OF MOST

MANUAL ARTS.

(BY THOMAS POWELL, D. D.)

(Continued from No. V., p. 114.)

IN Chapter II., the erudite Doctor gives an interesting account of "*Some Curious Spheares and Representations of the World*," constructed by Archimedes, the celebrated Cornelius Drebbel of Alcmár, and Janellus Turrianus of Cremona:

"Archimedes of Syracuse was the greatest Mathematician and the rarest Engineer that was in his time, or hath been ever since (as 'tis believed), both for the *Rational* and *Chirurgical* part, the *Theory* and *Practick* of the Mathematicks. Cicero calls him *Divinum ingenium*, 20 De Natura Deonem. He was not only, *Cæli Syderumque Spectator assiduus* (as Livy speaks of him), a diligent Spectator of the Heavenly Orbs and their Motions; but also *Cyclorum et Staticorum indagator acerrimus*, as the same Livy, a great Experimentator and Devisor of Mechanical Motions and Inventions. He was the first, *qui stellarum errantium motus in Sphæram illigavit*, saith Cicero, I. Tusc. that made a Sphear and an artificial heaven, wherein he did represent the rotations and revolutions of the planets, and that with as true time and measure as they perform the same above. Of

this Sphear Claudian hath an Epigram that acquaints us with some thing of the Fabrick of it:

'In Sphæram Archimedis. XVIII.

'Jupiter in parvo cum cerneret æthera vitro,
Risit, & ad Superos talia dicta dedit;
Huccine mortalis progressa potentia curæ?
Iam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor.
Iura poli, rerumque fidem, legeſque Deorum,
Ecce Syracosius transfuit arte senex.
Inclusus variis famulatur spiritus astris,
Et vivum certis motibus urget opus.
Percurrit proprium mentitus Signifer annum,
Et simulata novo Cynthia mense redit.'

Translated thus by Mr. Nathaniel Carpenter.

In a small Glasſ when Jove beheld the ſkies,
He ſmil'd, and thus unto the Gods replies;
Could man extend ſo far his ſtudious care,
To mock my labours in a brittle ſphear?
Heavens Laws, Mans Ways, and Natures Sovereign
Right,

This Sage of Syracuſe tranſlates to ſight.
A ſoul within on various Stars attends,
And moves the quick Work unto certain ends;
A feigned Zodiac runs its proper year,
And a falſe Cynthia makes new months appear.
And now bold Art takes on her to command,
And rule the heavenly Stars with humane hand.
Who can admire Salmoſneus harmleſs Thunder,
When a ſlight hand ſtirſ Nature up to wonder?

"Authors do make mention of a Sphear of glaſs which Sapor King of Perſia had, which was ſo large that he could enter within it, and ſit in the miſt of it, and ſee the Sphears and Planets whirling round about him; which did ſwell him with ſuch a conceit, that in his Letters he did uſe this

file, *Rex regum Sapor, Particeps Syderum, Frater Solis et Lunæ.*

"We read of a silver Heaven sent by the Emperour *Ferdinand* for a Present to *Soliman* the grand Signior, which was carried by twelve men, with a book along with it that shewed the use of it, and how to order and keep it in perpetual motion. *Du Bartas* makes mention of both, and concludes his description of them with this Rapture touching humane wit :

O compleat Creature ! who the starry Spears
Canst make to move, who 'bove the heavenly Bears
Extend'st thy power, who guidest with thy hand
The days bright Chariot, and the heavenly brand.

"Kircher doth highly extol and admire the Artificers of this latter age for making Spears and Globes, and such representations ; who can make them, saith he, with such exactness and perfection in all points, that Jupiter might have juster cause to complain of them, than he did of *Archimedes* (in *Claudian*) for their presumptuous emulation of his handy-works."

"Among the Moderns, one Cornelius van Drebbel, a Dutchman of Alcmarr, may deserve just admiration. This man lived here in England, and was *Regi Jacobo à Mechanicis* (as one saith) King James his Engineer ; he presented the King with a rare Instrument of perpetual motion, without the means of Steel, Springs, or Weights ; it was made in the form of a Globe, in the hollow whereof were Wheels of Brass moving about, with two pointers on each side thereof, to proportion and shew forth the times of days, moneths, and years, like a perpetual Almanack : it did represent the motions of the heavens, the hours of rising and setting of the Sun, with the Signe that the Moon was in every 24 hours, and what degree the Sun was distant from it ; how many degrees the Sun and Moon are distant from us day and night, what Signe of the Zodiack the Sun was in every moneth ; it had a circumference or ring which being hollow had water in it, representing the Sea, which did rise and fall, as doth the flood, twice in 24 hours, according to the course of the Tides. This *Bezael* was sent for by the Emperour of Germany, who sent him a chain of gold.

"One Janellus Turrianus, a citizen of Cremona, made brazen heavens in imitation of those of *Archimedes*, and far surpassing them for Art, saith *Gaffarellus* in his book of *Curiosities* ; and *Ambrose Morinus* in his description of *Spain*. *Braamus* had a golden Ring given him by one of the Princes of Germany, which being explicated, was a perfect

celestial spear, just of that form we call the millary spear, as we read in his life."

"Janellus before mentioned did recreate Emperour *Charls* the Fifth (when he had re up his Empire, and retired to a monastique Spain) with ingenious and rare devices. At times when the cloth was taken away after he brought upon the board little armed Fig Horfe and Foot, some beating Drums, sounding Trumpets, and others of them ch one another with their Pikes. Sometimes he wooden Sparrows into the Emperours room, that would fly round about, and back so that the Superiour of the Monastery come by accident, suspected him for a Conjuror framed a Mill of Iron that turned itself, o subtle work and smalness, that a Monk easily hide it in his sleeve ; yet would it grinde so much wheat as would abundantly eight persons for their days allowance. Th he who made the Water work, which by Miracle of Art, drew up the River Tagus top of the Mountain of Toledo. All this w from *Famianus Strada's* excellent *Histry Low Country Wars.*"

Chapter III. treats *Of sundry Mechanical and Artificial Motions*, and begins as follows :

"God framed the world by Geometry, may say,) that is, with wonderful Art ; he things in Number, Weight, and Measure. totle calls him, '*The great Engineer of the World*' that tacked this rare Systeme of heaven and together, tacked the Center to the Spehe made the whole Frame to move in a wor order from its first creation to this day."

"As the great world is an *Automaton*, so little world (Man) a sort of self-moving Engine that performs its several motions by certain Springs and Wheels, and Chords that are acted by a secret principle of all motions, to wit, the hea spirits therein contained, and which are from dispersed through the whole frame of the *Mens agitat molem, & parvo se corpore misce.*

"Now it is observed, that the wit of mankind diligent and attentive perusal of the world himself, hath framed sundry useful Mechanical artificial motions, after those patterns, after frame and model of those two primary Automata that God himself made. A Mill was first after the pattern of a man's mouth, as *Seneca* us in his ninth Epistle ; An Organ pipe is pattern from mans weazand, which is in

with the Lungs, and many other Inventions have been hinted unto us from the Organs of mans body, and the actions performed by them. All artificial motions (generally) are performed by Ayr, or by Water, and so all Engins, at least such as move of themselves, are (or may be) divided in *Spiritualia et Aquatica*. Heron of Alexandria writ books *de Spiritibus Machinis*, or wind motions or machins moved with ayr or wind; and Baptista Porta hath some thing *de Pneumaticis experimentis*, or wind-motions, in his fifth book of Natural Magick; and Marinus Merfennus hath written *Phenomena pneumatica*. I will here produce some instances or examples of both kindes, and first of *pneumatic* or wind motions.

"Of this kinde I conceive was that Wooden Dove of Architas, which he made to fly in the Ayr, which was by the means of Ayr pent or inclosed within, which in the motion being something rarified, kept it up aloft, and with some wheels contrived in the concavity thereof, did set it forward; So Aulus Gellius gives us some hint of the contrivance of it, *Ita erat libramenis suspensum, & aurâ spiritûs inclusa, & occulta constitum, &c.* Julius Scaliger understood the feat full well it seems, for he professeth the skill to make the like with a wet finger, as we say. By the same art did *Regiomontanus* make a wooden Eagle to fly from *Norimberg* to meet the Emperour on his way thither; and when it met him, it hovered over his head with a Tonick motion, and then returned along with him the same way that it came. The Iron Fly was the like device, made by the same *Regiomontanus*, which springing from under his hand, would fly round about the room with a humming noise, and then return back under his hand again.

"*Simon Stevinus* a Dutchman, made a Chariot to go with sails, which was as swift almost as the wind that drove it; for it would carry eight or nine persons from *Schieweling* in Holland to Putten in two hours, which was the space of forty miles and upwards.

"*Cœlius Rhodiginus* relates, that the Egyptians had made some Statues of their Gods, both to walk of themselves, and also to utter some words articulately; for their motion, it must be ascribed to some wheels and springs within, like the contrivances of *Dædalus* his Statues, and Vulcan's Tripodes: But for their voice or speech, it must be ascribed unto some Ayr forced up through some pipes placed in the heads and mouth of those Statues. So we must conceive of the artificial Lions that roared like the natural ones; and the artificial Birds that imitated the voices and tunes of real Birds, which *Luit-Prandus* saw at Constan-

tinople in the Emperours palace, when he was sent thither upon an Embassie from *Berengarius* King of the Lombards, *Anno Dom. 950*, as the said *Luit-Prandus* relates in the sixth book of his History. Such was that Statue of *Albertus Magnus* which spake to *Tho. Aquinas*, and that brazen head of *Roger Bacon* a Carmelite Friar of Oxford, and perhaps that Image that Sir Richard Baker saith was made by Necromancy in the time of Richard the Second, and not long before the Parliament that wrought Wonders, as Histories speak; which Image uttered at an hour appointed these words, *The head shall be cut off, the head shall be lift aloft, the feet shall be lift up above the head;* Sir Richard Baker in the life of Rich. 2."

(To be continued.)

THE

Similitudes of Demophilus;

OR,

THE REMEDY OF LIFE.

Translated by William Bridgman.

1. FLATTERY is like painted armor, because it affords delight, but is of no use.
2. Learning is similar to a golden crown, for it is both honorable and advantageous.
3. Flighty men, like empty vessels, are easily laid hold of by the ears.
4. Life, like a musical instrument, being harmonized by remission and intention, becomes more agreeable.
5. Reason, like a good potter, introduces a beautiful form to the soul.
6. The intellect of wise men, like gold, possesses the greatest weight.
7. Boasting, like gilt armor, is not the same within as without.
8. Reason has the same power as an ointment; for it benefits us when we are disordered, but delights us when well.
9. Of a bad man, as of a bad dog, the silence is more to be dreaded than the voice.
10. It is neither becoming to prefer a mistress to a wife, nor flattery to a friend.

11. Garrulous men, like magpies, by their continued loquacity destroy the pleasures of conversation.

12. The Furies pursue the sins of bad men who are impious; and those also of the stupid and daring, when they grow old.

13. It is necessary that a well-educated man should depart from life elegantly, as from a banquet.

14. A port is a place of rest to a ship; but friendship, to life.

15. The reproof of a father is a pleasant medicine, for it is more advantageous than severe chastisements.

16. It is necessary that a worthy man, like a good wrestler, should oppose his weight to fortune, when acting the part of an antagonist.

17. The possession of self-sufficiency, like a short and pleasant road, has much grace and but little labor.

18. Restive horses are led by the bridle, but irritable minds by reasoning.

19. Jest, like salt, should be used sparingly.

20. Both a well-adapted shoe and a well-harmonized life are accompanied with but little pain.

21. Garments reaching to the feet, impede the body; and immoderate riches, the soul.

22. To those who run in the stadium, the reward of victory is in the end of the race; but to those who delight to labor in wisdom, the reward is in old age.

23. It is necessary that he who hastens to behold virtue as his country, should pass by pleasures, as he would the Sirens.

24. As those who sail in fair weather are wont to have things prepared against a storm, so also those who are wise in prosperity should prepare things necessary for their assistance against adversity.

25. Garments that are made clean and bright, become soiled again by use; but the soul, being once purified from ignorance, remains splendid forever.

26. Fugitive slaves, although they are not pursued, are affrighted; but the unwise suffer perturbation, although they have not yet acted badly.

27. The wealth of the avaricious, like the sun when it has descended under the earth, delights no living thing.

28. The fruits of the earth spring up once a year, but the fruits of friendship at all times.

29. It is the business of a musician to harmonize every instrument; but of a well-educated man to adapt himself harmoniously to every fortune.

30. Neither the blows of a sick man, nor the threats of a stupid one, are to be feared.

31. It is necessary to provide an inward garment for the protection of the breast, and intellect as a protection against pain.

32. The diet of the sick, and the soul of the unwise, are full of fastidiousness.

33. Untaught boys confound letters; but uneducated men, things.

34. The intellect derived from philosophy is similar to a charioteer; for it is present with our desires, and always conducts them to the beautiful.

35. Time, indeed, will render the herb absinthium sweeter than honey; but circumstances may sometimes make an enemy preferable to a friend.

36. A good pilot sometimes suffers shipwreck, and a worthy man is sometimes unfortunate.

37. Thunder especially frightens children; but threats, the unwise.

38. Figure adorns a statue, but actions adorn a man.

39. It is the same thing to drink a deadly medicine from a golden cup, and to receive counsel from an injudicious friend.

40. Swallows signify fair weather; but the discourses of philosophy, exemption from pain.

41. Orphan children have not so much need of guardians as stupid men.

42. Fortune is like a depraved rewarder of contests, for she frequently crowns him who accomplishes nothing.

43. There is need of a pilot and a wind for a prosperous navigation; but of reasoning and fortune to effect a happy life.

44. A timid man bears armor against himself; and a fool employs riches for the same purpose.

45. It is the same thing to moor a boat by an infirm anchor, and to place hope in a depraved mind.

46. Clouds frequently obscure the sun; but the passions, the reasoning power.

47. Neither does a golden bed benefit a sick man, nor splendid fortune a stupid man.

48. Pure water dissolves inflammation; but mild discourse dissolves anger.

49. Austere wine is not adapted for copious drinking, nor rustic manners for conversation.

50. The anger of an ape, and the threats of a flatterer, are to be alike regarded.

51. Of life, the first part is childhood, on which account all men are attentive to it, as to the first part of a drama.

52. It is necessary that we should be cautious in our writings, but splendid in our actions.

53. As in plants, so also in youth, the first blossoms indicate the fruit of virtue.

54. In banquets, he who is not intoxicated with wine is the more pleasant; but in prosperity, he who does not conduct himself illegally.

55. It is the same thing to nourish a serpent, and to benefit a depraved man; for gratitude is produced from neither.

56. It is rare to suffer shipwreck in fair weather, and equally so not to suffer shipwreck from want of counsel.

57. Wind inflates empty bladders; but false opinions puff up stupid men.

58. It is necessary that he who exercises himself should avoid fatigue; and he who is prosperous, envy.

59. "Measure is most excellent," says one of the wise men; to which also we being in like manner persuaded, O most friendly and pious Asclepiades, here finish the curations of life.

Feathers' Tavern Petition.

THE Feathers' Tavern Petition, about which H. E. S. inquires (No. V., p. 118), is, in some respects a remarkable document, and worthy of a place in your pages, devoted as they are to every thing that can throw

light upon the history of the human mind and the advancement of knowledge. The *Edinburgh Review* for 1853, in an article on *Church Parties*, says:

"In the last century, the comprehensive Christianity of Tillotson and Burnet degenerated into the worldliness of the Sadducean Hoadly. And the unbelieving petitioners of the Feathers' Tavern represented the opinions of many hundreds of their brethren whose scepticism was manifested, not by public protests, but by silent neglect of their duties and selfish devotion to their interests. . . .

"In 1772, two hundred and fifty clergymen presented this Feathers' Tavern Petition to Parliament. Its prayer was that the petitioners might be 'relieved' from subscription to the thirty-nine Articles, 'and restored to their rights' as Protestants, of interpreting Scripture for themselves, without being bound by any human explications thereof. . . . The whole Petition . . . is the most *naïve* avowal of dishonesty on record, and leaves the modern advocates of a 'non-natural sense' far behind. Paley, in the pamphlet which he published in defence of these Petitioners, acknowledges that they continue in the Church 'without being able to reconcile to their belief every proposition imposed upon them by subscription,' and speaks of them as 'impatient under the yoke.' (Paley's collected *Works*, p. 362.) This pamphlet was published anonymously at the time; and it is said that when Paley was himself urged to sign the Petition, on the ground that he was bound in conscience to do so, he replied that he 'was too poor to keep a conscience.'"

In the Catalogue of Dr. Samuel Parr's Library (p. 610), there may be found the titles of some thirty pamphlets in which this movement either originated or to which it gave rise; and in a note to Dr. Powell's "celebrated" *Sermon in Defence of Sub-*

scriptions (p. 611), Parr says: "Powell's Sermon stirred up the dispute. Mr. Wolaston, Vicar of Chislehurst; Porteus, then Rector of Lambeth, afterwards Bishop of London; and York, then Dean of Lincoln, afterwards Bishop of Ely; waited upon Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, to obtain his support for a Review of the Thirty-nine Articles, and a reform of the Church Service on Dr. Clarke's plan. They failed; but Porteus, many years after, attacked the Socinians in a pamphlet without his name, which I have not, and which was lent to me by the late worthy and learned Dr. Matthew Raine, of the Charter-house. I smiled at the conversion of Porteus when he wore a mitre."

Porson used to call Bishop Porteus "Bishop Proteus" (as one who had changed his opinions from liberal to illiberal).—*Dyce's Porsoniana*, p. 321.

Dr. Parr (*Catalogue*, p. 672), after applying to Paley the epithets of "*the vain, the inconsistent*, the . . . , the selfish, the acute, the witty," adds: "I never thought Paley an honest man. He could not afford, forsooth, to have a conscience, and he had none. He had great sagacity, wit, and science, and some good humour."

Dr. Maltby, Bishop of Durham, once invited Porson to meet Paley at dinner. Paley arrived first. When Porson (who had never before seen him) came into the room, he seated himself in an arm-chair, and looking very hard at Paley, said, "I am entitled to this chair, being president of a society for the discovery of truth, of which I happen at present to be the only member."—*Dyce's Porsoniana*, p. 304.

The Petition.

"TO THE HONOURABLE THE COMMONS OF GREAT BRITAIN, IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED. THE HUMBLE PETITION OF CERTAIN OF THE CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF

ENGLAND, AND OF CERTAIN OF THE PROFESSIONS OF CIVIL LAW AND OTHERS, WHOSE NAMES ARE SUBSCRIBED.

"SHEWETH,

"That your petitioners apprehend themselves to have certain rights and liberties which they hold of God only, and which are subject to his authority alone; of this kind is the free exercise of reason and judgment, whereby men have been brought to, and confirmed in the Christian religion, as contained in the Holy Scriptures.

"We esteem it a great blessing to live under a constitution, which, in its original principles, ensures to them the full enjoyment of their faith, having a full authority and sufficiency of Holy Scriptures in—'All things necessary to salvation that whatsoever is not read therein may be proved thereby, is not to be taken out of any man that it should be believed contrary to an article of the faith, or be thought of as necessary to salvation.' Your petitioners do conceive that they have a natural right, and are also warranted by the original principles of the reform of Popery, on which the Church of England is constituted, to judge in the Scriptures each man for himself, and that no man may be proved thereby.

"Your petitioners find themselves, however, in a situation which precludes the enjoyment of certain valuable privileges by the laws relating to the subscription; whereby your petitioners are required to acknowledge certain professions of faith and doctrine, by fallible men, be all and every of them agreeable to the said Scriptures.

"Your petitioners therefore pray, that they may be relieved from such an imposition, and be restored to their natural right as Protestants of interpreting the Scriptures for themselves, without being bound by any human explications thereto."

quired to acknowledge, by subscription or declaration, the truth of any formulary of religious faith and doctrine whatsoever, beside Holy Scripture itself.

“That your petitioners not only are themselves aggrieved by subscription, as now required, (which they cannot but consider as an encroachment on their rights, competent to them both as men and as members of a Protestant establishment) but with much grief and concern apprehend it to be a great hindrance to the spreading of Christ’s true religion: As it tends to preclude, at least to discourage, further inquiry into the true sense of Scripture, to divide Communions, and cause mutual dislike between fellow Protestants: as it gives a handle to unbelievers to reproach and vilify the clergy, by representing them (when they observe their diversity of opinion touching those very articles which were agreed upon for the sake of avoiding the diversities of opinion,) as guilty of prevarication, and of accommodating their faith to lucrative views or political considerations: As it affords to Papists, and others disaffected to our religious establishment, occasion to reflect upon it as inconsistently framed, admitting and authorizing doubtful and precarious doctrines, at the same time that Holy Scripture alone is acknowledged to be certain, and sufficient for salvation: As it tends (and the evil daily increases) unhappily to divide the clergy of the establishment themselves, subjecting one part thereof, who assert their Protestant privilege to question every human doctrine, and bring it to the test of Scripture, to be reviled as well from the pulpit as the press, by another part, who seem to judge the articles they have subscribed to be of equal authority with the Holy Scripture itself: And lastly, As it occasions scruples and embarrassments of conscience to thoughtful and worthy persons in regard to entrance into the ministry, or cheerful continuance in the exercise of it.

“That the clerical part of your petitioners upon whom it is peculiarly incumbent, and who are more immediately appointed by the state to maintain and defend the truth as it is in Jesus, do find themselves under great restraint in their endeavours herein, by being obliged to join issue with the adversaries of revelation, in supposing the one true sense of Scripture to be expressed in the present established system of faith, or else to incur the reproach of having departed from their subscriptions, the suspicion of insincerity, and the repute of being ill affected to the Church; whereby their comfort and usefulness among their respective flocks, as well as their success against the adversaries of our common Christianity, are greatly obstructed.

“That such of your petitioners as have been educated with a view to the several professions of Civil Law and Physic, cannot but think it a great hardship to be obliged (as are all in one of the Universities, even at their first admission or matriculation, and at an age so immature for disquisitions and decisions of such moment) to subscribe their unfeigned assent to a variety of theological propositions, concerning which their private opinions can be of no consequence to the public, in order to entitle them to academical degrees in those faculties; more especially as the course of their studies, and attention to their practice respectively, afford them neither the means nor the leisure to examine whether and how far such propositions do agree with the word of God.

“That certain of your petitioners have reason to lament, not only their own, but the too probable misfortune of their sons, who at an age before the habit of reflection can be formed, or their judgment matured, must, if the present mode of subscription remains, be irrecoverably bound down in points of the highest consequence, to tenets of ages less informed than their own.

“That, whereas the first of the three

articles, enjoined by the 36th canon of the Church of England to be subscribed, contains a recognition of his majesty's supremacy in all causes ecclesiastical and civil, your petitioners humbly presume, that every security, proposed by subscription to the said article, is fully and effectually provided for by the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, prescribed to be taken by every Deacon and Priest at their ordination, and by every Graduate in both Universities. Your petitioners, nevertheless, are ready and willing to give any farther testimony which may be thought expedient, of their affection for his majesty's person and government, of their attachment and dutiful submission in church and state, of their abhorrence of the unchristian spirit of Popery, and of all those maxims of the Church of Rome, which tend to enslave the consciences, or to undermine the civil or religious liberty, of a free Protestant people.

"Your petitioners, in consideration of the premises, do now humbly supplicate this Honourable House in hope of being relieved from an obligation so incongruous with the right of private judgment, so pregnant with danger to true religion, and so productive of distress to many pious and conscientious men, and useful subjects of the state; and in that hope look up for redress, and humbly submit their cause under God, to the wisdom and justice of a British Parliament, and the piety of a Protestant King."

Sir William Meredith moved to bring up the above Petition; but Sir Roger Newdigate objected to the receiving of it, as it came from persons who had done that which they represented to be wrong, and which they wanted to undo. Lord John Cavendish wished the Petition to be brought up, and examined with temper. Lord North objected to it, as tending to revive the flames of ecclesiastical controversy; and

wished never in that house to proceed the discussion of orthodoxy. On a division it was rejected, yeas seventy-one, nays hundred and seventeen.

I can discover nothing in the Petition, which warrants the severe strictures of the *Edinburgh Review*, charging the petitioners with skepticism and dishonesty; on the other hand, every sentence exhibits the piety and sincerity.

The objection of Sir Roger Newdigate to receiving the Petition, is fraught with folly and wickedness, and would forever preclude all reformation, and compel those who have been led into error to persist in it, however strong their wish to abandon it.

c.

Sale of Zelotes Gosmer's Library.

(Continued from No. V., p. 109.)

679 MILL (HUMPHREY). Poems, occasioned by a Melancholy Vision, upon Divers Theames, enlarged, which by severall Arguments ensuing is showed. *First edition. Engraved title by Droeshout.* Sm. 8vo, cf. Lond., 1639. \$7.00

[Rodd.]

688 MILTON (JOHN). The Poetical Works, with the Principal Notes of Various Commentators, to which are added Illustrations, with some Account of the Life of Milton, by the Rev. H. J. Todd. *Portrait. Large paper,* 6 vols. royal 8vo, cf., gilt backs and edges, by Hering. Lond., 1801. \$48.00

[Humphry.]

689 ———: The Prose Works, with a Life of the Author, interspersed with Translations and Critical Remarks by Charles Symmons, D. D. *Large paper.* 7 vols. royal 8vo, calf, gilt, by Hering. *Uniform with the poetical works.* London, 1806. \$56.00

[Humphry.]

—: Paradise Lost, a Poem in Books. *First edition.* Small 4to. *Printed by S. Simmons for T. ler.* Lond., 1669. \$21.00

[Ryder.]

—: Paradise Lost, in Twelve s. *Second edition,* revised and augmented by the same Author. *Portrait Dolle.* Small 8vo, moroc. gilt, by *ke & Bedford.* London, 1674. \$10.50

[Grifwold.]

—: Paradise Lost, in Twelve s, revised and augmented by the Author. *Portrait by Dolle.* *Third m.* 8vo, moroc. gilt, by Clarke & ord. Lond., 1678. \$7.50

[Grifwold.]

—: Ninth edition. *Portrait, other engravings; original binding.* o. Tonson, Lond., 1711. \$5.25

[Ryder.]

—: Paradise Regained, in IV. s, to which is added Samson Agonist. *First edition.* 8vo, cf. Lond., \$11.00

[Ryder.]

—: Paradise Regained, in IV. s, to which is added Samson Agonist. *Second edition.* 8vo, turkey mor. Lond., 1680. \$8.00

[Grifwold.]

—: Poems. *First edition.* Both ish and Latin, small 8vo, cf. Lond., 1645. \$19.00

[Grifwold.]

—: Poems, etc., upon Several sions, with a Small Tractate of Edon to Mr. Hartlib. *Second edition.* cf. Lond., 1673. \$4.00

[Richardson.]

INOT (LAWRENCE). Poems, written 52, with Introductory Dissertations,

Notes, and Glossary, by Joseph Ritson. 12mo, cloth. Lond., 1825. \$5.00

[Ryder.]

724 *Mirroir for Magistrates*, wherein may bee scene by Examples passed in this Realme, with how Greivous Plagues, Vices are Punished in Great Princes and Magistrates; by John Higgins, Thomas Blennerhassett, William Baldwin, and others, and Richard Nicols. Collated, with Various Editions, and Historical Notes, Introduction, etc., by Joseph Haleswood. 3 vols. 4to, russia. London, 1815. \$18.75

[Ryder.]

725 *Missale Romanum.* Manuscript of the Thirteenth Century, on Vellum. *Gothic letter. Four finely-painted miniatures, illuminated capitals, floral borders, etc.* Small 4to, turk. mor. gilt. Circa, 1300. \$23.00

[Waterston.]

728 MONTAIGNE (MICHAEL DE). *Essays*, translated into English, with Amendments and Improvements from the most accurate French edition of Peter Coste. *Portrait.* 3 vols, royal 8vo, large paper, mor. gilt. Lond., 1811. \$19.50

[Humphry.]

731 MORE (SIR THOMAS). *The Works of Sir Thomas More, Knyght, sometime Lorde Chauncellour of England*, written by him in the Englysshe Tongue. *Black letter.* Folio, mor. antique, tooled sides and edges. *Imprinted at the costs and charges of John Cawood, John Waly, and Richard Tottell.* London, 1557. \$84.00

[Fowle.]

736 *Musarum Deliciæ, or The Muses' Recreations*, by Sir J. M., and J. S. Wit Restored, in Several Select Poems; and Wit's Recreations, with Memoirs of Sir J. Mennes and James Smith, and Preface

- (by E. Dubois). 2 vols. 8vo, cf., bound by Nolt, reprinted from the editions of 1640-56-58. Lond., 1817. \$14.00 [Denny.]
- 741 NASH (THOMAS). Haue VVith You to Saffron-VValden, or Gabriell Haruey's Hunt is Vp, etc. Small 4to, mor. gilt. Bound by Faulkner. Lond., 1596. \$17.25 [Grifwold.]
- 748 NEWCASTLE (MARGARET, *Duchefs of*). Plays, never before printed. Written by that thrice Noble, Illustrious and Excellent Princeffe, the Duchefs of Newcastle. *Finely-engraved frontispiece, with portrait by Van Schuppen.* Folio, red moroc., gilt edges, by Murton. London, 1668. \$14.50 [Guild.]
- 753 NORTHBROOKE (JOHN). A Treatise, wherein Dicing, Dauncing, Vaine Playes, or Enterludes, with other idle Pastimes, commonly used on the Sabbath Day, are reproved by the Authoritie of the Word of God and Auntient Writers. *First edition. Black letter.* 4to, moroc. gilt. Imprinted by H. Bynneman. London, no date. \$14.00 [Taylor.]
- 756 OTTLEY (WILLIAM Y.) Inquiry into the Origin and Early History of Engraving, upon Copper and on Wood, with an Account of Engravers and their Works, from the Invention of Chalcography by Maso Finiguerra to the Time of Marc Antonio Raimondi. *With illustrative specimens.* 2 vols. 4to, hf. cf. Lond., 1816. \$31.00 [Humphry.]
- 758 OVIDIUS (P. N.) All Ovid's Elegies, three Bookes by C. M. (Marlowe), Epigrams by J. D. (Sir John Davis). 12mo, red mor. At Middlebovrgh, circa 1596. \$13.00 [Fowle.]
- 759 ———: De Arte Amandi, or Art of Love. 12mo, mor. gilt. No 2. \$2. [Grifwold.]
- 763 PAINTER (WILLIAM). The Palace of Pleasure, Beautified and Adorned, well Furnished with Pleasant Histories and Excellent Novels. Chosen and lected out of Divers Good and Comendable Authors, Edited by Jos. Haslewood, from the Edition of 152 vols. in 3 vols. 4to, vellum, gilt. London, 1813. \$37. [Humphry.]
- 765 PARADYSE OF DAYNTIE DEVICES, as furnished with Sundrie Pithie and leaved Inventions; devised and written: the most part, by Mr. Edwards, son times of his Majesties Chappel; the rest by sundry learned Gentlemen both honour and Woorshippe. 4to, hf. mor. gilt. Lond., 1576. \$7. [Humphry.]
- The above is a transcript from the original edit by J. Rodd, father of the late Thomas Rodd, is most beautifully written.*
- Of this work, notwithstanding its extreme rare there were no less than eight editions, of which the following is an account:*
- The first, in 1576; the second, in 1577; the third in 1578; the fourth, in 1580; the fifth, in 1581; the next (supposed), in 1592; the seventh, 1596; and the eighth, in 1600. Of all the BELLOE speaks of only six copies as known to him, none of them being in the British Museum. Says further, that he never saw a copy in print the one in MANUSCRIPT, from which his copy are made, being "lent me by Mr. Douce."*
- 766 PARK (THOMAS). Heliconia, comprising a Selection of English Poetry of Elizabethan Age, written or published between 1575 and 1604. 3 vols. Lond., 1815. \$2. [Humphry.]

Adversaria.

XXII.

ing paragraph of Brown's admission *on the Relation of Cause and* perhaps the most valuable one contains (fourth edition, p. 461): "of constant and quick analysis complex word which we use, or at least, is, in effect, to borrow the phrase which has been applied in general, like the acquisition by *a new organ*. The general language are thus made to answer useful purposes for which they are used; that of conciseness in our reflections and in our communications, and that of an artificial suggestion to us by association the things comprehended in them. To be completely under our command of the daily nomenclature which however slightly such a power is limited by superficial thinkers, is indeed to have a dominion of no kind: for it would be to have the that which subjects in some degree most philosophic understanding enslave and fetters, with its prejudices, the less discriminating of our race."

XXIII.

ever-memorable" John Hales, in the case of Archbishop Laud, in defence of *Schism*, speaks thus of himself: "they be errors which I have committed (as perchance they are), yet I have no part in them, and they are the sins of unfortunate *Inquiry*. Gaius, a physician, speaks thus of himself: "not how, even from my youth in a disorderly manner, whether by dissipation, or by fury and possession, as you may please to style it, I have contemned the opinion of the

many; but Truth and Knowledge I have above measure affected: verily persuading myself that a fairer, more divine fortune could never befall a man." Some title, some claim I may justly lay to the words of this excellent person; for the pursuit of *truth* hath been my only care, ever since I first understood the meaning of the word. For this, I have forsaken all hopes, all friends, all desires which might bias me, and hinder me from driving right at what I aimed. For this I have spent my money, my means, my youth, my age, and all I have; that I might remove from myself that censure of *Tertullian*—*Suo vitio quis quid ignorat*. If, with all this cost and pains, my purchase is but error; I may safely say, to err has cost me more, than it hath many to find the *truth*: and *truth* itself shall give me this testimony at last, that if I have missed of her, it is not my fault, but my misfortune."

XXIV.

Milton's *History of England* was printed in 1670, but not in the terms in which he wrote it; for the licensers struck out several passages, in which he related the superstition, pride, and artifices of those ecclesiastics who lived under the Saxon kings: the licensers imagining that the clergy under Charles II. were struck at through their sides.

Sir Robert Howard being told, that he was accused of having scourged, in his *History of Religion*, the English clergy on the backs of the heathen and popish priests, he answered maliciously and craftily, "What business had they there?"

XXV.

CARLYLE'S CLOTHES-PHILOSOPHY.

Pope Julius III. was found one day by two cardinals in the court of his palace, walking only in his drawers, having thrown off his clothes because of the heat. He obliged them to do the same, and then

asked what the people would say of them, should they go and show themselves in the Field of Flora and the streets of Rome. "They would take us," said they, "for so many rascals, and so throw stones at us."—"We, therefore," says he, "are obliged to our clothes, for preventing our being looked upon as rascals; are we not, therefore, prodigiously obliged to our clothes?"

XXVI.

Antisthenes, to make the Athenians sensible of the abuses that were committed in bestowing public employments, advised them to order that their asses should be made to plough no less than their horses: it was answered that the beast in question was not formed for ploughing. "No matter for that," replied he, "all depends on your decree; for the most ignorant and most unqualified persons, on whom you bestow the command in your wars, become nevertheless instantly extremely worthy of them, because they are employed by you!"

XXVII.

"Study philosophy," said Crates, "until you can look upon the leader of an army as the leader of a herd of asses."

XXVIII.

The first church dedicated to St. Paul in England, was originally a pagan temple, built to the honor of Diana; and the chief mosque now in Constantinople was a Christian church consecrated to St. Sophia.

XXIX.

Hadrian Beverland appears to have been a curious collector of *Facetiae*. We are told by Birch, in the *General Dictionary*, that having satirized the magistrates and ministers of Leyden, in his *Vox Clamantis in Deserto*, he thought it prudent to go over to England, where Dr. Isaac Vossius procured him a pension upon the ecclesiastical revenues, which pension was attended

with an inspection over several churches. This was an employment not very suitable, perhaps, to a man of Beverland's character; but Vossius was not extremely scrupulous in these respects. Though the income of our author was not very considerable, yet he spent the greatest part of it in purchasing scarce and uncommon books, especially those remarkable for their looseness and impiety, obscene designs and pictures, medals, strange shells, and other productions of the sea.

XXX.

Cicero's *Cotta* may be considered a fair type of ecclesiastical free-thinkers, instances of which are to be found in all religions. Cardinal Bembo being informed that Sadoleto was about writing an explanation of the Epistle to the Romans, said to him, "Leave off these fooleries; they ill become a man of gravity." He advised another friend not to read the Epistles of St. Paul, for fear of spoiling his style."

Melancthon wrote him a letter in recommendation of George Sabinus, who was travelling in Italy. The Cardinal made great account of that recommendation, and was very civil to Sabinus, and invited him to dine with him. In the time of dinner he asked him a great many questions, and particularly these three: *What salary Melancthon had? What number of hearers? And what was his opinion concerning a future state and the resurrection?* To the first question Sabinus replied, that Melancthon's salary was not above three hundred florins a year. Upon hearing which, the Cardinal cried out, "Ungrateful Germany, to purchase at so low a price, so many toils of so great a man!" The answer to the second question was, that Melancthon had usually fifteen hundred hearers. "I cannot believe it," replied the Cardinal. "I do not know of an University in Europe, except that at Paris, in

professor has so many scholars." (Melancthon had frequently a hundred hearers.) To the third abinus replied, that Melancthon's was a full proof of his belief in those things. "I should have a better opinion," replied the Cardinal, "if he believe them at all."—(*Hist. and*)

told by Dean Swift, in his *Vincent Lord Carteret*, that "Cardinal after having spoken for an hour, to the satisfaction of all his hearers, to prove the existence of God, told some of his intimates he could have spoken another hour as better, to prove the contrary." Himself was a very eminent instance of a thinking priest. To say nothing of the *sale of a Tub*, the following extract from a letter to Pope, September 29, 1735, is pretty conclusively the estimate which he held his own profession: "I ever hated all nations, professions, and unities, and all my love is toward the Jews; for instance I hate the tribe of Judah but I love counsellor such-a-one: the French physicians, (I will say nothing of the English trade,) soldiers English, Scotch, and the rest." His friend the Bishop of Cashel appears to have been a disciple. In a letter to the Dean, 1735, he says: "Sir James Ware has a very useful collection of the actions of all my predecessors. As they were born in such a town in England or Ireland; were consecrated at such a place, and if not translated were buried in such a cathedral church, either on the north or South side. Whence I conclude that a good bishop has nothing more to do but to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and set a laudable example I propose for the younger of my life to follow; for to be the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery,

baseness, and ingratitude among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to so perverse a generation." But as to Swift's real sentiments, his *Day of Judgment* seems to set the question at rest:

"With a whirl of thought oppressed,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seized my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove armed with terrors bursts the skies,
And thunder roars and lightning flies!
Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove nodding, shook the heavens, and said,
'Offending race of human kind,
By Nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through frailty stepp'd aside,
And you who never fell from pride;
You who in different sects were sham'd,
And come to see each other damn'd,
(So some folks told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you;)—
The World's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
—I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're bit!"

XXXI.

USE OF TRANSLATIONS.

Men of learning, like Le Clerc and Porson, make use of translations, and candidly acknowledge their value: they are used still more by pedants and pretenders, who speak of them with contempt.

"A good translation is as useful as a commentary, and nobody needs be more ashamed to consult it, than consult some notes. If the translator was a learned man, it is to be presumed that he took more pains to explain his author, than one can often take by reading him, and certainly he deserves to be taken notice of. Menage says, in the *Menagiana*, that though he had studied Greek for a long time, he could not be without a translation; and I think several people would say the same, if they

were as sincere as he was."—*Le Clerc's Parrhiana*.

"Person liked Larcher's translations of Herodotus. . . . He was a great reader of translations, and never wrote a note on any passage of any ancient author without first carefully looking how it had been rendered by different translators."—*Dyce's Papyriana*.

Major Andre and Voss the Poet.

MAJOR ANDRE had a cousin, Mr. John André, residing at Offenbach, near Frankfurt-on-the-Main, whom he visited. After he entered the British army, he was employed by the ministry to conduct a corps of Hessians from Hesse-Cassel. When in Germany, he formed an intimacy with Voss the poet. The following memorials of their friendship are taken from the *German Museum, or Monthly Repository of the Literature of Germany* (3 vols. 8vo, London, 1800-1), vol. ii. p. 13. The editor observes:

"The ode which the German poet composed on him, proves the excellency of his character. How well he could express his own feelings, the following poem, which he wrote at Hanau, and presented to Voss, at parting, will shew."

PARTING.

13 JUNE, 1773.

The Boat was trimm'd, the tilt outspread,
The main shone silver bright,
And on the fatal moment sped,
That tore her from my sight.

The gay umbrella caught the sun,
To shade the friendly train,
The pensive maids mov'd slowly on,
And told their parting pain.

And did a thought of me then rise,
And help to urge the tear?
And in those drops that grac'd thine eyes
Had André too a share?

Ah! well thou mightst have design'd to ~~Boat~~
One pleasure drop for me,
Full oft the other tribute flows,
Belov'd maid to thee!

Far on the winding beach I stood
And watch'd the parting band;
I saw her trosted to the flood,
I saw her waive her hand.

Ah! may'st thou be kind Heaven's care!
My throbbing heart did say,
And gentle flow the waves, that bear
My lovely maid away!

Yet can that wave then prosperous prove
That tears from my heart
A maid whose presence and whole love
Alone could bliss impart?

And now the boatmen ply'd the oar,
And swift they floated on;
The less'ning vessel fled the shore,
For me she's ever gone.

I urg'd the land in frenzied mood,
To follow with the tide;
And as the land more backward stood,
The river's course I chide.

Each passion in my bosom mix'd,
And all my soul provok'd;
My heart beat high, my eye was fix'd,
And utterance was chok'd.

Despairing, staggering from the strand,
I sought this silent grove,
Where these sad lines my fault'ring hand
Have pencil'd into love. J. ANDRE.

VOSS TO JOHN ANDRE, 1773.

Fern, aus deines gesetzordnenden Albions
Reichem Männergebiet, trug dich das Meer, zu
spöhn,

Ob noch heimisch bey uns ähnliche Tugend sei,
Die der Angel dem Britten gab.

Kehr' izt, André, zurück, Edler deines Volks,
Wo; Willkommen! dir tönt muthiger Jüngling-
Schwarm,

Wo; Willkommen! dir sanft lächelt ein schüch-
terner
Rosenknospiger Mädchenkreib.

Ist die Wonne verraucht eures Wiedersehns?
Dann verkündige du fröhlich den Fröhlichen,
Dass noch heimisch-bey uns ähnliche Tugenden
Die der Angel dem Britten gab.

ligem Recht, unserer Geiße Rät-
t, und den Spruch Obergewalt voll-

sther Trog dunkelte, Licht und Fug-
gnende Freiheit siegt;

und Palaß biedere Treu und Zucht
szigkeit wohnt, und mit gestähltem

rd' und Altar weisere Tapferkeit
genden Kampf sich stellt;

her Kunst, welche zu Menschen-
deutsches Verdienst leuchtete; das

Zahn
sicher und frei, aus der Natur Bezirk,
Religion, vertieft;

iszel und Farb', und in gestimmtem

Genius schaft; das unbelohnt, ver-
iht

Genius altgriechischen Kraftgesang
öfischen Harf' erhebt.

erem Laut sage, wie herzlich hier
den Freund, wie so bethrünt und

e der Zug, und wie zuletzt dein Vofs
armt', und das Antlitz barg.

VOSS.

phical Notice of Works on sonal Beauty of Christ.

urly part of the seventeenth cen-
ular controversy arose among the
cerning the personal beauty and
of CHRIST. Nicolas Rigaltius,
us and erudite friend of Thua-
aac Casaubon, appears to have
erson who first started this curi-
in, in a Dissertation entitled—
ritudine (sic.) Corporis D. N.
ti, auctore Nic. Rigaltio. Ad
Cæciliæ Cyprianæ operum ejus-
ii observationibus recognitorum,
lis, 1649, folio, pp. 235-246.
selected as mottoes for the title-
Dissertation the following pas-

sages: one from Psalms, xlv. v. 2, *Speciosus*
forma præ filiis hominum, (Thou art fair-
er than the children of men;) and the other
from Isaiah, cap. lii. v. 14, *Vidimus eum,*
et non erat in eo species, &c. (His visage
was so marred more than any man, and his
form more than the sons of men.) Of these
prophetic descriptions of the figure and coun-
tenance of our Saviour, Rigaltius asserts that
of Isaiah to be the true one; and he quotes,
as corroborative proof, a great number of
passages from Clement of Alexandria, Ori-
gen, Tertullian, St. Augustin, Irenæus, Epi-
phanus, St. Cyril, &c.; also from the early
opponents of Christianity—Porphyry, Cel-
sus, the Emperor Julian—and concludes
with St. Paul, Philippians, chap. ii. v. 7,
that Christ "made himself of no reputation,
and took upon him the form of a servant,
and was made in the likeness of men."

The Dissertation of Rigaltius was at once
answered by the learned Jesuit, Fr. Vavaf-
seur, who took the ground that Christ was
neither remarkably handsome nor homely,
but was simply what might be called a good-
looking person. Two editions of his work
were published, the titles of which are as
follows:

I. *Fr. Vavassoris, Soc. Jes. De Formâ*
Christi liber. Parisiis, Cramoisy, 1649,
8vo.

II. *Fr. Vavassor, De Formâ Christi dum*
viveret in terris; cum præfatione de facie
Dei, et brevi mantissâ observationum, de-
novo editus à Josuâ Arnodio. Ratofchii,
Wildius, 1666, 8vo.

This Dissertation is also to be found in
the collected works of Vavasseur, published
in Amsterdam, 1709, folio, pp. 317-341.

Another adversary now entered the field
of controversy against Rigaltius, in the per-
son of the Reverend Father Peter Pijartius,
who declared boldly that the beauty of
Christ was most extraordinary and marvel-
lous. His work is divided into fourteen
chapters, and is entitled—

De singulari Christi Jesu D. N. Salvatoris Pulchritudine, assertio, in qua tam Antiquis quam Modernis Scriptoribus illam impugnantibus abundè respondetur. Autore R. P. Petro Pijartio ordinis Minorum Theologo. Parisiis, apud Lud. Boulenger, 1651, 12mo, pp. xiv.-172.

Peter Haberkorn, a zealous Lutheran, and Professor of Theology at Gießen, followed in the wake of Pijartius, and gave to the world his views of this mooted subject in a Treatise of more piety than learning, which has the following title:

Petri Haberkorni Pietatis Mysterium, seu Christologia vel Tractatus de Persona Christi. Giesæ, Hampelius, 1671, 4to.

Justus Gottfried Rabener continued the contest, with much curious learning, in a *Dissertatio de Christi Formâ et Staturâ*, which he published in his *Amœnitates Histor.-Philol.*, &c. Lipsiæ, 1695, 8vo, pp. 365-373.

Ernest Salomo Cyprian, a distinguished Lutheran clergyman of Coburg, contributed his quota, to the discussion in the form of a brief but elaborate *Tractatus*, entitled *De Pulchritudine Corporis Christi prolusio*, which may be found in his *Selecta Programmata*. Coburg, 1708, 8vo, pp. 88-94.

The only work in English we have been able to discover relating to this subject, was written by Thomas Lewis, A. M., author of the well-known *Antiquities of the Hebrew Republick*, 4 vols. 8vo, London, 1724-5. This Treatise is exceedingly scarce, and is not mentioned by Lowndes, or by any English bibliographer whose works have been accessible to us. A brief analysis, however, is given of it in Gibbon's favorite literary journal, the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée des Ouvrages Savans de l'Europe*, for 1735, tome xv. p. 231, from which we extract our notice. The title-page reads thus:

Inquiry into the Shape, the Beauty and Stature of the Person of Christ, and of the Virgin Mary, offered to the Consideration

of the late Converts to Popery. By Thomas Lewis, Master of Arts. London, printed for G. Strahan, 1735, 8vo.

This work is divided into two parts. In the first part, Mr. Lewis examines the reasons of those learned men who contend that Christ was a person of wonderful beauty. In the second part, he undertakes to refute their arguments; and concludes finally with Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Tertullian, &c., that Christ was extremely homely. The traditional belief that Christ was a person of singular beauty, he says, is simply a papal superstition; and whoever wish to see that fact clearly demonstrated, have only to read his book.

Finally, the celebrated Benedictine monk, Dom Augustin Calmet, published his *Dissertation sur la Beauté de Jésus-Christ*, which may be found in the edition of his *Dissertations et Préfaces*, reprinted from his *Commentaire Literale*, at Paris, in 1720, 3 vols. 4to, or in 5 vols. 8vo, tome iii. pp. 327-351. This Dissertation is an excellent and judicious *résumé* of all the various opinions and arguments which have been announced both for and against the beauty of Christ. He reviews with great learning and impartiality all the principal authors (prophets, fathers of the Church, ecclesiastical writers, &c.) who have made any distinct mention of the peculiar personal characteristics of our Saviour; and to this valuable and interesting Dissertation we refer the reader who may desire to pursue the subject further.

Neglected Biography of Booksellers and Book-Collectors.

WILLIAM GARDINER.

UNDER this general head we propose to give occasionally short biographical notices of booksellers, and personal sketches of some of the more characteristic and singular col-

of old books, commonly known as *omaniacs*.

The subject of the present memoir, WILLIAM GARDINER, was for many years a book-keeper in Pall Mall, London, and was remarkable for the great eccentricity of his manners and for his misanthropic character.

His catalogues which he published of his collection of Scarce and Curious Books, a complete set of which are now very scarce—are much sought after by amateur buyers, for the pungent notes in which abound. Gardiner's literary criticisms are distinguished for their merciless ferocity.

The ever-venerable and facetious Thomas Frognall Dibdin, having felt the sting of Gardiner's burning satire, induced him into his *Bibliomania*, in the mild character and under the euphonic name of *Mustapha*. Accumulated misery, bodily and mental, led Gardiner to commit the rash deed of dying by his own hand. He left on his table a memoir of his life, addressed to a friend, with the following letter, which explains some of his views for seeking rashly that "asylum where the weary are at rest."

SIR—I cannot descend to the grave without offering a due sense of the marked kindness with which you have favoured me for some years. My life has set forever—a nearly total decline of business—the failure of my catalogue, a body covered with disease, though unfortunately of such a nature as to make life uncomfortable, without the prospect of its termination, has determined me to seek that asylum 'where the weary are at rest.' My life has been a continual struggle, not indeed against adversity, but against something more gallant and poverty, having now added herself to the mass made life a burthen. Adieu, Sir, and become your sincere and respectful humble servant.

WILLIAM GARDINER.

I beg leave to enclose a specimen of my writing, of which I humbly beg your acceptance. In the principles I have published—a sound

SIR—I present you with a brief memoir of myself.—If you should find it of no other use, it

will at least serve to light your fire. Your sincere and respectful humble servant,

"WILLIAM GARDINER."

The curious memoir of himself, which Gardiner addressed to his friend, is as follows:

"I, WILLIAM GARDINER, was born June 11, 1766, in Dublin. I am the son of John Gardiner, who was *crier* and *fac-totum* to Judge Scott, and of Margaret (Nelson) his wife, a pastry-cook, in Henry-street. At an early age I discovered an *itch* for drawing, the first effort of which was spent in an attempt to immortalise Mr. Kennedy, my mother's foreman; and, vanity apart, it was at least as like to him as it was to any one else. At a proper age I was placed in the academy of Mr. S. Darling; there I was, if I recollect right, esteemed an ordinary boy, yet was I selected, according to annual custom, to represent, on a rostrum, *Cardinal Wolsey*, and *precious work* I dare say I made of it. Before I quit school and Mr. Siffon Darling, let me do him the justice to say, that he was the only *true Whig* schoolmaster I ever heard of. Neither he nor his ushers assumed any power to punish the slightest offence. A book was kept in school, in which the transgressions of every week were registered, with the proofs and evidence to the same. On Saturday the master sat as judge, and twelve of the senior boys as jury, and every offender was regularly tried and dealt with strictly according to justice. There was no *venial* judge, whose *passions* became *law*, there was no packed jury to defeat the ends of truth. If ever there was an immaculate court of justice, that was it. My mother, the best and most pious of all mothers, our sheet anchor, dying, my father attached himself to Sir James Nugent of Donore, county of Westmeath, an amiable and excellent gentleman; into his suite I was received. My father, a strictly honest, and excellently tempered man, like myself, had

neither *ballast* nor *reflection*, consequently, I was at ten years old my master. At that time my talents began to expand, and I then, as I have uniformly through life, found that I could easily make myself a *second-rate* master of any acquirement I chose to pursue. I *rode* tolerably, I *hunted* passably, I *shot* well, I *fished* well, I played on the violin, the dulcimer, and the German flute tolerably, and my fondness for painting strengthened every day, and seemed to promise so fairly, that it was determined to send me to the Royal Academy in Dublin; there I stayed for about three years, and concluded by receiving a silver medal. London! Imperial London! the streets, paved with gold!! struck my fancy. I adventured thither, and, being without practicable talents, I of course wandered about some time without a plan. Chance led me to connect myself with a Mr. Jones in the Strand, who made what he called 'reflecting mirrors,' and cut profile shades in brass foil, which were denominated 'polite remembrances to friends;' my employ was to daub the portraits of any who were fools enough to fit to me. At this employment I got, most justly, neither praise nor profit. Falling in with a Mr. Davis, one of *Foote's* performers, who was endeavouring to establish a theatre at *Mile-end*, I listed as scene-painter and actor, playing generally comedy, occasionally tragedy, and was thought to have some, though I believe very little merit. The magistrates having interfered, the scheme was broken up, and my last theatrical effort was made as *Darby*, in the *Poor Soldier*, in the Haymarket, which they said was not ill done, but acting was to me its own reward, which not suiting the state either of my finances, or my stomach, induced me to serve a Mrs. Beetham, in Fleet street, who had at that time a prodigious run for *black profile shades*; my business was to give them the air of figures in shade, rather

than the blank black masses which were customary. About this time the celebrated antiquarian, Captain Grose, took me up, and observing that I had not talents to make an eminent painter, but that I might succeed as an engraver, he placed me with Mr. Godfrey, the engraver of the 'Antiquarian Repertory.' I served him some time, but, as he was merely an engraver of antiquities, I learned little from him. At my leisure, I had engraved an *original design* (stolen from Cipriani) of 'Shepherd Joe' in 'Poor Vulcan.' Chance led me with this for sale to the newly-opened shop of Messrs. Silvester and Edward Harding, in Fleet-street, and a connection ensued, which lasted through my best days. There I engraved many things of fancy materials; and also as many as time allowed of their Illustrations of Shakespeare—the principal part of the Economy of Human Life—and as many as I could of the Memoirs de Grammont: some of the plates to Lady Diana Beauclerc's edition of Dryden's Fables were entirely my own, and many of those with the name of Bartolozzi affixed were mine. I should have mentioned, that a long time before Bartolozzi was satisfied with my work, and listed me among the number of his pupils. I prepared for him several plates, published by Macklin. I believe I was inferior only to Bartolozzi, Schiavonnette, and Tomkins, of that day, but I never liked the profession of engraving. Gay, volatile, and lively as a lark, the process of the copper never suited me. Under propitious circumstances, my talents would have led me, perhaps as an historical painter, to do something worth remembrance. An unfortunate summons from my father led me to forsake their mansion and return to Dublin, where I only squandered my money and injured my health. Once more in London, I took lodgings in the house of Mr. Good; a stationer, in Bond-street; where as the devil would have

a new-married couple came to live at the back of us; they determined to give a shining entertainment to the Prince of Wales and the nobility, and then retire to masticate on their 'dirty acres.' For this purpose they erected a temporary apartment over their own yard and ours, approaching within half a yard of my window. Bored a hole through their tent to see the sun, staid in the cold a great part of the night, and arose in the morning with an inflamed eye, which has never since recovered its strength, and has been the cause of all my subsequent endeavours to get a living in other lines. By the kindness of the amiable Dr. Farmer, I was admitted to Emanuel College, where I remained two years; but finding that an *Irishman* could not there get a fellowship, I removed to Lenc't, where I got a degree of 5th Senior Optime. When it was considered that for the first two years I had no view of a fellowship, and that for the third year I was obliged to work principally for the 'day that was flying over my head,' I cannot but think I did as much comparatively as any man of my year; but fortune was always a jade to me; and Mr. D'Oyley, chaplain, at present, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, most deservedly succeeded to the next vacant fellowship—yet they kept me five years dangling after a fellowship, and might have provided for me without injuring him. At the dissolution of the partnership between S. and E. Harding, I remained with the latter, and principally employed myself in taking Silvester's place, that of copying portraits from oil to water colours. In this the testimony of the best artists in England are my witnesses that I do not hollow every one else. It was a line which suited me, which I liked, but which my cursed stars would not patronise. After this, all prospects in the church vanishing, and my eyes beginning to fail very fast, I ended bookseller, and for the last 13 years

have struggled in vain to establish myself. The same ill fortune which has followed me through life, has not here forsaken me. I have seen men on every side of me, greatly my inferiors in every respect, towering above me; while the most contemptible amongst them, without education, without a knowledge of their profession, and without an idea, have been received into palaces, and into the bosom of the great, while I have been forsaken and neglected, and my business reduced to nothing. It is, therefore, high time for me to be gone.

"WILLIAM GARDINER."

Miscellaneous Items.

BYRON FILS.

AMONG the multitude of nondescript people who have turned up lately in a military capacity, is a questionable individual who claims to be the son of LORD BYRON, and who was recently noticed in the following manner by a correspondent of *The Evening Post*, under the date of February 11, 1862:

"This war has had the effect of bringing many strange characters into notice who were not before supposed to exist, and of presenting human nature in a novel and often a romantic light. A queer one, calling himself Captain GEORGE GORDON DE LUNA BYRON, who is said and believed by many of his acquaintance—though he does not claim it himself—to be the son of the noble English poet. This captain informs those who question him on the subject that he is a near relative of the author of *Manfred*, but refuses to enter into any particulars respecting the connection. Some of his friends insist upon it that the captain's head, eyes, hair, brow, and nose, bear a striking resemblance to those of his putative father. Byron has been represented as an effeminate Apollo in appearance, though I suppose his pictures are greatly idealized—indeed, two or three, said to have been taken from life, which I have seen, prove that conclusively. If he were half as handsome as he is painted, the captain has deteriorated; but still there is resemblance enough between them to

build belief upon; and those who know the bard's liberal views, and not his liberal practice, in what are sentimentally termed affairs of the heart—perhaps because the heart has very little to do with them—will not wonder that he has a son almost anywhere, even in the army of the United States.

"The captain has a thorough acquaintance with all the details of Byron's life, as well as of Shelley, Keats, Moore, and most of the modern English poets, and relates many interesting anecdotes that have never appeared in print. He declares that Byron, while in Spain, was clandestinely married to a noble lady of the old family of De Luna, and that the product of this marriage was an only son,—the captain himself, though he does not say so. The discovery of this union, through certain letters, by Lady Byron in England, caused the separation, about which so much mystery has ever reigned, between the poet and his second spouse; the true reason for which the proud and injured woman pertinaciously refused to divulge.

"The subject of this sketch went, when a youth, to England, and obtained a position in the British army, and served as major for some time in India. He afterward visited Persia, and filled some official position there; returned to England, and after the breaking out of the rebellion concluded to enlist in the cause of the Union; having inherited the same love for liberty that characterized his distinguished father, and sent him, in the full blossoming of his fame, to die at Missolonghi.

"The captain, who is about forty-five years of age, modest, unassuming, intellectual, and highly cultivated, but rather *bizarre* in manner, began to write the *History of the Byron Family* some years ago; but after completing two large volumes without reaching the poet's grandfather, he suspended his labors for the adoption of an abbreviated account, which is to be given to the world at some future day.

"So much for the captain, his statements, and the belief of his friends. His stories are plausible enough, and may be true, as those who know him believe they are. I give the brief history as I have heard it from various sources, thinking it would not be without interest to many of your readers."

The *Poet's* correspondent does not appear to be correctly informed concerning the literary labors of his hero. It is not as the writer of a *History of the Byron Family* that Byron *lives* is distinguished, but as the compiler of a rather dubious publication, entitled *The Inedited Works of Lord Byron*, now

first published from his Letters, Journals, and other Manuscripts, in the possession of his Son, MAJOR GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

This work was commenced as a serial, and the first number was published October 1, 1849, by G. G. Byron, 257 Broadway, and R. Martin, 46 Ann street, New York. We believe that only two numbers were issued. Number I. now lies before us, and is a neatly-printed octavo pamphlet of forty-eight pages, illustrated with a steel engraving of Thorwaldsen's statue of Byron. A few extracts from the Prospectus and Introduction may perhaps be amusing to the reader, and throw some additional light on the peculiar character of this mysterious "child of love:"

"Placed beyond want by the liberality of a parent, with ample means to gratify my desire of visiting the scenes with which the name of Lord Byron had been associated, at the age of seventeen I commenced my pilgrimage of love and affection. Wherever I chanced to find myself, his spirit seemed to hover around me, and to encourage the zeal with which I collected every relic of his mighty genius, which had escaped the research of those who had gone before. At first I had no other object in view than the gratification of the natural desire of possessing those memorials of my parent. I imagined, perhaps intuitively, that I should one day be enabled to place his character right with posterity. I found many documents which threw fresh light upon the springs of action, which influenced and governed the course of his destiny. I became the more eager in my pursuit. My collection of documents assumed, from its bulk, the appearance of importance. . . .

"I had visited every place on the Continent at which he had been; I had tracked, as it were, his footsteps through the whole sunny South. England was still unexplored by me. It seemed the least likely place to meet with the treasures which I sought. . . .

"Again I crossed the Atlantic, and returned to my adopted home amongst the mountains of Virginia. I arranged the fruits of my travels, and became enamored of my pursuit. A desire to revisit the birth-place of my father, the scenes of his childhood, the home of the Byrons, allowed me no quiet. I could not rest until this desire had been gratified, and on the 13th of January, 1844

James
Comp

found myself an inmate of the 'Susquehanna,' about to sail for England. . . .

"By these means I have been enabled to bring together such an amount of correspondence and unpublished matter, both in prose and verse, that in justice to my father's memory I considered myself called upon to place it before the public."

It will be seen, from these extracts, that "Captain George Gordon de Luna Byron" did formerly claim "to be the son of the noble English poet" whom, according to the *Post's* correspondent, he has now the filial ingratitude to deny. The following "elegant extract" from the "Major's" Prospectus may serve as a choice sample of his graceful style of composition, and also as a fair specimen of his critical appreciation of his illustrious father's genius:

"What Lord Byron said of Pope may with more justice be said of himself: 'He is the Poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. A thousand years will roll away before such another can be hoped for in our Literature: HE HIMSELF IS A LITERATURE.' Throwing aside the trammels of conventional life, in his hatred and disgust at the cant and hypocrisy which sought to annihilate him on account of his youthful irregularities and indiscretions; and relying solely on the vast power of his own mighty genius, he contemned and defied both the World's censure and praise. But for the very fault of his early education, the misfortunes of his youth, and the disappointments which awaited him as he merged into manhood;—but for the natural moodiness of his spirit, and the possession of affections, that longed for something around which to entwine;—but for the want of a mother's love, and the loss of a wife's affections;—but for the combination of evils, which would have prostrated another,—but for all these—the genius of Byron might have slumbered, and been lost to us and to posterity. 'The light that leads astray is the light that shines from Heaven;' and this glorious light, which sheds its effulgence over every page of his writings, will be sought for in vain in the effusions of his most gifted contemporaries. It is this lightning-flash of genius, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, that will cause posterity to speak of the nineteenth century as THE AGE OF BYRON."

"*Fam satis est; ne me Crispini scrinia lippi
Compilasse putes, verbum non amplius addam.*"

HYMN TO THE GUILLOTINE.

THE evidence upon which the *Hymn to the Guillotine* is ascribed to Joel Barlow, is not conclusive. I have seen it attributed to John Thelwall, the noted English reformer. In the new edition of the *Biographie Universelle* (tome iii. p. 108), the following account of Barlow is given: "A son retour en Angleterre, Pitt le signala comme l'un des plus zélés propagandistes et l'agent des jacobins anglais sur le continent. A ce sujet on rapporte qu'après le supplice de Louis XVI., se trouvant à Hambourg dans une réunion d'étrangers imbus, comme lui, de principes révolutionnaires, Barlow s'était amusé à parodier le refrain de la prière anglaise *God save the king*, auquel il en avait substitué un autre appelant sur la tête des rois le glaive des révolutions."

I find the *Hymn* given in *The Balance*, a Federal paper printed at Hudson, New York, edited by Harry Croswell and the Rev. Ezra Sampson, from which the following copy is taken: s.

—
God save the Guillotine,
Till England's King and Queen
Her power shall prove;
Till each anointed knob
Affords a clipping job,
Let no vile halter rob
The Guillotine!

Fame, let thy trumpet sound!
Tell all the world around—
How Capet fell;
And when great George's poll
Shall in the basket roll,
Let mercy then control
The Guillotine.

When all the sceptred crew
Have paid their homage to
The Guillotine—
Let Freedom's flag advance,
Till all the world, like France,
O'er tyrants' graves shall dance,
And peace begin!

Notes and Queries.

CERVANTES AND HIS DON QUIXOTE.

I BELIEVE it is not generally known that Cervantes found his hero Don Quixote ready sketched to his hand, represented as riding about, armed *cap-à-pie*, in quest of adventures, his head having been turned by the perusal of romances, yet such appears to be the case. Some years ago, the writer of this note purchased a small volume entitled *Le Degré pour Amateurs, ou les Nouvelles Visions de Don Quichotte, Histoire Espagnole*. Amsterdam, 1715. 2mè. In the advertisement prefixed to it, the French translator gives the following account of the work:

"Nous en sommes redevables aux Ecrivains Espagnols que je n'ai qu'à fait que traduire, & surtout à l'auteur de l'Histoire de la belle Florinde & du Berger Philidon, avec les Visions de Don Quichotte, dans son Livre intitulé *Historia de la Fidalidad, y la Defensa del Honor*, imprimé à Paris, l'an Mil six cents neuf chez Jean Richer, & connu en la Langue Originale plus d'un siècle avant que Miguel Cervantes, qui a donné le célèbre *Romans de Don Quichotte*, ait été au monde." "We are indebted," says the French translator, "our Spanish writers for the histories contained in this volume, which are merely a translation from their works, and particularly from those of the author of *Historia de la Fidalidad, &c.*, printed at Paris in 1666, for Jean Richer, but known in the *great Spanish Library* & Library before Miguel Cervantes, & is produced in the celebrated *Romans of Don Quichotte*, &c."

Who was the author of the *Historia de la Fidalidad, &c.*, and where may an account of the work be found? W. W.

JONATHAN W. CONDY.

I should be glad to learn any particulars of the author of a pamphlet under the following title: *A Letter to the Rev. John A. Cooper, President of the Presbyterian Synod of the United States, &c., on the Subject of his Attacks upon the Character and Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg*. By Jonathan W. Condy. 8vo, pp. 24. Philadelphia, 1840.

It appears to have been published in numbers; the first containing eight and the second twelve pages, and ending with a promise of continuation. Was it continued? The author seems to have been a man of great learning and ability.

New York.

A SWEDENBORGIAN.

ADDRESS OF CITIZENS OF NEW YORK TO WASHINGTON.

On the 26th of November, 1783, thirteen leading citizens of New York, at the request of a meeting, sent to General Washington an address, congratulating him on the evacuation of that city by the British troops. Can any of your readers inform me whether this address has ever been published in *any* *style*, and where the original document can be found? P.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Delights*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir Edgerston Bridges. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Bridges' as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows:

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each.
100 on large paper, at 4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies. Messrs. Philes & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Delights* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of old English poetry. The next volume in the series will be "ENGLAND'S HERBARIUM."

June, 1862.

The Philobiblion.

Number 7.

Maloniana.

FROM PRIOR'S LIFE OF MALONE.

Dr. WARTON, in his *Essay on Pope*, has mentioned that three of our celebrated poets died singular deaths. He might have added Shenstone to the number. He had a housekeeper who lived with him in the double capacity of maid and mistress; and being offended with her, on some occasion, he went out of his house and sat all night in his post-chaise in much agitation, in consequence of which he caught a cold that eventually caused his death.

Conyers Middleton wrote a Treatise against Prayer, which he showed to Lord Bolingbroke, who dissuaded him from publishing it, as it would set all the clergy against him. On this ground he counselled him to destroy the manuscript, but secretly kept a copy, which is probably still in being.

Gibbon, the historian, is so exceedingly indolent that he never even pares his nails. His servant, while Gibbon is reading, takes up one of his hands, and when he has performed the operation lays it down, and then manages the other—the patient in the meanwhile scarcely knowing what is going on, and quietly pursuing his studies.

The picture of him painted by Sir J. Reynolds, and the prints made from it, are as like the original as it is possible to be. When he was introduced to a blind French lady, the servant happening to stretch out her mistress's hand to lay hold of the historian's cheek, she thought, upon feeling its rounded contour, that some trick was being played upon her with the *sitting* part of a child, and exclaimed, "Fi donc!"

Mr. Gibbon is very replete with anecdotes, and tells them with great happiness and fluency.

Colonel Erskine, Lady Mar's grandson, has a copy of a very curious letter of Lady M. W. Montague's, giving an account of a private society that used to meet about the year 1730 at Lord Hillsborough's in Hanover Square, where each gentleman came masked, and brought with him one lady—either his mistress, or any other man's wife, or perhaps a woman of the town—who was also masked. They were on oath not to divulge names, and continued masked the whole time. There were tables set out for supper, artificial arbours, couches, &c., to which parties retired when they pleased, and called for what refreshment they chose. This institution probably lasted but a short time. The late Captain O'Brien told me

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Who was the author of the *Homicidio de la Fidelidad, &c.*, and where may an account of the work be found? w. w.

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that his father, Sir Edward, was one of the members.

On Mr. Pulteney's complaining to old Lady Townshend that he had been much out of order with a pain in his side, she asked him which was *his side*, for that she never knew he had one. "Oh," said he, "you must at least acknowledge that I have a *nether side*."—"I know nothing about it," replied Lady T. "All the world knows that your wife has one." The allusion was to the well-known anecdote of Pulteney's insisting upon having some papers read in the House of Commons, one of which turned out to be a letter by one of his wife's gallants, concluding with a distich too coarse for quotation here.

The celebrated writer Sterne, after being long the idol of this town, died in a mean lodging without a single friend who felt interest in his fate except Becket, his bookseller, who was the only person that attended his interment. He was buried in a grave-yard near Tyburn, belonging to the parish of Mary-le-bone, and the corpse being marked by some of the *resurrection men*, was taken up soon afterward and carried to the anatomy professor of Cambridge. A gentleman who was present at the dissection told me, he recognized Sterne's face the moment he saw the body.

Mr. Drumgoold, who had resided long at St. Germain, told Mr. Burke that old Grammont, whose Memoirs are so entertaining, was a very cross, unpleasant old fellow. Count Hamilton, who really wrote the book, *invented* several of the anecdotes told in it, and mixed them with such facts as he could pick up from the old man, who was pleased to hear these tales when put into a handsome dress.

March 8, 1789.—Mr. Horace Walpole remembers Lady M. W. Montague perfectly well, having passed a year with her at Florence. He told me this morning that she was not handsome; had a wild, staring eye, was much marked with the small-pox, which she endeavoured to conceal, by filling up the depressions with white paint. She was a great mischief-maker, and had not the smallest regard for truth. Her first gallant after her marriage was Lord Stan, our ambassador at Paris.

Worsdale, the painter, told Mr. Walpole that the first cause of quarrel between her and Pope was her borrowing a pair of sheets from the poet, which, after keeping them a fortnight, were returned to him unwashed!

Soon after her return from Constantinople, she fell in love with a French gentleman who was very fond of her, and to whom she gave her person while she remained in Paris. He followed her into England with about two thousand pounds in his pocket, which, soon after his arrival, she persuaded him to put into her hands to dispose of in the English funds to the best advantage, lest from ignorance of our customs he might be imposed upon. Soon afterwards she assured him her husband had discovered their intrigue, and that he could not stay longer in England without danger to his life. The poor Frenchman in vain begged to have his money; but she said that withdrawing it from the funds would take up too much time, and that he must fly instantly. He fled accordingly, and solicited in vain afterwards to have the money remitted. Lady M. W. Montague had the impudence to disown the whole transaction; and even to write to her sister, Lady Mar, to incite her husband, or Lord Stan, (Lady Mary's old lover;) to punish the Frenchman for defamation.

Avienus and his wife, in Pope's verses, were Wortley Montague and Lady Mary Wortley was also Mr. Wortley.

Lady W. Montague had two children by the Frenchman alluded to, and this amour was the cause of her being separated from her husband.

It is added, in a note: "It is certain, from admissions in her own letters, that a Frenchman, who professed the strongest attachment, and who we must suppose was a previous acquaintance, wrote from France, requesting permission to join her in England. This, after some time, was conceded. He was not, however, to come empty-handed. With his money, or a joint sum, purchases were made in the funds; but disagreement arising, she wished him to quit England, leaving his investment behind. He would not go. She sought the return of her letters from him, which were refused; he even made communications to her husband, which she had ingenuity enough to intercept; and then, it is said, threatened him with personal violence, if not assassination. In return he threatened the publication of her letters. This produced agonies of terror, as evinced in communications to her sister, such as are not known in any of her writings. Exposure would have been ruin, but her good genius prevailed in staying its execution."

Lady W. Montague corresponded with Dr. Young, the poet, who a little before his death destroyed a great number of her letters, assigning as a reason that they were too *indelicat*e for public inspection.

Warburton, about the year 1750 or 1752, being in company with Quin, the player, at Mr. Allen's, near Bath, took several opportunities of being sharp upon him, on the subject of his love of eating and his voluptuous life. However, in the course of the evening, he said he should be obliged to Quin for "a touch of his quality," as he could never again see him on the stage. Quin said that plays were then quite out of his head; however, he believed he re-

membered a few lines of *Pierre*; on which he got up, and looking directly at Mr. Allen, repeated *ore rotunda*:

—"Honest men
Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten."

Warburton gave him no further trouble for the rest of the evening.

Dr. Warton mentioned that Lord Lytton told him that he lived much with Pope [at the time he was writing the *Essay on Man*], and that Pope was then undoubtedly a Free-Thinker, though he afterwards either changed his opinion, or thought it prudent to adopt Warburton's explanation and comment, who saw his meaning as he chose to express himself.

Patty Blount was red-faced, fat, and by no means pretty. Mr. Walpole remembered her walking to Mr. Bethell's in Arlington Street, after Pope's death, with her petticoats tucked up like a sempstress. She was the decided mistress of Pope, yet visited by respectable people.

Mr. [John] Gilbert Cooper was the last of the *benevolists*, or sentimentalists, who were much in vogue between 1750 and 1760, and dealt in *general* admiration of virtue. They were all tenderness in words; their finer feelings evaporated in the moment of expression, for they had no connection with their practice. He was the person whom, when lamenting most piteously that his son then absent might be ill or even dead, Mr. Fitzherbert so grievously disconcerted by saying, in a growling tone, "Can't you take a post chaise, and go and see him?"

Cooper was round and fat. He was, as Mr. Burke who knew him well, told me, a master of French and Italian, well acquaint-

ed with the English poets, and a good classical scholar; but an insufferable coxcomb. Dr. Warton one day, when dining with Johnson and Burke, urged these circumstances in his favour: "He was at least very well-informed and a good scholar."—"Yes," said Johnson, "it cannot be denied that he has good materials for playing the fool; and he makes abundant use of them."

Mr. Soame Jenyns (as Mr. William Gerard Hamilton, who sat for six years at the Board of Trade with him, informed me) had no notion of ratiocination, no rectitude of mind; nor could he be made without much labour to comprehend an argument. If, however, there were any thing weak, or defective, or ridiculous in what another said, he always laid hold of it and played upon it with success. He looked at every thing with a view to pleasantry alone. This being his grand object, and he being no reasoner, his best friends were at a loss to know whether his book upon Christianity was serious or ironical.

He twice endeavoured to speak in the House of Commons, and every one was prepared with a half-grin before he uttered a word; but he failed miserably. He had a most inharmonious voice, and a laugh scarcely human. He laughed all his life at patriotism and public spirit; and supposed all oppression of the people by those in power was merely imaginary. Among other whimsical collections he had forty-seven Petitions or Remonstrances of the City of London, complaining of grievances, *all* of which he said had the same, that is no foundation; for in each it was mentioned that if the measure complained of were pursued, the constitution would be annihilated. He was so great a coward that at an election at Cambridge, he was almost ready to faint at some huzza of the mob lest they should assault him, as his counsel, Mr. Graham, told me.

Mr. Boswell has mentioned in his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, that Johnson once met with an Italian in London who did not know who was the author of the Lord's Prayer. The Italian, whom Mr. Boswell out of tenderness forbore to name, was Baretti. As I walked home with him from Mr. Courtenay's he mentioned the story as told gave an unfair representation of him. The fact he said was this. In a conversation with Dr. Johnson concerning the Lord's Prayer, Baretti observed (profanely enough) that the petition, *lead us not into temptation*, ought rather to be addressed to the tempter of mankind than a benevolent Creator who delighted in the happiness of his creatures. "Pray, sir," said Johnson (who could not bear that any part of our holy religion should be spoken lightly of), "do you know who was the author of the Lord's Prayer?" Baretti (who did not wish to get into any serious dispute, and who appears to be an infidel), by way of putting an end to the conversation, only replied: "Oh, sir, you know by our religion (Roman Catholic), we are not permitted to read the Scriptures. You can't, therefore, expect an answer."

Horace Walpole said he was about twenty-two years old when his father retired; and that he remembered very well his offering one day to read to Lord Orford, finding that time hung heavy on his hands. "What," said Lord Orford, "will you read, child?" Mr. Walpole, considering that his father had been long engaged in public business, proposed to read some history. "No," said Lord Orford, "don't read history to me; that can't be true."

Hume became so distressed on account of the publication of Walpole's *Letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau*, that he requested Walpole to write him a letter,

ving sole authorship in the offensive e, which he did. This acknowledgement was published by D'Alembert in his account of the dispute between Rousseau and Hume. Mr. Walpole complained that Hume had garbled his letter, for began: "Your friends, the literati, have acted like fools, as literati generally do;" this paragraph was suppressed.

Sir William Blackstone, as Sir William Blackstone of the Commons observed to me a few days ago, was extremely irritable. He was the only man, my informant said he had ever known, who acknowledged and owned his bad temper. He was an accomplished man in very various departments of science, with a store of general knowledge. He was particularly fond of architecture, and had written upon that subject. The notes which he gave me on Shakespeare show him to have been a man of excellent taste and accuracy, and a good lawyer. The total sum which he made by his *Commentaries*, including the profits of lectures, the sale of the books while he lived, the copyright in his own hands, and the final sale of the proprietorship to Mr. Dilly, amounted to fourteen thousand pounds. Probably the bookfeller in twenty years from the time of that sale will have ten thousand pounds by his bargain, and the book prove to be an estate to his heirs.

Blackstone made 600*l.* a year by his professorship and lectures, which however he might have left to his wife to relinquish for the chance of succeeding in Westminster Hall. Not having acquired a facility of expression, notwithstanding his law by early practice, he was always an embarrassed advocate. There were more new trials granted in causes which came before him on circuit, than were granted on the decisions of any other judge who sat at Westminster in his time. The reason was, that being ex-

tremely diffident of his opinion, he never supported it with much warmth or pertinacity in the court above, if a new trial was moved for. With the little failings already mentioned, he was one of the finest writers and most profound lawyers that England has produced, considering law merely as a science. He was also a strictly conscientious honest man. In his *Commentaries* he was much indebted to Hall and Wood (particularly the latter) for the method and arrangement he has observed; but the perspicuity, the vigour, the luminous statement, the elegant illustration, and the classical grace by which his *Commentaries* are so eminently distinguished, were all his own.

Humane Industry:

OR, A

History

OF MOST

MANUAL ARTS.

(BY THOMAS POWELL, D.D.)

(Continued from No. VI., p. 123.)

CHAPTER IV. contains some curious and interesting particulars on *The Art and Mystery of Writing, with the Instruments thereunto belonging*, and begins with the following eulogy on the invention of alphabetical writing:

"Among all the Inventions and productions of Humane Wit, there is none more admirable and more useful than Writing, by means whereof a man may copy out & delineate his very thoughts and minde, and make that visible which none can see but he that made it; whereby a man can utter his mind, and signify his pleasure at a thousand miles distance, and this by the help of four and twenty letters, and fewer in some places; by various joyning and combining of which letters, as also by transposing and moving of them to and fro, all words that are utterable or imaginable may be framed; for the several combinations of these

Letters and different ways of joyning them, do amount (as *Clavius* the Jesuite hath taken the pains to compute and observe, *In Sphæra Joh. de Sacrobosco C. I.*) to 5852616738497664000 ways; so that all things that are, or were, or shall be, that can be either uttered or imagined, may be expressed and signified by the help of this marvellous Alphabet, which may be described in the compass of a farthing.

"The Chinese have 40000 letters at least, as *Purchas* and others tell us, which makes the language so difficult, that a man cannot learn it in an age, which renders our Alphabet of 24 letters the more admirable.

"Though the vulgarity and commonness of this art hath made it less esteemed and set by, yet wise and confiderate men that look upon things *eruditius oculis* (as *Cicero* speaks) do much admire the Invention.

"The Hebrews call it *Dick-Duk*, *inventum subtile* a subtle and ingenious Invention; *Greg. Tholosanus*, *Divinum Miraculum*, l. 16, de Rep. c. 2, a Divine miracle; *Cicero* speaks of it with admiration, *Quis sonos vocis, qui infiniti videbantur paucis litterarum notis terminavit?* l. I. *Tuscul.* The Indians admired it not a little, when they saw the Spaniards send Letters to and fro, and maintain a kinde of a dumbe Commerce among themselves by this way; they fancied that these letters were some Spirits that were the *Internuncii* or Interpreters between them. *Purchas*, l. 8, of *America*.

"For the first Invention of Letters, the Phœnicians carry most voices.

Phœnices primi (Famæ si credimus) ausi
Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.

Phœnicians, that (if Fame we dare believe)
To Humane Speech first Characters did give.

Among the Phœnicians *Cadmus* had the honour of this Invention; whence one calls letters *ingellas Cadmi filias*, the black and swarthy daughters of *Cadmus*, *Auson. Epigr.* But the truth is, they did but borrow them from the Hebrews, as all other Nations did; though perhaps by adding some few, or varying and altering their form and character, they seem now to have different Alphabets, *Hern. Hugo*.

"The *Librarians* of old, who lived by writing books which others had made, were very admirable in handling the pen, as appears by ancient manuscripts, which are so neatly and artificially done as if they were printed. Some of the later age have been excellent in this Mistry. One *Francis Alumnus* did write the Apostles Creed and the first fourteen verses of St. John's Gospel, in the compass

of a penny, and in full words, which he did the presence of the Emperour *Charles* the 5th, Pope *Clement* the 7th, as *Genebard* relates in *Chronologie*, and *Sim. Maiolus* out of him, v had also in his own possession such a miracle he calls it, or the very same I believe, *Nos idem miraculum servamus*, these are his words his 23d Colloquy. *Pliny* hath a parallel exam of one (whom he doth not name) that wrote the *Iliad* of *Homer* in a piece of Parchment t was so little, that it was contained in a Nutt! *Cicero* and others mention the same, though *L. celotti* puts it among his *Farfalloni*, and reckon for one of the popular Errours of *Pliny*. I r of one *Thomas Sweicker*, a Dutchman, who be born without hands and arms, could write v his feet, and that elegantly; he could also m his pen with his feet. . . . There was a wor in this kingdom of late years that could write v her feet, and do many other things to the wor of the beholders, and went about the kingdom

"Besides the common way of Writing, th are some misteries and secret ways, and that ei by abbreviation, setting a letter for a word, ar word for a sentence for brevity sake, as the b brews and Romans anciently used to do; or by using different characters from the com and vulgar ones, such as none can understand the author or deviser of them, and such as h pleased to impart the myserie to, and give hi key to decipher and open the secret by; w sort of characters the ancients used to call *Furti notas*, and *Sifras*, and *Ziglas*, and the art it *Ziglography* and *Brachygraphy*. It is very us for two respects,

1. For haste and brevity.

2. For privacy and secrecy.

For brevity and expedition; it is a good wa take a speech or a sermon, or anything else i is dictated, as fast as it is spoken; hereby the taries hand will keep pace with the speakers tong and out-strip it too;

*Currant verba licet, tamen est velocior illis,
Nondum lingua suum, dextra peregit opus.*

Mart. l. 14

This *Ziglography* is useful for secrecy or priv ad elusionem examinis; for hereby a man may c a letter open in his hand, and understand nev word of it, and they that make no Religion opening letters, finde themselves deluded, wh is of good use in time of war, and at other t against paper-pyrats that lie in wait for such p booties: *Julius Cæsar* had found out such a dev for secrecy, *Sic strueto litterarum ordine ut nul*

effici posset, he did so tumble, invert, and set the Alphabet in his writing, that no man pick any sense out of it, and this he devised he began to think of the Roman Monarch was used by him but to private and tried that were his confederates, and privie to signe.

1. Instruments of Writing are either, 1. or, 2. *Passive*. That is, either the Instruments wherein we write, or *wherewith* we write. Instruments wherein we write are divers, as Brasse, Wax, Lead, Barks and Leaves of Paper and Parchment. The first Writing read of was in *Stone*. God did write the two Tables of Stone, *Exod.* 19, which calls *Rupices paginas*. Moses wrote in and *Onix*, *Exod.* 28, 10. *Saxo Grammaticis*, that the Danes did record the noble of their Ancestors in verse, which were cut in, *in saxis ac rupibus* (as he saith) *voluminibus vastas moles amplectebantur, codicum usum bus mutantibus*, *Apud Seldenum*. The Sybils were written in the leaves of Trees; the of the west do write in the leaves of the tree, which are as broad as any sheet of paper four times as long, saith *Jos. Acosta*, l. 4. So in Malabar, and other parts of the, they write in the leaves of the Palm, as *acusians* did in an Olive leaf, from which of Writing the pages of books are termed *day folios* or leaves. The Ancients used write in sheets of lead; this is intimated by that my words were graven with an Iron lead in the rock forever. *Job* 10, 23. seems of *Hesiod* call'd *ἔργα καὶ ἡμέραι* and in *Bœtia* written in plates of lead, saith as in *Bœticiis*. There was a common man-writing also in their rindes of trees growing the upper bark, which is called by the Latins, or *Caudex* & *Codex*.

— udoque docent inolefcere libro.

Virg. Georg. l. 2, 77.

2. books are called *Libri* and *Codices*, for properly is *interior tunica corticis quæ ligno in quâ antiqui scribebant*, as *Isidor* defines the Indians of the East used such a kinde of as *Q. Curtius* mentions, l. 8, *libri Arboris, haud secus quàm Cereæ, litterarum notas*. They wrote also in the leaves of certain which *Isaiah* called *papyr-reeds*, *Isa.* 19, 7, in the marshes of Egypt, which reed or called *Biblus* or *Byblos*, so *Lucan*,

Non dum flumineas Memphis contexere biblos, Noverat—.

Which the Translator doth English *papyr*,

The River yet had not with *papyr* serv'd *Ægypt*.
Tho. May.

From which term or name of *Biblos*, books are by the Grecians called *Bibloi* and *biblia* diminutively, and that book of books the Bible; because books were usually made of this kinde of reed or sedge; and the manner was thus; they divided these leaves into thin flakes called *Phyliræ*, into which they naturally divide themselves, then laying them on a smooth table, and moistning them with the water of *Nilus*, (which is of a glutinous nature,) they placed one cross under the other, like a woof and warp in a weaver's loom, & then having pressed them, they set them to dry in the Sun, as *Pliny* relates in l. 13 of his Natural History.

"The Roman Laws called the Laws of the 12 Tables, were written in leaves, or tables of brasse. Small boards or tables of wood waxed over, were in frequent use among the Romans to write in, which were called *Cerei pugillares* in sundry Authors, and *Cerææ tabulæ* or *tabellæ*, whence Letter-carriers were called *Tabellarii*.

"These were the Writing tables that *Zacharias* called for, *Luke* 1, 36. *Write these things upon a table*, *Isa.* 30, 8. These boards were sometimes made of Box and Cedar-wood, whence that of the Poet *Perfius*,

— Cedro digna locutus :

He spake things worthy to be written in Cedar, and worthy of immortality. *Eumenes* King of *Pergamus* devised a way to dress the skins of beasts, and to make them fit for writing, as *Vellam* & *Parchment*. This latter is called *Pergamum* from the Town of *Pergamus*, where it was first made. But the modern invention of paper surpasseth all in this kinde. My Lord Bacon reckons it *inter monodica artis*, among the singularities of art, as being a singular and excellent invention; *adeo ut inter materias artificiales vix inveniatur simile aliquid*, saith he, it is a web or piece of cloth that is made without a Loom, and without spinning or weaving. It derives its pedigree from the dung-hill, being made of rags, and things cast out of doors as useless; we do not go to the expence of making it of Cotton-wool, as the Mexicans do, but of nasty clouts, *Magnarum usque adeo sordent primordia rerum*; of so mean a birth and original is this commodity. *Quâ humanitas vitæ & memoria maximè constat, imo quâ hominum immortalitatis*

tas, as *Pliny*, lib. 13, cap. 11, which *Grotius* describes thus,

Nunc aurata comas, & sicco pumice lævis
Charta, fenis scabri fasciæ nuper eram.

"Now speak we of the active Instruments, or those wherewith we write. The two Tables of the Law were written with a miraculous pen, to wit, God's own finger; for writing in brass or lead they had certain Graving tools that were hollow, called by the Latines *cælum* and *celtes*, from the hollowness thereof. In waxen tables they wrote with pointed bodkins of iron, steel, or brass, called *stylus*; this was sharp at one end for to make impression in that wax, but it was flat and broad, and somewhat hooked at the other end, for to scrape or blot out the letter if need were. Men write in glass with pointed Diamonds, which yield to be cut by nothing else, except the Smiris or Emeril. In ancient paper made of seggs, they wrote with a reed called *calamus scriptorius* & *arundo*, which kinde of reed grew much about Memphis and Cnidos, and the banks of Nile,

Dat Chartis habiles calamos Memphisitica tellus.
Mart. Epigr. l. 14, 38.

"In parchment and the modern paper, they write with a pen or quill plucked from the wing of some fowl, called by *Ausonius*, *Fistipes*, from the slit that is made in it for to let down Ink, which is a very useful invention, and commended by an ingenious muse of the Low Countries,

Præteritos reddit, præsentis prorogat annos,
Invidiamque feri temporis una domat;
Absenti loquitur, lædit rostrata juvatque,
Dumque aliis vitæ fœnerat, ipsa caret.

Barlæus de Penna.

Past years it rescues, makes the present spread
To ages, and times envy striketh dead,
Instructs the absent, hurts and helps at need,
And wanting life, makes others live indeed.

"*Opmerius* makes mention of the three last in his Chronicle, *In pugillares scribebant stylis ferreis, in papyros autem arundineis calamis & postmodum etiam avium pennis*. Some write with coals, but the verse tells you who they are,

Sultorum calami carbones, mœnia chartæ.

"The Cutlers of Damascus write in iron, steel, and brass, with corroding waters only, wherewith they make frets of curious figures and characters in sundry colours, as may be seen on Turkish Scimiters, and those *Gladii Damascusinati*, Swords made at that City of Damascus, beautified with

Damask work and Embroidery. It lasts long, for with one pen did Dr. Holland a Physician of Coventry, a learned and industrious man, write out that great Volume of *Pliny*, translated into English by himself, which (for a memorial) a Lady preserved, and bestowed a silver case upon it. The Queen of Hungary in the year 1540 had a silver pen bestowed upon her, which had this Inscription on it,

Publii Ovidii Calamus,

Found under the ruins of some Monument in that country, as Mr. Sands in the life of Ovid (prefix to his *Metamorphosis*) relates."

(To be continued.)

THE PYTHAGORIC SENTENCES OF Demophilus.

Translated from the Greek,

BY THOMAS TAYLOR, THE PLATONIST.

1. REQUEST not of Divinity such things as, when obtained, you cannot preserve; for no gift of Divinity can ever be taken away: and on this account he does not confer that which you are unable to retain.

2. Be vigilant in your intellectual part; for sleep about this has an affinity with real death.

3. Divinity sends evil to men, not as being influenced by anger, but for the sake of purification; for anger is foreign from Divinity, since it arises from circumstances taking place contrary to the will: but nothing contrary to the will can happen to a god.

4. When you deliberate whether or not you shall injure another, you will previously suffer the evil yourself which you intended to commit. But neither must you expect any good from the evil; for the manners of every one are correspondent to his life and actions. Every soul, too, is a repository, that which is good, of things good, and that which is evil, of things depraved.

5. After long consultation, engage either in speaking or acting; for you have not the ability to recall either your words or deeds.

6. Divinity does not principally esteem the tongue, but the deeds of the wife; for a wise man, even when he is silent, honors Divinity.

7. A loquacious and ignorant man, both in prayer and sacrifice contaminates a divine nature. The wise man, therefore, is alone a priest, is alone the friend of Divinity, and only knows how to pray.

8. The wise man being sent hither naked, should naked invoke him by whom he was sent; for he alone is heard by Divinity, who is not burdened with foreign concerns.

9. It is impossible to receive from Divinity any greater gift than virtue.

10. Gifts and victims confer no honor on Divinity, nor is he adorned with offerings suspended in temples; but a soul divinely inspired solidly conjoins us with Divinity; for it is necessary that like should approach to like.

11. It is more painful to be subservient to passions than to tyrants themselves.

12. It is better to converse more with yourself than with others.

13. If you are always careful to remember that, in whatever place either your soul or body accomplishes any deed, Divinity is present as an inspector of your conduct, in all your words and actions you will venerate the presence of an inspector from whom nothing can be concealed, and will, at the same time, possess Divinity as an intimate associate.

14. Believe that you are furious and insane in proportion as you are ignorant of yourself.

15. It is necessary to search for those wives and children which will remain after a liberation from the present life.

16. The self-sufficient and needy philosopher lives a life truly similar to Divinity, and considers the non-possession of external and unnecessary goods as the greatest wealth. For the acquisition of riches sometimes inflames desire; but not to act in any respect unjustly is sufficient to the enjoyment of a blessed life.

17. Your goods are never produced by indolent habits.

18. Esteem that to be eminently good which,

when communicated to another, will be increased to yourself.

19. Esteem those to be eminently your friends who assist your soul rather than your body.

20. Consider both the praise and reproach of every foolish person as ridiculous, and the whole life of an ignorant man as a disgrace.

21. Endeavor that your familiars may reverence rather than fear you; for love attends upon reverence, but hatred upon fear.

22. The sacrifices of fools are the aliment of the fire; but the offerings which they suspend in temples are the supplies of the sacrilegious.

23. Understand that no dissimulation can be long concealed.

24. The unjust man suffers greater evil while his soul is tormented with a consciousness of guilt, than when his body is scourged with whips.

25. It is by no means safe to discourse concerning Divinity with men of false opinions; for the danger is equally great in speaking to such as these, things either fallacious or true.

26. By everywhere using reason as your guide, you will avoid the commission of crimes.

27. By being troublesome to others, you will not easily escape molestation yourself.

28. Consider that as great erudition, through which you are able to bear the want of erudition in the ignorant.

29. He who is depraved does not listen to the divine law, and on this account lives without law.

30. A just man who is a stranger is not only superior to a citizen, but is even more excellent than a relation.

31. As many passions of the soul, so many fierce and savage despots.

32. No one is free who has not obtained the empire of himself.

33. Labor, together with continence, precedes the acquisition of every good.

34. Be persuaded that those things are not your riches which you do not possess in the penetralia of the reasoning power.

35. Do that which you judge to be beautiful and honest, though you should acquire no glory

from the performance; for the vulgar is a depraved judge of beautiful deeds.

36. Make trial of a man rather from his deeds than his discourses; for many live badly, and speak well.

37. Perform great things, at the same time promising nothing great.

38. Since the roots of our natures are established in Divinity, from which also we are produced, we should tenaciously adhere to our root; for streams also of water, and other offspring of the earth, when their roots are cut off, become rotten and dry.

39. The strength of the soul is temperance; for this is the light of a soul destitute of passions: but it is much better to die than to darken the soul through the intemperance of the body.

40. You cannot easily denominate that man happy who depends either on his friends or children, or on any fleeting and fallen nature; for all these are unstable and uncertain: but to depend on one's self and on Divinity is alone stable and firm.

41. He is a wise man, and beloved by Divinity, who studies how to labor for the good of his soul, as much as others labor for the sake of the body.

42. Yield all things to their kindred and ruling nature except liberty.

43. Learn how to produce eternal children, not such as may supply the wants of the body in old age, but such as may nourish the soul with perpetual food.

44. It is impossible that the same person can be A LOVER OF PLEASURE, A LOVER OF BODY, A LOVER OF RICHES, AND A LOVER OF DIVINITY. For a lover of pleasure is also a lover of body; but a lover of body is entirely a lover of riches; a lover of riches is necessarily unjust; and the unjust is necessarily profane towards Divinity, and lawless with respect to men. Hence, though he should sacrifice hecatombs, he is only by this mean the more impious, unholy, atheistical, and sacrilegious, with respect to his intention; and on this account it is necessary to avoid every lover of pleasure as an atheist and polluted person.

45. The Divinity has not a place in the earth more allied to his nature than a pure and holy soul.

Sale of Zelotes Gosmer's Library.

(Continued from No. VI., p. 130.)

770 PECKE (THOMAS). *Parnassi Puerperium, or some Well Wishes to Ingenuity in the Translation of six hundred of Owen's Epigrams: Martial de Spectaculis, and the Most Select in Sir Thomas More; with a Century of Heroick Epigrams.* Small 8vo, green mor. gilt, by Murton. Lond., 1659. \$7.50

[Humphry.]

771 PEELE (GEORGE). *The Works of.—Collected and edited, with some Account of his Life and Writings, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. Second edition, with additions.* 3 vols. 8vo, red mor. Pickering, London, 1829. \$15.75

[Humphry.]

773 Percy Society Publications. *Early English Poetry, Old Ballads, from early printed Copies of the utmost Rarity, and Popular Literature of the Middle Ages, now for the first time collected; edited by eminent Literary Antiquaries (Members of the Society).* 30 vols. 8vo, red mor. Lond., 1840-52. \$150.00

[Campbell.]

774 Pernassus. *The Returne From, or the Scourge of Simony. Publicly Acted by the Students in Saint Iohn's Colledge in Cambridge.* 8vo, mor. Lond., 1606.

\$14.50

[Grifwold.]

778 PETTIGREW (T. J.) *Bibliotheca Suffexiana. A Descriptive Catalogue, accompanied by Historical and Biographical Notices of the Manuscripts and Printed Books in the Library of the Duke of Suffex. Plates and portrait.* 3 vols in 2, imp. 8vo, large paper, half morocco. Lond., 1827. \$21.00

[Humphry.]

- 779 PHAER (THOMAS), AND THOMAS TROYNE. The XIII. Bookes of the *Æneidos*. The first twelue beinge the Worke of the Diuine Poet, Virgil Maro, and the thirteenth the Supplement of Maphæus Vegius; translated into Englishe Verse by Thomas Phaer, to the fyrst third part of the tenth Booke, and the Residue by Thomas Troyne. *Black letter*, 4to. russia. Lond., 1584. \$9.00 [Fowle.]
- 780 ———: The Thirteene Bookes of *Æneidos*, the first twelue being the Worke of the Diuine Poet, *Virgil Maro*, and the thirteenth the Supplement of M. Vegius. *Black letter*, 4to, turkey mor. gilt, by Clarke & Bedford. London, 1596. \$9.00 [Grifwold.]
- 786 PIERCE (PLOWMAN). The Vision of Pierce Plowman, nowe the seconde time imprinted, whereunto are added certayne Notes and Cotations in the Mergyne, giuynge light to the Reader. *Black letter*, 4to, elegant mor.; gilt back, sides, and edges. *Roberte Crowley, dwellynge in Elye rentes in Holborne, London, the yere of our Lord*, 1550. \$28.00 [Richardson.]
- 787 ———: The Vision of William concerning Piers Ploughman, and the Visions of the same concerning the Origin, Progress, and Perfection of the Christian Life; written in, or immediately after, the year 1362; with an Introductory Discourse and a Glossary, by T. D. Whitaker. *Reprinted. Black letter, large paper*, 4to, russia, gilt. Lond., 1813. \$10.75 [Ryder.]
- 793 PLANTAGENET'S Tragical Story, or the Death of King Edward the Fourth, with the Unnaturall Voyage of Richard the Third. *Frontispiece*, 8vo, green mor. gilt. Lond., 1649. \$8.50 [Fowle.]
- 831 PULTENHAM (GEORGE). The Arte of English Poesie, contriued into three Bookes; the first of Poets and Poesie, the seconde of Proportion, the third of Ornament. *Rare portrait of Queen Elizabeth*. Sm. 4to, mor, gilt. *Richard Field*, Lond., 1589. \$16.00 [Rodd.]
- 832 ———: Ancient English Poets and Poesy, embracing Ancient Critical Essays, by Pultenham, Gascoigne, Harvey, Spencer, King James, Webb, Harington, Meres, Campion, Daniel, and Bolton; edited by Joseph Hallowood. 2 vols. 4to, red morocco; gilt sides and edges. Lond., 1815. \$21.00 [Ryder.]
- 834 QUARLES (FRANCIS). Hadassa, or the History of Queen Esther, with Meditations thereupon, Diuine and Morall. 4to, green mor. gilt, by Murton. London, 1621. \$3.50 [Grifwold.]
- 835 ———: Job Militant: Sion's Sonnets, sung by Solomon the King; Sion's Elegies, wept by Jeremie the Prophet. 4to, cf. Lond., 1624-'5. \$3.50 [Grifwold.]
- 837 ———: Divine Poems, containing Jonah, Esther, Job, Samson, Sion's Sonnets and Elegies. In 1 vol. sm. 8vo, cf. Lond., 1634. \$4.00 [Rodd.]
- 839 ———: Divine Fancies. Small 4to, green mor. Lond., 1633. \$4.25 [Waterton.]
- 840 ———: Emblemes. *Curious plates*. Sm. 8vo, cf. London, N. D. \$7.00 [Richardson.]
- 852 RABELAIS (FR.) The Romance of Gargantua and Pantagruel, translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart. *Reprinted from the*

original edition, with Introductory Notice, Life of Rabelais, etc. 4to, moroc. gilt, tooled edges. Edinburgh, 1838.

\$10.00

[Humphry.]

854 RANDOLPH (THOMAS). Poems, with the *Mvses Looking-Glasse*; and *Amyntas*. *First edition*. 4to, cf. Lond., 1638.

\$6.00

[Fowle.]

859 Reliquiæ Antiquæ. Scraps from Ancient Manuscripts, illustrating chiefly Early English Literature and the English Language; edited by Thomas Wright and J. O. Halliwell. 2 vols. 8vo, half mor., tops gilt. Pickering, Lond., 1841.

\$17.50

[Fowle.]

865 Reynard the Fox. A Renowned Apologue of the Middle Age, reproduced in Rhyme. *Illustrated*. 8vo, red turkey mor. gilt. Longmans, Lond., 1845.

\$8.25

[Ryder.]

866 RICH (BARNABY). A True and Kinde Excuse, written in defense of that Booke, intituled a Newe Description of Irelande, Pleasant and Pleasing, both to English and Irish. Small 4to, hf. mor. Lond., 1612.

\$9.50

[Rodd.]

867 ———: The Irish Hvbbvb, or the English Hve and Crie, briefly proving the base Conditions, and most notorious Offences of this Vile, Vaine and Wicked Age; no less smarting than tickling. Sm. 4to, cf. Lond., 1619.

\$7.50

[Rodd.]

868 RICHARDS (NATHANIEL). Poems, Sacred and Satyricall, viz: Prayers Paradiſce. The World, The Fleſh, The Jewite, The Devill, etc. *Portrait by T.*

R., and frontispiece. Small 8vo, mor. Lond., 1641.

\$8.50

[Richardson.]

872 RITSON (JOSEPH). Observations on Warton's History, *with duplicate curious satirical plates*. The Life by Haslewood in MS., corrected Copy in Haslewood's own hand, with MS. Notes by Park; Life of Ritson by Haslewood, *the original first draft*, with the Notes of Thomas Park, from which the previous Copy was corrected, with Portrait by Sawyer; Account of Life and Publications of Ritson by Haslewood, edition of 1824, *inlaid*; Condensed Index to Ritson's Anthology and Percy Reliques by Haslewood in MS.; Catalogue of Sale of Ritson's Library, *with prices*. All in one volume 4to, *bound uniform with the works*, in red turkey morocco, gilt.

\$51.00

[Ryder.]

882 ROWLAND (SAMUEL). Hell Broke Loose. A Poem, containing the Life and Death of John Leyden, alias, Yoncker Hans, or Dutch Taylor; Tom Mynter, a Parish Clarke; Knipperdulling, a Smythe; and Craſteing, a Joyner; Infamous Rebels and Heretiques. Small 4to, mor. gilt. Lond., 1665.

\$18.00

[Grifwold.]

891 Rump Songs; or an Exact Collection of the Choyceſt Poems and Songs, relating to the late Times, by the Most Eminent Wits, from 1639 to 1661. *Curious original frontispieces and plates*. 8vo, turkey mor. gilt. London, 1662.

\$22.00

[Grifwold.]

905 Scottish Poetry. A Book of Scottish Pasquils. 12mo, green mor., *by Clarke & Bedford*. Edinburgh, 1827.

\$13.25

[Fowle.]

Neglected Biography of Booksellers and Book-Collectors.

JAMES COX, OF PHILADELPHIA.

(From *Pewelson's American Daily Advertiser*, 1834.)

THE death of James Cox was announced in this paper within a few days, at the advanced age of eighty-three. Mr. Cox was too remarkable a man to be allowed to pass away from among us without at least a slight notice. His *great passion* was book-collecting; and during a long life he was so thoroughly imbued with the *bibliomania*, that he sacrificed all of his income to the attainment of his object, as long as he was able to exert himself in his profession. He came to Philadelphia from England, when a young man. Passing along Almond street, he saw a lady at her front door, whom he recognized as having emigrated from his own country, and a friendship was formed between them. Mr. Cox became her heir, and having now a comfortable house over his head, and some small income besides that he derived from the exercise of his talents, he devoted himself to the formation of a library, and to literary pursuits, passing only a part of each day in teaching drawing and painting. He was long the fashionable drawing-master in the families of our wealthiest citizens, and in boarding-schools, &c. Robert Morris and General Washington were among his patrons. Being almost the only professor of his art, Mr. Cox found money flow in upon him in a perennial stream, and what was so easily made was as easily spent. The book-stores, book-stalls, and auctions, were daily visited in search of rarities; his bills at one book-store alone are declared to have exceeded a thousand dollars per annum for many years, while his importations from Europe were also considerable. Books on the fine arts, when such books were unknown in our

public and private libraries, were to be seen only in his collection; hence his rooms were the resort of artists, and from this storehouse emanated patterns for various kinds of house decorations, theatrical ornaments, scenery, &c. Music, too, he cultivated successfully, and was intimate with the most prominent professors of the art. His purse was not unfrequently opened to poor actors and others.

A bachelor with these habits, and without a relative in the country, living to his great age, may be supposed to have survived most of his friends, as well as a large portion of his scholars; such was the case; and when the writer of this imperfect notice was first attracted to his house by the fame of his library, some three years since, he found him a solitary being of extremely eccentric habits. His companions were a dog and a macaw, the latter remarkable for its splendid plumage, loquacity, and mischievous disposition. Much persuasion was necessary in order to obtain a view of his books, which were stored away in a second-story room, on shelves in double and treble rows, and covered with cobwebs and dust, while the floor was strewn with portfolios of drawings, scraps of music, broken instruments, hour-glasses, plaster casts, &c., with not a few evidences of the inroads of vermin of sundry descriptions.

A few hours passed here convinced the writer that the collection possessed great value, both as a *curious* and *useful* library of reference; and his exertions, aided by others, were immediately used to induce the venerable owner so to dispose of the accumulation of his long life as that his literary treasures might not be dispersed, but remain a monument of his industry and taste to posterity. The greatest reluctance was evinced at the very idea of parting with these old companions, who had cheered his solitude, and given him an object to live for. After frequent casual conversations,

his judgment became convinced of the propriety of depositing his books in an institution where they would be kept together; and, having negotiated with him for *The Library Company of Philadelphia*, who agreed to give him an annuity of four hundred dollars for his support in declining life, the writer had the pleasure of transporting nearly the whole of his collection to enrich the shelves of the above institution. The number of volumes exceeded *five thousand*. Thus the Library Company has been benefited, while Mr. Cox obtained the object of his wishes—that of leaving entire his literary treasures in a place where they will be appreciated, and where his name, inscribed in each, will cause him to be remembered.

The passion for collecting books remained to the last. With his increased income, he has been since an occasional attendant at book-sales, laying the foundation of another library; had he lived long enough, his old hive would probably have been again filled. The directors of the Library having granted Mr. Cox the free use of the books of the institution, he was for some time a regular visitor, when age and increasing infirmities permitted so long a walk. He had many anecdotes to tell of his books—the difficulty he had encountered in procuring this, and the envy he had excited at having the good fortune to possess that curious specimen of typography or engraving—and his conversation generally ended with the history of some old citizen's attempt to purchase or bribe from him one of his literary gems.

The remains of Mr. Cox were deposited in St. Paul's churchyard, on Sunday, the 30th of March; and though by no relative, a train of respectable citizens and neighbors accompanied them to their long home. His monument is his books, and by them he will be long remembered by the citizens of Philadelphia, comparatively very few of whom could have been aware of the exist-

ence of so singularly eccentric a being as JAMES COX the *Artist and Bibliomaniac*.

THE Book-Hunter, etc.

BY JOHN HILL BURTON.

William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

MDCCCLXII. (Sm. 8vo, pp. viii.—384.)

THIS entertaining volume is a handsome reprint of a series of "sketches of the way of book-collectors, scholars, literary investigators, desultory readers, and other persons whose pursuits revolve round books and literature," which were originally contributed by the author to *Blackwood's Magazine*. In the process of revision for the press, many alterations and important additions have been made to the articles as they were primarily published, until they have expanded to the respectable dimensions of the attractive book before us.

Mr. Burton has arranged his work under the following general Table of Contents, with subdivisions of each Part, viz.: THE BOOK-HUNTER. PART I.—HIS NATURE. PART II.—HIS FUNCTIONS. PART III.—HIS CLUB. PART IV.—BOOK-CLUB LITERATURE. Passing over some twelve pages of introduction, we come to what he calls "*A Vision of Mighty Book-Hunters*," from which we select the following characteristic specimens:

"As the first case, let us summon from the shades my venerable friend Archdeacon Meadow, as he was in the body. You see him now—tall, straight, and meagre, but with a grim dignity in his air which warms into benignity as he inspects a pretty little clean Elzevir, or a tall portly Stephens, concluding his inward estimate of the prize with a peculiar grunting chuckle, known by the initiated to be an important announcement. This is no doubt one of the milder and more inoffensive types, but still a thoroughly confirmed and obstinate case. Its parallel to the classes who are to be

ten charge of by their wife neighbors is only too
se and awful; for have not sometimes the fe-
ble members of his household been known on
asion of some domestic emergency—or, it may
for mere sake of keeping the lost man out of
chief—to have been searching for him on from
skfall unto bookfall, just as the mothers, wives,
daughters of other lost men hunt them through
ir favorite taverns?

‘Then, again, can one forget that occasion of
going to London to be examined by a commit-
tee of the House of Commons, when he suddenly
appeared with all his money in his pocket, and
armed penknives, followed by a wagon contain-
ing three hundred and seventy-two copies of rare
editions of the Bible? All were fish that came to
net. At one time you might find him securing
minnow for fixpence at a stall—and presently
wards outbids some princely collector, and se-
cures with frantic impetuosity, ‘at any price,’ a
at fish he has been patiently watching year after
r. His hunting-grounds were wide and distant,
there were mysterious rumors about the num-
ber of copies, all identically the same in edition
minor individualities, which he possessed of
tain books. I have known him, indeed, when
ten at an auction, turn round resignedly and
‘Well, so be it—but I dare say I have ten or
five copies at home, if I could lay my hands on
em’ The Archdeacon lay under what,
long a portion of the victims of his malady, was
med a heavy scandal. He was suspected of
ding his own books—that is to say, when he
ld get at them; for there are those who may
remember his rather shamefaced apparition of
evening, petitioning, somewhat in the tone
th which an old schoolfellow down in the world
quests your assistance to help him go to York to
an appointment—petitioning for the loan of a
lume of which he could not deny that he pos-
sessed numberless copies lurking in divers parts
his vast collection. This reputation of reading
e books in his collection, which should be sacred
external inspection solely, is, with a certain
chool of book-collectors, a scandal, such as it
uld be among a hunting set to hint that a man
ld killed a fox. In the dialogues, not always
e most entertaining, of *Dibdin’s Bibliomania*,
ere is this short passage:

“‘I will frankly confess,’ rejoined Lyfander,
that I am an arrant *bibliomaniac*—that I love
books dearly—that the very sight, touch, and mere
rural’—‘Hold, my friend,’ again exclaimed
hilemon; ‘you have renounced your profession—
a talk of *reading* books—do *bibliomaniacs* ever

read books?’” Yes, the Archdeacon read books
—he devoured them; and he did so to full prolific
purpose.”

The shade of Fitzpatrick Sharp, Esq.,
another “mighty book-hunter,” is next
summoned by Mr. Burton:

“He too, through a long life, had been a vigi-
lant and enthusiastic collector, but after a totally
different fashion. He was far from omnivorous.
He had a principle of selection peculiar and sepa-
rate from all others’, as was his individuality from
other men’s. You could not classify his library
according to any of the accepted nomenclatures
peculiar to the initiated. He was not a black-
letter man, or a tall-copyist, or an uncut man, or
a rough-edge man, or an early-English-dramatist,
or an Elzevirian, or a broad-sider, or a pasquinader,
or an old-brown-calf man, or a Grangerite, or a
tawny-moroccoite, or a gilt-topper, or a marbled-
insider, or an *editio-princeps* man; neither did he
come under any of the more vulgar classifications
of an antiquarian, or a *belles-lettres*, or a classical
collector. There was no way of defining his pe-
culiar walk save by his own name—it was the
Fitzpatrick Sharp walk. In fact, it wound itself
through isolated spots of literary scenery, if we
may so speak, in which he took a personal inter-
est. There were historical events, bits of family
history, chiefly of a tragic or a scandalous kind—
efforts of art or of literary genius on which, through
some intellectual law, his mind and memory loved
to dwell; and it was in reference to these that he
collected. If the book were one desired by him,
no anxiety and toil, no payable price, was to be
grudged for its acquisition. If the book were an
inch out of his line, it might be trampled in the
mire for aught he cared, be it as rare or as costly
as it could be. . . . After all, he was himself his
own greatest curiosity. He had come to manhood
just after the period of gold-laced waistcoats, small-
clothes, and shoe-buckles—otherwise he would
have been long a living memorial of these now
antique habits. It happened to be his lot to pre-
serve down to us the earliest phase of the panta-
loon dynasty. One of the mysteries about him
was, that his clothes, though unlike any other
person’s, were always old. This characteristic
could not even be accounted for by the supposition
that he had laid in a sixty years’ stock in his youth,
for they always appeared to have been a good deal
worn. . . . So fluttered through existence one who,
had it been his fate to have his own bread to make,
might have been a great man. Alas for the end!
Some curious annotations are all that remain of

his literary powers. His collection, with its long train of legends and associations, came to what he himself must have counted as dispersal. He left it to his housekeeper, who, like a wise woman, converted it into cash while its mysterious reputation was fresh. Huddled in a great auction-room, its several catalogued items lay in humiliating contrast with the decorous order in which they were wont to be arranged. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

After a pleasant sketch (too lengthy for citation) of the peculiar literary habits and eccentricities of Thomas De Quincey—whose spectral name is *Thomas Papaverius*—Mr. Burton evokes the finical ghost of another order of "mighty book-hunters," named Magnus Lucullus, Esq., of Grand Priory:

"He is a man with a presence—tall, and a little portly, with a handsome, pleasant countenance, looking hospitality and kindness towards friends, and a quiet but not easily solvable reserve towards the rest of the world. He has no literary pretensions, but you will not talk long with him without finding that he is a scholar, and a ripe and good one. He is complete and magnificent in all his belongings; only, as no man's qualities and characteristics are of perfectly uniform balance and parallel action, his library is the sphere in which his disposition for the complete and the magnificent has most profusely developed itself. As you enter its Gothic door, a sort of indistinct, slightly musky perfume, like that said to frequent Oriental bazaars, hovers around. Everything is of perfect finish—the mahogany-railed gallery—the tiny ladders—the broad-winged lecterns, with leathern cushions on the edges to keep the wood from grazing the rich bindings—the books themselves, each shelf uniform with its facings or rather backings, like well-dressed lines at a review. Their owner does not profess to indulge much in quaint monstrosities, though many a book of rarity is there. In the first place, he must have the best and most complete editions, whether common or rare; and, in the second place, they must be in perfect condition. All the classics are there—one complete set of Valpy's in good russia, and many separate copies of each, valuable for text or annotation. The copies of Bayle, Moreri, the Trévoux Dictionary, Stephens's Lexicon, Du Cange, Mabillon's Antiquities, the Benedictine historians, the Bolandists' Lives of the Saints, Grævius and Gronovius; and heavy books of that order, are in their old original morocco, without a scratch or abrasure,

gilt-edged, vellum-jointed, with their backs binding in tooled gold. Your dingy, well-thumbed Bayle or Moreri possibly cost you two or three pounds, his cost forty or fifty. . . . Throughout the establishment there is an appearance of care and order, but not of restraint. Some inordinately richly-bound volumes have special grooves or niches for themselves, lined with soft cloth, as if they had delicate lungs, and must be kept from catching cold. But even these are not guarded from the hand of the guest. Lucullus says his books are at the service of his friends; and, as a hint in the same direction, he recommends to your notice a few volumes from the collection of the celebrated Grollier, the most princely and liberal of collectors, on whose classic book-plate you find the genial motto, '*Joannis Grollierii et amicorum.*' Having conferred on you the freedom of his library, he will not concern himself by observing how you use it. He would as soon watch you after dinner, to note whether you eschew common sherry and show an expensive partiality for that madeira at twelve pounds a dozen, which other men would probably only place on the table when it could be well invested in company worthy of the sacrifice."

A notable class of literary vampires, who are technically termed "Grangerites," and whose peculiar glory it is to have their books "illustrated," are thus happily described:

"Illustrating a volume consists in inserting or in binding up with it portraits, landscapes, and other works of art bearing a reference to its contents. The illustrator is the very Ishmaelite of collectors—his hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him. He destroys unknown quantities of books to supply portraits or other illustrations to a single volume of his own; and as it is not always known concerning any book that he has been at work on it, many a common book-buyer has cursed him on inspecting his own last bargain, and finding that it is deficient in an interesting portrait or two. Tales there are, fitted to make the blood run cold in the veins of the most sanguine book-hunter, about the devastations committed by those who are given over to this special pursuit. It is generally understood that they received the impulse which has rendered them an important sect, from the publication of *Granger's Biographical History*—hence their name of Grangerites. So it has happened that this industrious and respectable compiler is contemplated with mysterious awe as a sort of lit-

every Attila or Gengis Khan, who has spread terror and ruin around him."

In the chapter on *Literary Pretenders*, Mr. Burton expresses his critical opinion of the literary merits of the Reverend Doctor Thomas Frognall Dibdin, whose elegant volumes of stultifying prattle and maudlin jocularities are the favorite "bibliographical gems" of dainty book-collectors in this country:

"One of the reasons why Dibdin's expatiations among rare and valuable volumes are, after all, so void of interest, is, that he occupied himself in great measure in catering for men with measureless purses. Hence there is throughout too exact an estimate of everything by what it is worth in sterling cash, with a contempt of small things, which has an unpleasant odor of plush and shoulter-knot about it. Everything is too comfortable, luxurious, and easy—russia, morocco, embossing, arbling, gilding—all crowding on one another, so that one feels suffocated with riches. There is a sting, at the same time, of the utter uselessness of the whole thing. Books, in the condition in which he generally describes them, are no more fitted for use and consultation than white stockings and silk stockings are for hard work. Books could be used decently and respectfully—reverently, if you will—but let there be no toleration of the doctrine that there are volumes too splendid for use, too fine almost to be looked at, as Hummel said of some of his Dresden china. What there should be little interest in the record of rich men buying costly books which they know nothing about and never become acquainted with, is an illustration of a wholesome truth, pervading human endeavors after happiness. It is this: that the active, racy enjoyments of life—those enjoyments in which there is also exertion and achievement, and which depend on these for their proper relish—are not to be bought for hard cash. There have been to him the true elements of enjoyment, the book-hunter's treasures must not be his mere property, they must be his achievements—such one of them recalling the excitement of the chase and the happiness of success," &c.

In the chapter on the CREATION OF LIBRARIES, Mr. Burton has devoted a number of pages to a notice of the Astorian Library, and to Dr. James Wynne's volume on THE PRIVATE LIBRARIES OF NEW

YORK. Dr. Cogswell, the first librarian of the Astor, is characterized as "a judicious, active, and formidable sportsman in the book-hunting world;" and Dr. Wynne as "a remorseless investigator," who has manifested his "verdant simplicity in mentioning among the specialities and distinguishing features of a collection—the Biographia and Encyclopædia Britannica, Lowndes's Manual, the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, Boyle [Bayle?], Ducange, Moreri, Dodsley's Annual Register, Watt's Bibliotheca, and Diodorus Siculus." Dr. Wynne should by no means be held individually accountable for all the "verdant simplicity," numerous typographical inaccuracies, and ridiculous literary blunders, that appear in his luxurious volume; for many of the very respectable "private gentlemen," whose names figure so conspicuously in it, were the learned and elegant historians of their own collections, and it is perhaps not improbable that a small number of the slight mistakes attributed to the Doctor's carelessness, ignorance, and "verdant simplicity," may have been committed by some of these amateur historians themselves.

A few characteristic extracts from Mr. Burton's notice of Dr. Wynne's sumptuously-printed volume, will perhaps be amusing to a portion of our readers; and with these we shall conclude our necessarily hasty account of "The Book-Hunter:"

"The zeal and wealth which the citizens of the States have thrown into the limited field from which a library can be rapidly reaped, are manifested in the size and value of their private collections. A volume, called The Private Libraries of New York, by James Wynne, M. D., affords interesting evidence of this phenomenon. It is printed on large, thick paper, after the most luxurious fashion of our book-clubs, apparently for private distribution. . . . Such an undertaking reveals to us of the old country a very singular social condition. With us, the class who may be thus offered up to the martyrdom of publicity is limited. The owners of great houses and great collections are doomed to share them with the public, and if they

would frequent their own establishments, must be content to do so in the capacity of librarians or show-men, for the benefit of their numerous and uninvited visitors. They generally, with wise resignation, bow to the sacrifice, and, abandoning all connection with their treasures, dedicate them to the people—nor, as their affluence is generally sufficient to surround them with an abundance of other enjoyments, are they an object of much pity. But that the privacy of our ordinary wealthy and middle classes should be invaded in a similar shape, is an idea that could not get abroad without creating sensations of the most lively horror. They manage these things differently across the Atlantic, and so here we have 'over' fifty gentlemen's private collections ransacked and anatomized. If they like it, we have no reason to complain. . . . It is quite natural that their ways of esteeming a collection should not be as our ways. The statement that there is in Dr. Francis's collection 'a complete set of the *Recueil des Causes Célèbres*, collected by Maurice Mejan, in eighteen volumes—a *scarce and valuable work*'—would throw any of our black-letter knight-errants into convulsions of laughter. . . . The descriptions of a remorseless investigator like this have a fresh individuality not to be found here, where our habitual reserve prevents us from offering or enjoying a full, true, and particular account of the goods of our neighbors, unless they are brought to the hammer—and then they have lost half the charm which they possessed as the household gods of some one conspicuous by position or character, and are little more estimable than other common merchandise. It would be difficult to find, among the countless books about books produced by us in the old country, any in which the bent of individual tastes and propensities is so distinctly represented in tangible symbols; and the reality of the elucidation is increased by the sort of innocent surprise with which the historian approaches each 'lot,' evidently as a first acquaintance, about whom he inquires and obtains all available particulars, good humoredly communicating them in bold detail to his reader.

"There are in Dr. Wynne's book descriptions, not only of libraries according to their kind, but according to their stage of growth, from those which, as the work of a generation or two, have reached from ten to fifteen thousand, to the collections still in their youth, such as Mr. Lorimer Graham's of five thousand volumes, rich in early editions of British poetry, and doubtless, by this time, still richer, since its owner was lately here collecting early works on the literature of Scotland, and other memorials of the land of his fa-

thers. Certainly, however, the most interesting of the whole is the library of the Rev. Dr. Magoon, 'an eminent and popular divine of the Baptist Church.' He entered on active life as an operative bricklayer. There are, it appears, wall-plates extant, and not a few, built by his hands; and it was only by saving the earnings these brought to him, that he could obtain an education. . . . The bricklayer, however, was endowed with the heavenly gift of the high æsthetic, which no birth or breeding can secure, and threw himself into that common ground where art and religion meet—the literature of Christian mediæval art."

Miscellaneous Items.

SALE OF THE LIBRARY OF DR. FRANCIS.

MESSRS. BANGS, MERWIN & Co. have issued the CATALOGUE OF THE ENTIRE PRIVATE LIBRARY, BOTH MEDICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS, OF THE LATE DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS, LL. D.

The sale is announced to begin on *Wednesday afternoon, June 4th, at four o'clock*, and following days at the same hour. The Catalogue numbers 126 pages, and embraces 3,159 lots, including old newspapers, pamphlets, odd numbers of magazines and reviews, a very liberal sprinkling of second-hand school-books, and a "library-table used by Dr. Francis many years." The medical part of the collection is perhaps the most important and valuable, and contains "*a folio copy of Zacchias, who wrote the first treatise on Forensic Medicine*"—a statement which will be read with surprise and shouts of laughter by any physician tolerably well read in the history of his profession. The miscellaneous portion of the library is marvellously rich in "presentation copies" of the works of an enormous swarm of literary insects, whose names have long since justly sunk into oblivion. Indeed, if the entire library may be taken as a criterion to judge of the venerable Doctor's scholarship, it may be safely

presumed he did not possess the various and profound learning of Scaliger and Gui Patin, or even that of the erratic Jerome Cardan; and that his name will hardly survive to the possible epoch of time when Lord Macaulay's celebrated New-Zealand traveller, seated on a broken arch of *High Bridge*, shall overlook the wide-spread and desolate ruins of "Old New York."

SONG.

My Mind to me a Kingdom is.

SIR EDWARD DYER, a friend of Sir Philip Sidney, is supposed to be the author of this excellent old Song. It is found in many collections, with many variations. The accurate Ritson has been relied upon for the following version in his *English Songs*, excepting the eleventh stanza, which is given by Singer from a contemporary MS., containing many of the poems of Sir Edward Dyer, Edward Earl of Oxford, and their contemporaries, several of which have never been published:

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or Nature hath assign'd.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a King,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to save a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye;

To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend—
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear, my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die—
Would all did so as well as I.

I joy not in no earthly bliss,
I weigh not Cræsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is—
I fear not fortune's fatal law:
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will,
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill,
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will,
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich—
I feel no want, nor have too much.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust,
A cloak'd craft their store of skill;
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

The court, ne cark, I like ne loath;
Extremes are counted worst of all;
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit and fears no fall:
This is my choice for why I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

STANZAS IN THE EARLY EDITIONS OF
GRAY'S ELEGY.

THERE are early editions of Gray's Elegy in which it forms a finer work of art than in its present shape. The first stanza was originally penned thus:

"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

In this there is sense; for the curfew does leave the world, leaves it to darkness, and leaves it to the poet, who meditates best in silence; but the ploughman does none of these things. The motive for removing the third line into the first place, was to obtain a more striking commencement, which should sound the key-note of the ensuing train of harmonious ideas; but this has been accomplished at the expense of all connection between the two latter lines of the stanza, which are now nonsensical. Instead of the tedious and absurd episode beginning—

"Haply some hoary-headed swain may say"—

and concluding with an epigrammatic and awkward epitaph, the following beautiful stanzas once occurred:

"And thou who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led,
To wander in the gloomy walks of Fate,

No more with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequester'd vale of life
Pursue the silent tenour of thy doom.

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
Yet more to innocence their safety owe,
Than power, or genius, e'er conspir'd to bless.

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

These lines do not destroy the wholeness of the poem, and divert the reader's attention to a superfluous individual; they form an admirable close, and should be restored.

Notes and Quercia.

FATHER STÄTTLER'S ETHICA CHRISTIANA.

In Lady Duff Gordon's *Narratives of Remarkable Criminal Trials*, translated from the German of Anselm Ritter Von Feuerbach (London, 1846), there is a very interesting account of the trial of Francis Salecius Reimbauer, a parish priest, who was convicted of the murder of Anna Eichstädter, one of his mistresses. The murderer seems to have been a profound casuist, and in his confession says:

"Anna declared, when I met her at Ratisbon, that she would not part from me. I represented to her most strongly that it was impossible for me to take her, but all in vain. My position, my reputation, everything that was sacred and dear to me, would be endangered by her coming to Lauterbach. I thought within myself, 'What is to be done should she come?' and I suddenly remembered the maxim laid down by Father Benedict Stättler in his *Ethica Christiana*, according to which it is lawful to deprive another of life, when honor and reputation cannot be otherwise maintained; for honor is of higher value than life, and the law of necessity holds good against those who attack our honor, as much as against robbers. I thought over this maxim, which Professor St. — used formerly to explain to us young ecclesiastics in his lectures; and finding that it exactly applied to my own predicament, I took it as my *dictamen practicum*."

In a note it is added: "The chief passages from which Reimbauer selected his *dictamen*."

acticum are the 1889th, the 1891st, 1893d paragraphs of this truly anti-*Ethica Christiana*, which appeared in six thick volumes. In the above-paragraphs a Christian is allowed to a 'contumelia gravis certo propter quam dolore molesta, aut magis nominis/a,' or a 'calumnia' by the of the 'injusti aggressoris' or 'inimicis.' This species of mou- clearly justify a man in secretly ing any one who might be suspected aing a secret attack on his honor. further proved by the 1893d para- which a man is permitted to rid of an enemy: '*Si non ipsa occasione calumniatoris tantundem periculi incurramus, quantum vitare de- e calumnie intendimus.*' Also: '*tandem periculi nobis ex occasione atoris imminet, profecto utile re- occisio esse non potest, ac proinde im*'—that is, the murder should place when it can be committed safely and security. There is nothing ever infamous, for which Father's *Christian Ethics* do not afford a on. The 1894th paragraph permits to be met by calumny: '*Li- m gravem calumpniam quæ nullo medio, hoc uno autem certo et effi- de pelli potest, enervare inponendo atori falsum crimen præcise tale, us quam necesse sit, et sufficiat ad m calumniatoris auctoritatem ac t famam propriam dependendam!*' Ier, of course, reckoned Anna Eich- mong his *injustos aggressores*. Fa- tler's book is printed *cum permissu um*, and is still used in several a manual for ecclesiastics!"

e may a fuller account of Father's book be found? A teacher who oduce such a pupil as Reimbauer, sceive the execrations of mankind.

Reimbauer's own account of the murder is without a parallel for cool atrocity, and is worth extracting. The murderer was not without precedent in giving his victim absolution. Pope Alexander VI., who caused all of the princes whom he was stripping of their possessions, to perish by the stileto, by the rope, or by poison, granted to them indulgences, *in articulo mortis*.

"At this critical moment, Father Statler's maxim again recurred to his mind, and he seized the bread-knife and stabbed Eichstädter with it on the right side of her throat; but finding the knife too blunt, he dropped it, and she endeavored to defend herself; he then held her by the throat, gave her a heavy blow on the back of her head, thrust his fingers into her mouth, and tried to choke her, exhorting her in the mean time to repentance and confession, as she must die. She replied by earnestly entreating him to spare her life. 'Then,' said he, 'I took the razor out of my pocket, embraced her from behind, and with my right hand put the blade to her throat, while with my left I forced it into her wind-pipe. I instantly perceived from her sobs that I made a deep incision, and I dropped the razor. She remained standing for three or four minutes, during which I said to her, "Mariandel, I pray to God and to you for pardon: you would have it so. Pray to God for forgiveness of your sins, and I will give you absolution." I accordingly gave it her, as it was *in casu necessitatis*. She then tottered as if her knees were failing under her; and I took her under the arms, and let her down gently; for a few minutes longer I gave her religious consolation as she lay on the floor, until she began to kick and struggle, and presently breathed her last."

M.

NEW YORK.

J. B. ROUSSEAU'S MOISADE.

M. DE VILLETT, in his *Life of Voltaire, with Notes Explanatory and Illustrative* (translated by G. P. Monke, 8vo, London, 1787), says:

"One of the pieces of poetry that Voltaire most easily retained, was *Numa*, or the *Moisade*, which was fathered upon *Roussseau*, and which he prudently disowned, tho' he had really written it, when he was Secretary to the Bishop of Viviers...

"Ninon de l'Enclos, one day asking the Abbé de Châteaufort after his godson, 'My dear friend,' replies the Abbé, 'he has been twice christened; but you would not believe it; for, though he is only three years old, he knows all the *Moisade* by heart.'

"It happens but seldom, that in the course of life, men deviate from the principles of their early education. Few people know this *Moisade*: I have therefore copied it, at the end of this work. My duty as an historian, is to make known the food with which Voltaire's mind was nourished in his infancy, and with which the *Abbé de Châteaufort* boasted of having enriched the memory of his pupil."

I have never met with an English translation of this very curious poem, nor am I aware that there is any. Can you favor the readers of *The Philobiblion* with one? As unreadable as French poetry usually is in an English dress, yet the influence which this poem appears to have had upon the youthful mind of Voltaire might render it interesting to the reader.

C.

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.

M. Gabriel Peignot, in his entertaining volume entitled *Amusemens Philologiques* (Dijon, 1824, 8vo), p. 194, gives the following extraordinary account of a Frenchman named Francisco, who resided (in 1822) two miles from Whitehall, on the Salem road to Albany, in the state of New York, and who was believed to be 134 years old:

"A deux milles de Whitehall, sur la route de Salem à Albany, dans l'Etat de New York, vit un Français nommé Francisco (en 1822), qui l'on croit âgé de 134 ans. Sa santé est bonne et a tou-

jours été de même. Il raconte que son père a été chassé de France du temps de Louis XIV. par suite de la révocation de l'édit de Nantes, et a fui à Amsterdam. Il dit avoir assisté, à l'âge de 16 ans, au couronnement de la reine Anne (qui eut lieu le Mai, 1702); il étoit donc né en 1686. Il vint d'Angleterre à New-York probablement au commencement du XVIII^e siècle, mais il ne peut rappeler la date. Il se trouva à toutes les guerres de la reine Anne et reçut beaucoup de blessures qu'il fait voir."

Has any other record been preserved of this remarkable man; and if so, where may it be found?

C. M.

COMLOT D'ARNOLD, ETC.

Who is the author of the *Complot d'Arnold et de Sir Henri Clinton contre les Etats-Unis d'Amerique, et contre le Général Washington, Septembre, 1780* (Paris, Didot l'aîné, 1816, 8vo)?

J. G. H.

CINCINNATI.

[The *Complot d'Arnold, &c.*, was written by Barbé-Marbois. It was reprinted in 1831, with his name as the author. A translation by Robert Walsh, Esq., is contained in the second volume of the *American Register* for 1817. See Rich, *Bibliotheca Americana Nova*, vol. ii. pp. 86, 87; and Barbier, *Dict. des Ouvrages Anonymes et Pseudonymes*, tome i. No. 2565.]

Messrs. PHILES & Co. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir Edgerton Brydges. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges' as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows:

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each.
100 on large paper, at 4.00 each.

Autograph Letters,

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A BOOKWORM.

love of relics is inherent in man; so great as to be entirely above it, so small as to be entirely below it. At the earliest time he has striven to preserve memory of great men, not only by tradition and the pen of cunning but by hoarding up their relics—which belonged to, and were used in—their weapons, garments, books, or of their hair, even fragments of bones, sometimes their dust itself:

handfuls of white dust shut in an urn of brass."

A savage preserves the war-club of his famous man-killer, the sacred insignia of the priestly founder of his mythology. The civilized portion of mankind, however, would require a volume merely to enumerate. Take Europe, for instance, according to its wise men, is "the cradle of civilization." There is scarcity in Europe which has not its museum apart for the preservation of relics, historical, artistic, and autorial. Among the most precious is the crown of Charlemagne, the sword of the great Frederick, and the old sword of Napoleon, at once recur to the subject: among the latter, the MSS. of

Tasso at Ferrara; the Virgil of Petrarch in the Ambrosian Library at Florence; the Milton MSS. at Trinity College, Cambridge; Pope's rough draft of his Homer, in the British Museum; and the fifty volumes of correspondence between Scott and his contemporaries, formerly in the possession of Lockhart, and now, I believe, in the library at Abbotsford. And, as if to justify the poet's line—

"The pen is mightier than the sword"—

the relics of authors are far more numerous than those of conquerors, and, in my way of thinking, far more interesting.

A very pretty paragraph might be turned out here, on the relative merits of Captain Pen and Captain Sword; but, as it would not be so novel as what is to follow, I shall not attempt it, but content myself with declaring—only for myself, of course—that it is better to write a great book than to win a great battle.

"Of the making of many books there is no end." So said, or is made to say, in our version of the Scriptures, the wise King of Israel. If this were a fact in his day, of which there may reasonably be a doubt, it is a much greater fact in ours. It is not quite four centuries since the invention of printing; yet the number of books it has ushered into the world is incalculable. The

volumes in the great public libraries of Europe can be estimated within a few hundred thousands; not so those which have perished—"their name is legion." There was a time when these books were not—when they existed as conceptions merely. Before they could be books, they had to be written; the brain-work of their authors culminated in hand-work—in days, months, years perchance, of laborious penmanship. Did it ever occur to you, reader, that the books in your library were once MSS. ?—that your Shakespeare, your Dickens, your Tennyson, were once loose sheets of writing, grim with blots, and half-illegible from the haste with which they were written? Few realize this fact, so accustomed are we all to print and binding.

What has become of all the MSS. of great authors? What has become of all the pins? The wits tell us that the latter have dropped to the earth, and become *terra pins*, but they do not attempt to account for the disappearance of the former. Not a page of Shakespeare's writing is known to be extant; four or five signatures (three, I believe, attached to his Will, and one in his copy of Montaigne, in the British Museum) are all that we can trace to his magic pen. A few sheets of Milton's juvenile poems have been spared, and some of his books, enriched with notes; but not a page of *Paradise Lost*, or of his grand prose-works. No value seems to have been set upon the MSS. of our earlier and greater poets, and they perished accordingly—as rapidly and as surely as the "copy" of a daily newspaper. As we come nearer our own times, we find more MSS. preserved, the admiration of readers toward their favorite authors taking a more personal shape than was formerly fashionable—a loving interest, which sought to preserve their autographs.

Had the passion for relics existed in Shakespeare's day, or even fifty years after

his death, there can be no doubt, I think, but that a collection of his autographs could have been got together; but commenced in his case, only in the latter half of last century, by the accidental discovery of his name on a deed—which deed has since disappeared—it ended in the Irelanderies, which were as shallow as they were impudent.

Some four or five years ago, I discovered that I had a passion for autographs. If I came by it, I never exactly knew; I have taken it like the measles, or first I have. Having already corresponded with several "famous hands," as Tennyson used to call his authors, I proceeded to look over the letters—such of them as had escaped the waste-basket and the fire—and to select specimens of their penmanship, which suddenly assumed an immense value in my eyes. My success at home led me abroad, in the shape of orders on the London market from which I procured from time to time what the Catalogues designated as "dear specimens," chiefly of English authors, mostly the poets, for whom, and indeed all that relates to them, I confess a weakness. The pleasure which these MS. acquisitions gave me, can scarcely be understood, except by collectors like myself. I cannot tell the delight I felt when Burns, Cowper, and Scott, came into my possession. "These sheets of paper," I thought, "were really touched by the hands that wrote *Tam O'Shanter*, *The Task*, and *Waverley*!" The thought seemed to bring me nearer my favorite authors than any, however careful, study of their works could have done—seemed to bring me face to face, or at least hand in hand, with them. I was with Burns in his homely chamber at Dumfries, looking at his great black eyes, tempestuous with passion and genius; with poor dear Cowper in his little study at Weston, glancing at the last pages of his *Homer*; with S

among the lawyers of Edinburgh, or, better still, in his royal domain at Abbotsford, surrounded by his dogs, his books, and his relics of olden time.

The weakness of most collectors of autographs is to make their collections too large, increase of appetite growing by what it feeds on, until it acquires an ostrich-like omnivorousness. The special weakness of the American collector is to gather specimens from the pens of his own countrymen. It is well enough to have a Washington, a Franklin, or any of the great generals of the Revolution; but when it comes to the signatures of governors, and members of Congress, my interest in the pursuit ceases: the game is too small for any but the youngest sportsman. No, if I cannot have great men in my collection, I will not have a collection. Better none, than an insignificant or absurd one. I should just as soon think of keeping my tailor's bill (and I might, as a curiosity—if it were receipted!) as to preserve the frank of a member of Congress.

My collection is small, but choice. It consists of about one hundred autographs, documents, letters, poems, and the like, by some of the best English and American writers, and a small library of books formerly in their possession. As many of the former are still unpublished, I propose to give some of the most interesting in the remainder of this paper, with prefatory notes concerning their authors, the circumstances under which they were written, and the persons to whom they were addressed.

Were signatures alone in question, I should begin with that of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst (no lover of poetry can forget his noble Induction to *The Mirror for Magistrates*), from which I should pass to William Alexander's, Earl of Stirling, the friendly poetical rival of Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir Fulke Greville's, "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Coun-

sellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney" (when I wish to shake hands with the gentle Sidney, I do it by proxy, touching the while the faded signature of Greville); but as I hope to be more entertaining than such trifles would allow me to be, I shall begin nearer our own time, and with something of greater importance. Suppose we go back to about the middle of the last century, and commence with a letter of Shenstone's?

"I have read," wrote Gray, "an octavo volume of Shenstone's letters. Poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned, but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it; his correspondence is about nothing but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too."

But to the letter, which was written at the Leasowes (no reader of the last century's gossip can be ignorant of that *multum in parvo* in the way of picturesque ruralities, The Leasowes), and addressed to John Scott Hylton, Esq., by whom probably the date was added, "21 May 1757."

I know nothing of Mr. Hylton, nor of the other parties mentioned in it, with the exception of Dr. Wall, who is thus spoken of by Shenstone, in a letter to his friend Graves, the author of *The Spiritual Quixote*, under the date of April 8th, 1757: "Dr Wall of Worcester, a very eminent physician, and the patron of this mineral, (Malvern Waters,) who has promoted a subscription in the county towards building, near the well, for the accommodation of strangers." The building alluded to, may be the Captain's:

"I desire my Compliments to Mr Hylton, & that he wou'd send me a Purge

—I think, of Manna & Crem: of tar-

Christ, as well as his Resurrection, gives evidence to ye Truth of his Religion."

"Yesterday I had Mr James Pixch; & after him Captⁿ Wight, who kept me up till about Eleven—However in ye afternoon I sent to enquire after L^d Dudley's health, whether they expected Dr Wall to make a *second* Visit at the grange. The latter I did, at Mrs Fieldhouse's request; but it seems they do *not* expect him, unless they send a purpose Message. My L^d Disorder was an apoplexy, which makes me think his Indisposition was *once before* of ye same fort— Could Mr Hylton contrive, or could I help him to contrive a second Visit from ye Doctor—for ye general Advantage: for unless Mr Hylton find himself better to-morrow, I wou'd wish *him* to take advice, as well as Mrs Fieldhouse.

"Cum omnia sint in incerto, fave Tibi.

"WILL: SHENSTONE.

"I have been greatly feverish, & out of order, all to-day; Mr Barker found me very unfit to receive him, but I gave him an Invitation to see the Leafowes at a better time. Since they went, I had James & Evers; on ye subject of ye Captain's building; & thus betwixt one thing or another my spirits have been wholly dissipated—Adieu."

A year after this rather querulous note was written, another poet, the sombre author of the *Night Thoughts*, published a sermon, preached before the King, at Kensington, the preface to which lies before me. It makes seven lines of his inelegant handwriting, which shows the marks of his age. (He was then in his seventy-seventh year.)

"Advertisement.

"As ye Writer knows not yt this Argument has been made use of by Others he thought it Excusable to send it to ye Prefs; as it endeavours to shew yt ye *Death* of

The next MS. in my little collection—which, by-the-way, is arranged chronologically—is from the pen of that Protean genius, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. It is i— verse—a long satirical poem, mostly in the Hudibrastic measure, filling seven closely-written pages of large foolscap, making all—if the figures in the margin are correct—371 lines. The object of this satire, which, if witty, is not ill-natured, is on Mr. Peter Miles Andrews, a very minor writer of the time (it was written at Bath, in 1770 or '71), a would-be poet and dramatist, who suffered violence at the hands of the editor of the *Biographica Dramatica*, and was transfix'd by the stilettos of Gifford, in the *Baviad* and *Maxiadv*. Here is what is said of him in the former publication, my copy of which formerly belonged to William Hayley:

"ANDREWS, MILES PETER. This gentleman is a living author, and a dealer in gunpowder; but his works (which are as follows) in their effect by no means resemble so active a composition, being utterly deficient in point of force and splendour."

Seven of Mr. Andrews's "works" then mentioned, ranging from 1774 to '81. Well, this ambitious gentleman ventured to celebrate the beauties of Bath in a collection of verses which he christened *The Bath Picture*. This picture, or rather series of pictures, excited the ire of the youth of Bath (he was then in his nineteenth or twentieth year), and occasioned the squabble in question, which he called *Clio's Protest*. As it is too long, and too ephemeral in nature, to quote entire, an extract or two must suffice.

Mr. Andrews, or "Our Pindar," as the satirist dubs him, tripping a little in grammar, is thus apologized for:

now, to judge by vulgar law,
 'lous Fool might find a flaw;
 doubt if 'twere a lawful capture
 to make a *verb* of *rapture*.
 l the stanza-teeming mind
 ry Syntax be confin'd!
 spiration wild & free
 sp'd by laws of Profody?
 le, whose soul perspires with Feeling,
 rrupted by the spelling?
 n enraptur'd, stop to hammer
 aptures into dirty grammar?
 — Let others dully beat
 mmon track with shackled feet,
 ndar still disdains the road
 udice ignobly trod:
 not a hakney'd scribbling Sot
 ns your beauties where they re not;—
 great Bard extends his reach,
 obly coins us *Parts of Speech*."

st passage in the poem, poetically
 is the following bit of character-

ere's the Dame of common spirit
 ear of matrimonial merit?
 alk a Poet who shall make her
 domestic Bible-raker?
 s such notions in one's head
 dy Females country bred:
 the Dame in rustic pride,
 h of keys to grace her side,
 g across the well-swept Entry,
 d her council in the Pantry;
 h prophetic Soul foretelling
 as will boil well by the shelling;
 ling in her private closet,
 : her Lord his morning Poffet
 hile the hallow'd mixture thickens
 ; death-warrants for the chickens,
 satly pensive poring o'er
 its her cook had thumb'd before:
 e cast up upon that great book
 d the Family Receipt-book,
 ch she's rul'd in all her courses,
 tewing Figs to drenching Horses.
 ars & pickling-skellies rise
 dful lustre to our eyes;
 tore of sweet-meats rang'd in order,
 stted nothings on the border,
 salves & caudle-cups between,
 qualling Children, close the scene."

e note of six lines "closes the
 th Sheridan. It was written by

his wife, and probably after his death.
 (*Obit*, R. B. S. July 7th, 1816.) The
 person to whom it was addressed I take to
 have been Mr. George Robbins, the once-
 celebrated auctioneer:

"Mrs Sheridan returns thanks to Mr
 Robbins for his attention about the house
 which she should be glad to dispose of for
 5,000 £ including furniture—
 "Thursday—"

(*To be continued.*)

Curious Titles of Books.

THERE is no species of light reading, in
 our humble opinion, more pleasant and en-
 tertaining than literary gossip about authors
 and authorship. Yet it is a mighty maze,
 and seemingly without a plan! for, though
 the mania of writing has probably exceed-
 ed all others in strength, and duration of
 time, yet few authors will be found who
 have, like the learned Gibbon, steadily de-
 voted a whole life to the illustration of a
 single subject. We shall illustrate this by
 showing what very extraordinary subjects
 have been adopted for themes, both in
 prose and poetry, by men who desired to
 shine by their genius, or get money by
 their industry. We present in this article,
 with an occasional comment, some ECCEN-
 TRIC SUBJECTS WHICH HAVE BEEN CHOSEN BY
 AUTHORS.

James Acontius wrote a book which he
 called the *Stratagems of Satan* (frequent-
 ly printed), but which, according to Simon
 Goulart, is the worst book that ever was
 written. Crenius, however, says: "This
 same Acontius is very mighty in the Scrip-
 tures, and diligently cherished the seed plot
 of the Church of England, with heat and
 heavenly dew."

Agilnoth, an Englishman, and Archbish-
 op of Canterbury, in the days of Canute,
 wrote several books, among which was *A
 Book in Praise of the Virgin Mary*, ad-

The Abbé Esprit wrote a book *On the Use of Human Virtues*.

Ahasuerus Fritschius published a *Discourse of the Modern Use and Abuse of Laws*. It was printed at Jena, 1676, 4to.

D'Aubigné, in the *Confession of Sancy*, describes to Francis Hotman, a learned civilian of the sixteenth century, a treatise, *De Regno Vulvarum*, the greatest part of the kingdoms of Europe being then governed by women, or at least under their administration.

Gregory Horstius, the Esculapius of Germany, wrote *A Dissertation of the Nature of Love, of Philtres, and on the Lover's Pulse*. 1611.

Lomier, a Flemish divine, wrote a dissertation concerning *Kisses*; and Lævius, a Latin poet, a poem entitled *Erotopægnia, &c.*, *Love Games*. Aulus Gellius quotes two lines from it.

Gerard Langbaine, provost of Queen's College, Oxford, according to Wood, wrote *The Gallant Hermaphrodite, an Amorous Novel*. London, 8vo, 1687.

A Frenchman, of the name of Millot, wrote a book which he called *Megalanthropogénésie; or the Art of Procreating Wise Children*, a subject which might be studied with considerable profit now-a-days.

Claude Quillet, another learned Frenchman, published *Callipædia; or the Art of Begetting Beautiful Children*. It has been translated into English by N. Rowe. Cardinal Mazarin bestowed an abbey on Quillet for writing this useful poem. Regarding the subject of the poem, Baillet says that Quillet knew more than the most experienced among the laity, and that he was capable of teaching even Nature herself.

An immense number of curious works have been written on Women, Love, Marriage, Polygamy, Divorce, &c. An ingenious Frenchman has recently published a copious bibliography of works on these subjects. The titles, however, that he cites,

are mostly those of works in Latin and in French. We shall mention some of the most singular that have been published in English:

Mr. Samuel Austin published a volume entitled *Hæc Homo, wherein the Excellency of the Creation of Women is described, &c.* It is mostly stolen from the celebrated Cornelius Agrippa's treatise *On the Nobility and Pre-excellence of the Feminine Sex*.

Richard Burton wrote an amusing little volume, which he called *Female Excellency, or the Ladies Glory*. 12mo, London, 1688.

The perplexing question of women's rights is tolerably well discussed in *The Woman as good as the Man*, London, 1677; *Woman's Superior Excellence over Man*, 8vo, 1743; *Woman not Inferior to Man, by Sophia*; and in *The Great Advocate for Women, the Arraignment and Conviction of such Wicked Husbands, or Monsters, who hold it lawful to beat their Wives*, 12mo, London, 1682.

On the subject of Love we have—*The Art of Making Love, or Rules for the Conduct of Ladies and Gallants in their Amours*, London, 1676, 12mo; *Love's School, or a New and Merry Book of Complements, being the Language of Love*, 1674; *The Practical Part of Love, extracted out of the Life of a Fair but Subtle Female*, London, 1660; *Love at First Sight, or the Gay in a Flutter, &c.*; and *The Method of Curing Oneself of Love*, 12mo, 1661.

Marriage has been a favorite and fruitful subject for a vast multitude of writers. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was the fashion to preach wedding sermons, some of which have been published with very singular titles. One of Bishop Jeremy Taylor's finest discourses is *On the Marriage Ring*. Martin Luther published a sermon *On Marriage*, in which he indulged in something more than a Bib-

lical plainness of speech; indeed, nothing can surpass this discourse in gross obscenity of expression and allusion. Luther called one of his favorite sermons "his Katy," as a compliment to his wife, Catherine Bore.

A Mr. Thomas Grantham published a marriage sermon entitled *A Sermon, called A Wife Mistaken, or a Wife and no Wife; or Leah instead of Rachel*, London, 1641, 4to. This discourse was ordered to be burned by the common hangman, "for railing against women, maintaining polygamy, and calling Jacob a hocus-pocus." Mr. Sprint published the *Bride-Woman's Counsellor*; Mr. Whateley *The Bride-Bush*, and *The Care Cloth, a Treatise of the Cumbers and Troubles of Marriage*. *The Honourable State of Matrimony made Comfortable* was published in 1685, 12mo; *The Pleasures and Disquietudes of Marriage* in 1692; and *The Nominal Husband, or Distressed Innocence* in 1750, 12mo. An *Abstract of an Act. 7 Will., for Duties upon Marriages, Births, Burials, Bachelors, and Widowers*, was published in 1695, 8vo; and *The Folly, Sin, and Danger of marrying Widows, and Old Women in general*, in 1746, 8vo. In 1672 there was published a treatise with this title: *Learn to Lye Warm, an Apology for the Proverb, 'Tis Good Sheltering under an Old Hedge, containing Reasons why a Young Man should marry an Old Woman*, 4to. *Advice to the Ladies to keep Unmarried* was published in 1702, 4to; and *The Ladies Petition for Husbands*, in 1714.

(To be continued.)

Sale of Zelotes Hosmer's Library.

(Concluded from No. VII., p. 154.)

919 SHAKSPEARE (WILLIAM). Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the True Originall Copies.

Fine portrait, gilt leaves, folio, cf. extra; tooled back, sides, and edges. The Reprint of the First Folio. London, 1623.

\$28.50

[Ryder.]

920 ———: Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true Originall Copies. The Second Impression. *Portrait by Droeshout. Folio, red morocco, joints, gilt, and gilt edges. Printed by Thomas Cotes for Robert Allot. Lond., 1632.*

\$53.00

[Rodd.]

921 ———: Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true Originall Copies, unto which is added, Seven Plays, never printed before in folio. Fourth edition. *Portrait by Droeshout. Folio, red mor., joints and gilt edges. Lond., 1685.*

\$31.00

[Little, Brown & Co.]

922 ———: Another Copy. Fourth edition. *Portrait. Folio, calf. London, 1685.*

\$21.00

[Rodd.]

927 ———: A Midsummer's Night's Dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publicly acted by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants; Written by William Shakspeare. *Printed by James Roberts. Small 4to, red mor., gilt extra, tooled sides and edges. Lond., 1600.*

\$63.00

[Grifwold.]

928 ———: The First Part of the True and Honourable Historie of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the Good Lord Cobham. *First edition, fm. 4to, blue mor. gilt extra. Lond., 1600.*

\$26.00

[Rodd.]

932 SHAKSPEARE (WILLIAM). Poems. First edition, *with the scarce portrait by Marshall. 8vo, russia. Lond., 1640.*

\$67.00

- 962 ———: A New Boke about Shakspere, and Stratford-on-Avon, by J. O. Halliwell. *Plates, large paper.* 4to, cloth. Lond., 1850. \$10.25
[Fowle.]
- Strictly limited to seventy-five copies, fifty on ordinary and twenty-five on extra thick paper. The present is No. 23 of those on thick paper.*
- 981 SHEPPARD (S.) Epigrams. Theological, Philosophical, and Romantick.—12mo, mor., gilt back, sides, and edges. Lond., 1601. \$11.75
[Grifwold.]
- 982 SHERBURNE (EDWARD). Poems and Translations. Amorous, Lufous, Moral, and Divine. *Frontispiece. First edition,* fm. 8vo, mor. gilt, and gilt edges, by Murton. Lond., 1651. \$8.00
[Grifwold.]
- 990 SHIRLEY (JAMES). Poems, etc. *First edition; portrait by Marshall.* 8vo, calf, gilt. Lond., 1646. \$10.75
[Fowle.]
- 999 SINGER (SAMUEL W.) Researches into the History of Playing Cards, with Illustrations of the Origin of Printing and Engraving on Wood. *Numerous highly-finished engraved specimens.* 4to, mor. gilt. Lond., 1816. \$18.00
[Humphry.]
- 1005 SOTHEY (S. L.) Principia Typographia. The Block Books, or Xylographic Delineations of Scripture History issued in Holland, Flanders, and Germany, during the Fifteenth Century; exemplified and considered in Connexion with the Origin of Printing, to which is added an Attempt to Elucidate the Character of the Paper-Marks of the Period, a Work contemplated by the late Samuel Sothey, and carried out by his Son. *Nearly 150 plates, superbly engraved, and printed on thick, tinted paper.* 3 vols. folio, half moroc. Lond., 1858. \$61.50
[Humphry.]
- 1014 SPENSER (EDMUND). The Faerie Queene. Disposed into Twelve Books, fashioning XII Moral Vertues. Lond., 1590. The Second Part of the Faerie Queene, containing the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Bookes, by Ed. Spenser, 1596. 2 vols. 4to, russia, gilt. *Printed for William Ponsenby.* Lond., 1590-'6. \$70.00
[Rodd.]
- 1015 ———: The Shepheard's Calender, conteyning Twelve Aeglogues, proportionable to the Twelve Moneths; entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all Tytles, both of Learning and Chivalry; Maister Philip Sidney. *Black letter. Fourth edition, plates, green morocco, sides elaborately tooled, edges gilt, by Murton.* Lond., 1591. \$18.00
[Grifwold.]
- 1016 ———: Complaints, containing sundrie Small Poems of the World's Vanity. 4to, mor. gilt, elegant tooled sides. *Imprinted for William Ponsenby.* Lond., 1591. \$18.00
[Gardner.]
- 1017 ———: Colin Clouts come Home again, with Astrophel. *First edition,* 8vo, hf. cf. Lond., 1595. \$18.50
[Gardner.]
- 1018 ———: The Faerie Queene; The Shepheard's Calendar; together with other Works of England's Arch-Poet, Ed. Spenser, collected into one volume, and carefully corrected. Folio, green mor. gilt, and gilt edges. *Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes.* London, 1611. \$30.00
[Ryder.]

- 1021 STANLEY (THOMAS). Poems. AVRO-ra and the Prince, by Montalvan, 1647; Oronta, by Preti, 1647; Europa; Cupid Crucified; Venus Vigils; with Annotations, 1649, by Thomas Stanley, Esq. 8vo, red mor., gilt sides and edges, bound by Murton. Lond., 1647-'49. \$10.50
[Grifwold.]
- 1022 ———: Poems. Anacreon, Bion, and Moschus; Kisses by Secundus; Cupid Crucified, by Avsonius; Venus Vigils; Exercitations on the Same; Sylvia's Park, by Theophile; Acanthus' Complaint, by Trifan; Oronta, by Preti; Echo, by Marino; Love's Embassy, by Boscan; The Solitude, by Gongora. 8vo, red mor. gilt; bound by Murton. Lond., 1651. \$12.50
[Grifwold.]
- 1028 STEEVENS (GEORGE). Correspondence, Manuscript, embracing upwards of One Hundred and Ninety Letters, from eminent Shakspearian Critics and Writers; among them, Boswell, Douce, Farmer, Fuseli, Gifford, Loft, Malone, Nott, Park, Bp. Percy, Ritson, and others. *Beautifully inlaid.* 4to, morocco gilt. \$45.00
[Grifwold.]
- 1037 SVCKLING (SIR JOHN). Fragmenta Aurea. A Collection of all the Incomparable Pieces written by Sir John Suckling, and published by a Friend to perpetuate his Memory. Printed by his Owne Copies. *Portrait by Marshall.* First edition, red moroc. gilt; bound by Clarke and Bedford. London, 1646. \$20.00
[Grifwold.]
- 1044 TASSO (TORQUATO). Godfrey of Bulloigne, or the Recouerie of Hiervusalem, and Heroicall Poem, translated by R. Carew, with the Original Italian. 4to, mor. gilt. Lond., 1594. \$10.00
[Grifwold.]
- 1050 TAYLOR (JOHN). The Water Poet. All the Workes in Verse and Prose. Being sixty and three in Number. Collected into one Volume by the Author, with sundry new Additions, corrected, revised, and newly imprinted, 1630. *Frontispiece.* Folio, elegant; mor. gilt. Lond., 1630. \$54.00
[Rodd.]
- 1068 TURBERVILLE (GEORGE). The Heroicall Epistles of the Learned Poet, Ovidius Naso, in English Verse; set out and translated by George Turberville, Gent. Second edition. *Black letter.* Henry Denham. Lond., 1569. \$8.00
[Grifwold.]
- 1072 VAUGHAN (HENRY). Olor Ifcanus. A Collection of some Select Poems and Translations. Small 8vo, moroc. gilt, tooled edges. Lond., 1651. \$12.00
[Grifwold.]
- 1087 WALLER (EDMUND). Works in Verse and Prose. Published by Mr. Fenton. *Portrait and other plates.* 4to, turkey mor. gilt. Lond., 1729. \$12.75
[Humphry.]
- 1104 WHYTINTON (ROBERT). Poet Laureate. The Three Bookes of Tullyes Offyces, both in Latyne Tonge and in Englysshe. *Black letter.* Sm. 8vo, cf., gilt. *Imprinted in Flete Street, by Wynkyn de Worde.* Lond., 1533. \$30.00
[Richardson.]
- 1120 WITHER (GEORGE). The Workes of Master George Wither, containing Satyres, Epigrams, Eclogues, Sonnets, and Poems, whereunto is annexed a Paraphrase on the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. Sm. 8vo, red turkey mor. gilt. Lond., 1617-'20. \$12.00
[Rodd.]

1125 WITHER (G.) A Collection of Emblems, Ancient and Moderne; with Metrical Illustrations, both Morall and Divine, etc. *Frontispiece by Marshall, portrait, and emblematic prints.* Folio, green mor. gilt. Lond., 1685. \$40.00 [Grifwold.]

1159 WOUVERMANS (PHILIP). Works of. An Extensive Collection of Fine Engravings after the Master, and by the Old French and Flemish Artists. *Original impressions, atlas folio, beautifully bound in half-crimson morocco, full gilt, by Wright.* Paris, 1737-'54. \$61.00 [Humphry.]

——— 'Quam nulla satis mirabitur ætas
Ars Cælo delapsa viris; consumere nata
Materiem, veloque omnes transcribere libros,
Cum positis, quadrata acie (miro ordine) signis.'
(READI INVENTA ADESPOTA.)

This Art by multiplying books, hath multiplied knowledge, and hath brought to our cognizance both persons and actions remote from us; which otherwise had perished in oblivion, and never come to our ears. To whom we owe this Invention we do not certainly know, it is one of the *Inventa Adespota*, of the masterless Inventions:

'Laus veterum est meruisse omnis præconia famæ,
Et sprevisse simul'——

Ancient Worthies were more studious of doing good than ambitious of Fame or praise for so doing. That it is a Dutch invention is agreed upon by most voices:

'O Germanica muneris reperitrix
Quo nihil utilius dedit vetustas,
Libros scribere quæ doces premendo.'

Humane Industry:

OR, A

History

OF MOST

MANUAL ARTS.

(BY THOMAS POWELL, D. D.)

(Continued from No. VII., p. 149.)

IN Chapter V., the worthy Doctor has collected from the works of various writers some curious facts regarding the origin and early history of *Printing, and Printing Presses*; and he concludes the chapter with an account of the famous printing establishment of Christopher Plantin, at Antwerp, in the sixteenth century, "which a traveller doth not stick to call *octavum orbis miraculum*."

"This is a divine benefit afforded to mankind, saith Polydore Virgil, an Art that is second or inferior to none, (saith Cardan,) either for wit or usefulness; it puts down hand-writing for neatness and expedition, for by this, more work is despatched in one day, than many Librarians or book-writers could do in a year.

Y

But whether *higher* or *lower* Germany shall have the honour of it, is yet in strife and undecided, and in the upper Germany, whether *Mentz* or *Basil*, or *Strasburg*, for all these do challenge it, and do no less contend for the birth place of this mystery, than the Grecians Cities did for the Cradle of Homer. The general voice is for *Mentz*, and one *John Guttemberg* or *Fust* (as others term him) a Knight and Citizen of that city to have been the true Father or Inventor of this Art, about the year 1440, as we have heard it boldly affirmed by the Citizens of that city, saith *Polydore Virgil*, l. 2. *De Invent. rerum*, C. 7; for a testimony hereof they produce a copie of *Tully's Offices* printed in parchment, and preserved in the Library of *Ausburg*, bearing this memorandum at the latter end of it, *Præfens M. Tullii opus clarissimum Jo. Fust Moguntinus Civis, non Atramento plumali Cannâ neque æreâ, sed arte quâdam per pulchrâ, PETRI GERSKEIM pueri mei foeliciter effeci, finitum Anno 1440, die 4^o mense Feb.* This is cited by *Salmuth* in his Annotations on *Pancirollus*, who stands stiffly for Germany, (his own country,) in this point, and cites another argument from the Library of *Francfort*, wherein an old copie of the decisions of the *Rota* are kept; at the latter end thereof it is said, that it was printed in *Civitate Moguntinâ, artis impressoriæ inventrice & elimatrice primâ*. But *Hadrianus Junius*, a very learned man of the Low Countries, is as stiff on the other side for *Hærlæm*, and thinks to carry it clearly from the

High Dutch, and make the Town of Hærlern the birth place of this Noble Art. You may see what esteem men do make of it, when they do so zealously strive and contend for the original Invention of it. This Junius tells us in his History of the Netherlands, that one *Laurence John*, a Burger of good Note and Quality of Hærlern, was the first Inventor of it, and saith that he made Letters first of the barks of Trees, which being set and ranked in order, and clapt with their heels upward upon paper, he made the first essay and experiment of this Art. At first he made but a line or two, then whole pages, and then books, but printed on one side only, which rudiments of the Art Junius saw in that Town. After this the said Laurence made Types or characters of Tin, and brought the Art to further perfection daylie, but one *John Faustus* (*infaustus* to him) whom he had employed for a Composer, and who had now learned the mystérie, stole away by night, all the Letters and other utensils belonging to the Trade, and went away with them to *Amsterdam* first, thence to *Collen*, [Cologne] and lastly to *Mentz*, where he set up for himself, and the first fruit and specimen of his Press there, was the DOCTRINAL of one *Alexander Gallus*, which he printed *Anno Dom. 1440*. Thus far Junius from the relations of sundry grave ancient Burgomasters of Hærlern.

"Hegenitz a Traveller saith, that the house of Laurence John is yet standing in the market place of Hærlern, with this Inscription in golden Letters over the door.

'MEMORIÆ SACRUM.

'Typographiæ Ars Artium Conservatrix,
hic primum inventa, circa An. 1440.

'Vana quid Architypos & Præla (Moguntia) jac-
tas ?

Harlemi Archetypas prælaque nota scias,
Extulit hic monstrante Deo Laurentius Artem
Dissimulare virum hunc, dissimulare Deum est.'

"So *Petrus Scrieverius*, who calls it *palladium præsidium & tutelam Musarum*, et omnis *Doctrinæ*. Joseph Scaliger contends that the first printing was upon wooden Tables, the Letters being cut or carved in them, and he saith, that he had seen *Horologium Beatæ Mariæ* (to wit) Our Ladies Hours, done upon parchment after such a manner, in his answer against *Scioppius*, called *Confutatio Fabulæ Burdomanæ*. Yet let not the Germans or any others be too proud of this Invention, for the *Chinois* had such an Art long before the Europeans saw or heard anything of it, as it is affirmed by *Parus Maffeus*, and sundry others of his fellow Jesuites who have travelled in that country. One

Nicol. Rigault that had been of late years in that country affirms, that that nation had this art above 500 years since. But their printing and ours do very much differ from one another, for they do not print by composing of Letters, but as we use for Maps and such pieces, they make for every leaf a board or table with characters on both sides, which is more laborious, and less neat than the European way, as *Gonsalvo Mendosa*, a Spanish Frier, and others do affirm of it: Now if our Printing surpasses for neatness and expedition, and is so far different from that of the *Chinois* as is before alledged, it is a signe that the Germans did not borrow from them this Art: so that the praise and commendation of this Invention remains to them whole and entire without diminution. *Mrs. Joan Elizabeth Weston*, one of the Muses of England, hath composed a Latine Poem (among sundry others of her compositions) in the praise of this art, which is indeed the preserver of all other arts.

"As Printing itself is praise-worthy, so some Print-Houses deserve here to be remembered, especially that of *Christopher Plantin*, at *Antwerp*, which a Traveller doth not stick to call *Orbeum orbis miraculum*, the eighth wonder of the world. He describes it thus. Over the Gate is *Plantin's* own Statue, made of Freeze-stone, and of *Monsieur* his son-in-law, and Successor in the office, and also of *Justus Lipsius* with his Motto,

—'MORIBUS ANTIQVIBUS.'

Here are twelve Presses, and near upon an hundred sorts of Characters; two sorts of Syriac, ten of Hebrew, nine of Greek, forty seven of Latine, and the rest of several other Languages, with Musical Characters of sundry sorts, and admirable brass cuts for Frontispieces of books. Here that excellent work called the King of Spain's Bible was done.

"[I am well aware," says *Scribanius*, "that many illustrious men have flourished as printers. I have known the Alduses from Italy—the Frobens from Germany—and the Stephenses from France; but these are all eclipsed in the single name of Plantin! If they were the stars of their own hemispheres, you, Plantin, are the sun—not of Antwerp, nor of Belgium only—but of the world."]

"The first Printing Press in England was set up in Westminster Abbey, by *Simon Islip*, *Abbot* 1471, and *William Caxton* was the first that practised it there, as *Stowe* in his *Survey of London* affirms."

(To be continued.)

Cardinal Bessarion,

AND THE INTRODUCTION OF THE PLATONIC
PHILOSOPHY INTO ITALY.

(From the German of Dr. Heinrich Ritter.*)

IF Plethon had found no support, his doctrines would hardly have made their way throughout the West. His fundamental principles were only thrown out as hints, and, as such, were not easy to be understood. The manner, too, in which he propounded them, was that of hostility against the Latins, and consequently not adapted to win assent. The consideration which he received as a Greek, found somewhat of a drawback, in his case, from the opposition he encountered from other Greeks, such as Gennadius, Matthæus Camariota, and Theodore of Gaza, who took up arms for Aristotle. Under these circumstances, it was of great importance that another Greek, Cardinal BESSARION, a scholar of distinguished reputation, and one of the principal promoters of the Greek literature in Italy—a man, moreover, whose mildness of character was well fitted to gain the affections of men and win admittance for his opinions—attached himself to the cause of Plethon, and undertook to render the philosophy of Plato accessible to the Latins.

Bessarion, a pupil of Plethon, was still a young man when he attended the Council of Florence. When Plethon and Gennadius returned to Greece, he remained in Italy; and whereas Gennadius, vexed by the people, renounced the task of uniting the Greek and Roman Churches, Bessarion did but attach himself the more closely to the Church of Rome. He was now elevated to the rank of cardinal, invested with other dignities and offices, and stood so high in general esteem, that, upon the death of Pius II., a party of the cardinals even

thought of raising him to the papal chair. He lived in the enjoyment of these honors till the year 1472; and was, all the time, the main support of the fugitive Greeks, endeavoring to make their learning available, and their labors conducive to the common good. He was himself as familiarly acquainted with the Latin language as with the Greek, and employed it in his theological and philosophical writings. All this could not but admirably qualify him for promoting the intercourse between the Greek philosophy and the Latin.

The only work of Bessarion that is connected with the history of philosophy, is his controversy with George of Trebisonde (*Bessarionis In Calumniatorum Platonis, libri iv.* Venet., 1516, folio); a work which, from being rather of a literary than of a philosophical character, was so much the better adapted for introducing a knowledge of the Platonic philosophy. Its object was the instruction of the Latins; in addressing whom, he thought it necessary to defend Plato, because the recollection of him was obscured in that country, so that but few possessed his works, and then, for the most part, only in Latin translations. (*In Cal. Plat. i. 1.*) He indicates the main point of difference between the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, and gives it its due importance, without, however, bringing the two into sharp opposition. Though himself greatly preferring Plato, yet he has no desire to say any thing to the prejudice of Aristotle; nay, he even translated that philosopher's *Metaphysics* into the Latin language. His thoughtful and candid temper loved to recognize truth wherever found, and looked upon error as a weakness that admitted of excuse whenever it was not obstinately persisted in. Moreover, he is ready to make concessions to the Latins, and would not willingly offend their prejudices. When he cannot help censuring Aristotle, the necessity of doing this arises

* Geschichte der Philosophie, von Dr. Heinrich Ritter. Neunter Theil.

solely from the unskilful comparison which his opponent George will institute between Aristotle and Plato. (*In Cal. Plat.* ii. 2.) He is penetrated with the deepest reverence for the old philosophers; and it is his anxious endeavor to incite his contemporaries to learn of them. In a letter to Michael Apostolius, he says that Plato and Aristotle ought to be revered as heroes, in comparison of whom the philosophers of his day were but men and apes. He had heard, he says, with pain the charges which Plethon had brought against Aristotle (*Cf. In Cal. Plat.* ii. 2); he was not, however, at all disposed to put either the Platonic philosophy, with Plethon, or the Aristotelian, with George of Trebisond, on an equality with the Christian religion. Even though Plato made a nearer approach to the mystery of the Trinity than Aristotle, yet neither of these philosophers did actually reach it. (*In Cal. Plat.* ii. 4.) Consequently, the doctrines of Plato do not entirely agree with Christian truth. Moreover, Bessarion is by no means disposed to agree with him when he teaches the pre-existence of souls, or speaks of a plurality of gods, or of the soul of the world, *anima mundi*, or of the souls of the stars. (*Ib.* ii. 2.) It must, however, be allowed, he says, that there are many more points in which Aristotle requires correction; for that philosopher considers the world to be eternal, and puts a limit to Providence, which he will not allow to extend beyond *sublunary* things. (*Ib.* iii. 20-29.) Even on the subject of the immortality of the soul, the doctrine of Plato must be preferred to that of Aristotle, who used ambiguous language on this important point, which occasioned a difference of opinion between his commentators, Alexander and Averrhoes.

So clear and equitable a comparison between the distinctive doctrines of Aristotle and Plato, was undoubtedly a meritorious service for the age in which it was pub-

lished, though it is only in a less degree that it can command our attention at the present day. It will be enough to make some general remarks upon the nature and tendency of the contest, and upon the impression which it could not fail to make upon Bessarion's contemporaries. Our clearest knowledge of this is derived from the principal point of dispute, as stated by Plethon, who charged Aristotle with confining and obscuring the notion of Divine Providence, for the purpose of teaching, in opposition to it, a physical doctrine, which attributed to Nature an independent activity, unaccompanied, however, with a consciousness of its own aims. It was about this point that the contest between George of Trebisond and Bessarion originally turned, though other points were afterward brought into the dispute. Bessarion shows, in his exposition of Plato's doctrine, that that philosopher proceeds from the thought that a general Spirit penetrates through the whole of Nature, and produces all her works, so that the aims of Nature are not prompted by herself, but only obey the will of the universal Spirit. (*In Cal. Plat.* vi. 2.) He points out the connection between this doctrine and that of *Ideas*. But he manages to represent the doctrine of Aristotle in far milder terms than Plethon. When that philosopher maintains that Nature produces objects without intention, he does not mean (says Bessarion) to deny by this that a higher Spirit places in Nature the ends she is to pursue, which she accomplishes as an *instrument*, incapable of any motion in which she is not passive. Hence there is not, he argues, any essential difference here between the two philosophers; but the language of Aristotle is that of a physical philosopher, who, looking only at the proximate causes of things, carefully abstains from thinking of the *first* and *immaterial cause*, that, as his manner is, he may keep distinct the investigations that belong to different sciences; whereas

considering that it is only by its connection with the higher science that the soul is perfected, acts under this persuasion and never leaves the Divine Cause of sight when he treats of Nature. In this way the Providence of God, which over all, is undoubtedly, he says, laid in a fuller light, and it is more satisfactorily shown how every thing happens necessarily, and yet no violence is done to freedom of will, because we bear about ourselves the Spirit which is the cause of our actions. Only the doctrine of the soul, that the soul is a blank tablet, is to be reconciled with this doctrine of the soul's freedom. Still, however, there is, he says, another way of considering the soul. Nature, in conformity with the method of her operations, produces every thing according to certain degrees; but at a connected chain of causes extends from below upward, as well as downward from above. As, therefore, our being may be received from above, so, on the other hand, our knowledge, may be referred back from the lower causes to the higher cause. In this way, then, that Aristotle proposes (according to Bessarion) in his *Physics*, endeavors to give us complete information about the first cause by beginning with lower causes. In this sense, Bessarion not only defends even the polytheism of the old philosophers, but does not shrink from employing expressions derived from it himself. He finds it quite consistent with the natural method of speculation pursued by the philosophers. Nature, he observes, teaches us that every thing in the lower world is produced by *mediate* causes; this, indeed, he called a *creation*, only we must not forget that the highest, God, employs all intermediate and natural causes additionally as his instruments. His comparison of Plato with Aristotle undoubtedly exercised great influence upon the life that was afterward made of the doc-

trines of those philosophers. Aristotle became an admitted leader in Physics; and the examination of his writings, which, in the hand of theologians, had up to that time been directed principally to his Metaphysics, was now turned principally to his physical works, philosophers and physicians vying with each other in the explanation of this portion of his writings. On the other hand, Plato was henceforth preferred by such as were more inclined toward Theology. The Aristotelian Philosophy was no longer believed to have reached the highest point to which natural powers could attain in the way of knowing God; a feeling now became general, that Plato was the more profound theologian. Besides this, men began to distrust the expositions of Arabian interpreters, and to call in the assistance of the Greek commentators, especially of Alexander of Aphrodisias. Little, it is true, was gained by this change in the way of original investigation; nothing more had been secured than new helps, and all depended on what use would be made of them by the Latins themselves.

Henry Francisco.

IN *Philobiblion* No. VII., p. 166, your correspondent C. M. asks for some additional information concerning HENRY FRANCISCO, "a Frenchman who resided (in 1822) two miles from Whitehall, on the Salem road to Albany, in the state of New York, and who was believed to be one hundred and thirty-four years old." The following account of this singular old man is taken from the *Monthly Magazine* for 1822, vol. liii. p. 6. It is said to have been written by Dr. Silliman, and is perhaps the only distinct record that has been preserved of this modern Methuselah.

R. W.

ALBANY.

"Two miles from Whitehall, on the Salem road to Albany, in the state of New York, lives Henry Francisco, a native of France, and of a place which he pronounced *Effex*. He believes himself to be one hundred and thirty-four years old, and the country around believe him to be of this great age. When we arrived at his residence (a plain farmer's house, not painted, rather out of repair, and much open to the wind), he was up stairs, at his daily work, of spooling and winding yarn. This occupation is auxiliary to that of his wife, who is a weaver, and, although more than eighty years old, she weaves six yards a day, and the old man can supply her with more yarn than she can weave. Supposing he must be very feeble, we offered to go up stairs to him; but he soon came down, walking somewhat stooping, and supported by a staff, but with less apparent inconvenience than most persons exhibit at eighty-five or ninety. His stature is of the middle size, and, although his person is rather delicate and slender, he stoops but little, even when unsupported. His complexion is very fair and delicate, and his expression bright, cheerful, and intelligent; his features are handsome, and considering that they have endured through one-third part of a second century, they are regular, comely, and wonderfully undisfigured by the hand of time; his eyes are of a lively blue; his profile is Grecian, and very fine; his head is completely covered with the most beautiful and delicate white locks imaginable; they are so long and abundant as to fall gracefully from the crown of his head, parting regularly from a central point, and reaching down to his shoulders; his hair is perfectly snow white, except where it is thick in his neck; when parted there, it shews some few dark shades, the remnants of a former century.

"He still retains the front teeth of his upper jaw; his mouth is not fallen in, like

that of old people generally, and his lips particularly, are like those of middle life; his voice is strong and sweet toned, although a little tremulous; his hearing very little impaired, so that a voice of usual strength with distinct articulation, enables him to understand; his eye-sight is sufficient for work, and he distinguishes large print, as the title-page of the Bible, without glasses; his health is good, and has always been so, except that he has now a cough and pectoration.

"He informed us that his father, driven out of France by religious persecution, fled to Amsterdam; by his account it must have been on account of the persecutions of French Protestants, or Huguenots, in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. At Amsterdam, his father married his mother, a Dutch woman, five years before he was born, and before that event returned with her into France. When he was five years old, his father again fled on account of religion, as he expressed it (for his language, although very intelligible English, is marked by French peculiarities). He says he remembers their flight, and that it was in the winter; for he recollects, that as they were descending a hill which was covered with snow, he cried out to his father, 'father, do go back and get my little carriage (a little boy's sliding sledge, or sleigh).'

"From these dates we are enabled to ascertain the time of his birth, provided he is correct in the main fact, for he says he was present at Queen Anne's coronation, and was then sixteen years old, the 31st day of May, old style. His father, as he asserts, after his return from Holland, had again been driven from France by persecution, and the second time took refuge in Holland, and afterwards in England, where he resided with his family at the time of the coronation of Queen Anne, in 1702. This makes Francisco to have been born in 1686, and to have been expelled from France in 1688.

re to have completed his hundred and thirty-third year on the 11th of ; of course he was then more months advanced in his hundred fourth year. It is notorious, that some multitudes of French Protestants on account of the persecutions of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz, which occurred in 1685, and, notwithstanding upon the frontiers, and other precaution or rigor, to prevent it is well known that for many years continued to make their way, that thus Louis lost six hundred of his best and most useful subjects. Francisco if he saw Queen Anne; he replied, with great animation and an elevated voice, 'Ah! and a fine-looking woman she any day you will see now-a-

l he fought in all Queen Anne's wars at many battles, and under commanders, but his memory fails, not remember their names, except Duke of Marlborough, who was

been much cut up by wounds, hewed us, but cannot always distinct account of his warfare. He went out, with his father, from New York, probably early in the war, but cannot remember the

l, pathetically, when pressed for his military experience: 'O, I Queen Anne's wars; I was at Oswego, on the Ohio (in Bradstreet, in 1755, where he was wounded and carried prisoner to Quebec (in the Seven Years' war, when he must have

lettered man, he has very few *Gallia* and those the common ones, such as

been at least ninety years old). I fight in all sorts of wars all my life; I see dreadful trouble; and den to have dem, we fought our friends, turn Tories; and the British too, and fight against ourselves; O, dat was de worst of all.'

"He here seemed much affected, and almost too full for utterance. It seems that during the revolutionary war, he kept a tavern at Fort Edward, and he lamented, in a very animated manner, that the Tories burnt his house and barn, and four hundred bushels of grain. This, his wife said, was the same year that Miss M'Crea was murdered.

"He has had two wives, and twenty-one children; the youngest child is the daughter in whose house he now lives, and she is fifty-two years old; of course he was eighty-two when she was born. They suppose several of the older children are still living, at a very advanced age, beyond the Ohio, but they have not heard of them in several years. The family were neighbors to the family of Miss M'Crea, and were acquainted with the circumstances of her tragical death. They said that the lover, Mr. Jones, at first vowed vengeance against the Indians, but, on counting the cost, wisely gave it up.

"Henry Francisco has been, all his life, a very active and energetic, although not a stout-framed man. He was formerly fond of spirits, and did for a certain period drink more than was proper, but that habit appears to have been long abandoned.

"In other respects he has been remarkably abstemious, eating but little, and particularly abstaining almost entirely from animal food; his favorite articles being tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. His wife said, that after such a breakfast, he would go out and work till noon; then dine upon the same, if he could get it, and then take the same at night; and particularly, that he always drank tea whenever he

could obtain it, three cups at a time, three times a day.

"The old man manifested a good deal of feeling, and even of tenderness, which increased as we treated him with respect and kindness; he often shed tears, and particularly when, on coming away, we gave him money: he looked up to heaven, and fervently thanked God, but did not thank us; he however pressed our hands very warmly, wept, and wished us every blessing, and expressed something serious with respect to our meeting in the next world. He appeared to have religious impressions on his mind, notwithstanding his pretty frequent exclamations, when animated, of 'Good God! O my God!' which appeared, however, not to be used in levity, and were probably acquired in childhood, from the almost colloquial 'Mon Dieu,' &c., of the French. The oldest people in the vicinity remember Francisco as being always, from their earliest recollection, much older than themselves; and a Mr. Fuller, who recently died here, between eighty and ninety years of age, thought Francisco was one hundred and forty.

"On the whole, although the evidence rests, in a degree, on his own credibility, still, as many things corroborate it, and as his character appears remarkably sincere, guileless, and affectionate, I am inclined to believe that he is as old as he is stated to be. He is really a most remarkable and interesting old man; there is nothing, either in his person or dress, of the negligence and squalidness of extreme age, especially when not in elevated circumstances; on the contrary, he is agreeable and attractive, and, were he dressed in a superior manner, and placed in a handsome and well-furnished apartment, he would be a most beautiful old man.

"Little could I have expected to converse and shake hands with a man who has been a soldier in most of the wars of this

country for one hundred years; who, more than a century ago, fought under Marlborough, in the wars of Queen Anne, and who (already grown up to manhood) saw her crowned *one hundred and seventeen years since*; who, one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, and, *in the century before the last*, was driven from France by the proud, magnificent, and intolerant Louis XIV.; and who has lived a FORTY-FOURTH PART OF ALL THE TIME THAT THE HUMAN RACE HAVE OCCUPIED THIS GLOBE!

"What an interview! It is like seeing one come back from the dead, to relate the events of centuries now swallowed up in the abyss of time! Except his cough, which they told us had not been of long standing, we saw nothing in Francisco's appearance that might indicate a speedy dissolution, and he seemed to have sufficient mental and bodily powers to endure for years yet to come."

Miscellaneous Items.

A

Literal Reprint
Of The

Bay Psalm Book

Being The

Earliest New England Version

Of The

Psalms

And The

First Book Printed in America.

[Fifty Copies for Subscribers]

Cambridge

Printed for Charles B. Richardson
New York

1862. 12mo, pp. vii. 295.

(Original Title-page.)

THE
VVHOLE
BOOKE OF PSALMES

Faithfully

TRANSLATED into ENGLISH

Metre.

Whereunto is prefixed a discourse declaring not only the lawfulness, but also the necessity of the heavenly Ordinance of singing Scripture Psalmes in the Churches of God.

Coll. III.

Let the word of God dwell plenteously in you, in all wisdom, teaching and exhorting one another in Psalmes, Hymnes, and spirituall Songs, singing to the Lord with grace in your hearts.

Iames V.

If any be afflicted, let him pray, and if any be merry let him sing psalmes.

Imprinted

1640

THE original work, of which this volume is an elegant and faithful reprint, has "the honor," according to the Rev. Thomas Prince, "of being the *first* book printed in North America." As the original edition undoubtedly was small, copies of it have in consequence become excessively rare. Indeed, it is said that only four copies of the first impression are known to exist; one of which, in the library of the late Edward

z

A. Crowninshield, of Boston, was sold in 1859 for seven hundred and eighty-six dollars. This, however, must be considered an extremely moderate price, if we may believe Mr. Henry G. Bohn, who states, in Part VII. of his new edition of *Lowndes's Manual* (page 1999), that "*this volume would, at an auction in America, produce from four to six thousand dollars*"!!! Considering the fact that Mr. Bohn has had only about "fifty years' active experience as a bookfeller and bibliographer," it may not be, perhaps, improper to suggest that there is a very slight possibility of his being mistaken in his estimate of the pecuniary value of this "most rare and most precious" relic of Puritan barbarism.

If, however, we may accept Mr. Bohn's shrewd statement as unimpeachable *truth*, how serene and sweet should be the bibliographical ecstasies of the intelligent and fortunate purchaser of the Crowninshield copy of *The Bay Psalm Book*, for the mere waste-paper price of seven hundred and eighty-six dollars!

— "O te, Bolane, cerebri
Felicem!"

The early history of this remarkable version of the "*Psalmes in meetre*" is thus related by Cotton Mather, *Magnalia*, vol. i. p. 407:

"About the year 1639, the New-English reformers, considering that their churches enjoyed the other ordinances of Heaven in their scriptural purity, were willing that the ordinance of 'The singing of psalms,' should be restored among them unto a share in that *purity*. Though they blessed God for the religious endeavours of them who translated the Psalms into the *metre* usually annexed at the end of the Bible, yet they beheld in the translation so many *detractions* from, *additions* to, and *variations* of, not only the text, but the very *sense* of the psalmist, that it was an offence unto

them. Resolving then upon a new translation, the chief divines in the country took each of them a portion to be translated; among whom were Mr. Welds and Mr. Eliot of Roxbury, and Mr. Mather of Dorchester. These, like the rest, were of so different a *genius* for their poetry, that Mr. Shepard, of Cambridge, on the occasion addressed them to this purpose:

'You Roxb'ry poets, keep clear of the crime
Of missing to give us very good rhyme.
And you of Dorchester, your verses lengthen,
But with the text's own words, you will them
strengthen.'

The psalms thus turned into *metre* were printed at Cambridge, in the year 1640" [by *Stephen Daye*].

After a period of little more than two centuries, a *fac-simile* reprint of this curious translation has been made with eminent propriety and success, at Cambridge, by Mr. Houghton, one of the most intelligent and skilful printers in this country, for Mr. Charles B. Richardson, an enterprising publisher and bookseller of this city. The edition, strictly limited to *fifty copies*, was prepared under the auspices of several distinguished gentlemen of New England, and was published at a subscription price of ten dollars each copy. As the entire edition was taken by the subscribers, twenty and even as high as thirty dollars have recently been offered for a single copy of it.

The following selection from this extraordinary version of the Psalms may serve as an interesting specimen of the translators' "genius for poetry," and is also curious for its apparently prophetic relevancy to the present disordered and "troublous times:"

Psalme 83.

A psalme or song of Asaph.

O God, doe not thou silence keep:
o doe not thou refraine
thy selfe from speaking, & o God,
doe not thou dumbe remaine.

- 2 For loe, thine enemies that be
doe rage tumultuously:
& they that haters be of thee
have lift the head on hie.
- 3 Against those that thy people be
they crafty counsell take;
also against thy hidden ones
they consultation make.
- 4 They sayd, lest they a nation be,
let's cut them downe therefore,
that in remembrance Isr'els name
may not be any more.
- 5 For they together taken have
counsell with one consent,
and in confederation
against thee they are bent.
- 6 The tabernacles of Edom
and of the Ishmaelites:
the people of the Haggarens
& of the Moabites.
- 7 The men of Gebal, with Ammon,
& Amaleck conspire,
the Philistims, with them that be
inhabitants of Tyre.
- 8 Assyria moreover is
conjoynd unto them;
& help they have administered
unto Lots childerren.

(2)

- 9 As thou didst to the Middianites,
so to them be it done:
as unto Sifera & Iabin
at the Brook of Kison
- 10 Who neere to Endor suddenly
were quite discomfited:
who also did become as dung
that on the earth is *spread*.
- 11 Like unto Oreb, & like Zeeb
make thou their Nobles fall,
yea, as Zeba & Zalmunna
make thou their Princes all.
- 12 Who sayd, for our possession
Gods houses let us take.
- 13 My God, thou like a wheel, like straws
before the winde them make.
- 14 As fire doth burne a wood, & as
the flame sets hills on fire;
- 15 So with thy tempest them pursue,
& fright them in thine ire.
- 16 Doe thou their faces all fill full
of ignominious shame:
that so they may o Lord, be made
to seek after thy name.

- 17 Confounded let them ever be,
and terrible troubled:
yea, let them be put unto shame,
and bee extinguished.
- 18 That men may know; that thou whose name
IEHOVAH is only,
art over all the earth throughout
advanced the most high.

“An Unkeborne Letter.”

THE following curious specimen of the art of letter-writing in the sixteenth century is copied from THOMAS WILSON'S ARTE OF RHETORIQUE, *for the use of all suche as are studious of Eloquence*. (Sm. 4to, black letter, London, M.D.LIII., fol. 87, 88.)

“Pondering, expending, and reuolutyng with my self your ingent affabilitee, and ingenious capacitee, for mundane affaires, I cannot but celebrate and extolle your magnificall dexteritee, aboue all other. For how could you haue adepted suche illustre perogatiue, and dominicall superoritee, if the fecunditee of your ingenie had not been so fertile, and wouderfull pregnant? Now therefore beeyng accersited to suche splendent renoume, and dignitee splendidious, I doubt not but you will adiuate suche poore adnichilate orphanes as whilome were condisciples with you, and of antique familiaritie in Lincolne shire. Among whom I beeyng a Scholasticall panion, obtestate your sublimitee to extolle myne infirmitee. There is a sacerdotall dignitee in my natiue countrey, contiguate to me, where I now contemplate, whiche your worshipfull benignitee, could sone impetrare for me, if it would like you to extend your scedules, and collaude me in them to the right honorable lorde Chauncellor, or rather Archigrammatian of Englande. You knowe my literature, you knowe my pastorall promocion, I obtestate your clemencie to inuigilate thus muche for me, accordyng to my confidence, and

as you knowe my condigne merites, for suche a compendious liuyng. But now I relinquishe to fatigate your intelligence with any more friuolous verbofistie, and therefore he that rules the climates be euermore your beauteux, your fortresse, and your bulwarke. Amen.”

Notes and Queries.

HENRY FRANCISCO.

(*Philobiblion* No. VII., p. 166.)

A LATE number of *The Philobiblion* contains an extract from a French publication respecting Henry Francisco, who died near the head of Lake Champlain, about forty years since, at the advanced age of one hundred and thirty-five. The inquiry of your correspondent for further information respecting this individual can be answered by reference to page 183 of the second edition of SILLIMAN'S *Tour from Hartford to Quebec*, in 1819. It is probable that the French notice was taken from Professor Silliman's, which is very interesting.

G. R. B.

QUOTATION WANTED.

I have seen somewhere the following noble passage ascribed to Lord Bacon; but I have not been able to find it in his works. I shall be greatly obliged if you, or any of your correspondents, will please inform me where it may be found.

G. W. L.

NEW HAVEN.

“We, for our part at least, overcome by the eternal love of Truth, have committed ourselves to uncertain, steep, and desert tracks, and trusting and relying on divine assistance, have borne up our mind against the violence of opinions, drawn up as it were in battle array, against our own inter-

nal doubts and scruples, against the mists and clouds of Nature, and against fancies flitting on all sides around us; that we might at length collect some more trustworthy and certain indications for the living and posterity."

[G. W. L. will find the passage in Lord Bacon's Preface to the *Novum Organum*. See Bacon's Works, vol. xiv. p. 10, Montagu's edition, London (Pickering), 1831.]

T. HESHIUS, SEXCENTI ERRORE, &c.

Mr. Henry G. Bohn, in his new edition of *Lowndes's Manual* (Part VII. p. 1787), states in a note on the Catalogue of the Library of Dr. Samuel Parr, that "a few copies, not more than six, have several leaves afterwards cancelled, on account of passages thought by Dr. Parr's executors to be improper. Among the cancelled passages were these: at page 55, a note appended to 'HESHIUS T. *Sexcenti Errore pleni Blasphemus*, &c.' 'Dr. Parr read this book carefully. He found in it often what seemed to him errors of the Church of Rome, but no one doctrine he would venture to call blasphemous. In the late controversy with the Romanists, he was shocked to find this word in the writings of English Protestants; and he would set a mark of the very strongest reprobation upon the word as applied by Barrington, the contemptible Bishop of Durham, to the sacramental tenets of the Romanists.—S. P.'" At page 486, after '*Fenwick's Observations*, &c.', the passage within brackets: 'I hold with the utmost confidence that Elizabeth Fenning was innocent, [and that

the infernal malignity of her murderer recorded for his punishment in a future world. He died of a debauch, when ought to have died by the halter], &c.—S. P.'"

My object, in copying these curious notes, is to elicit, if possible, some further information concerning the books to which they were appended. An answer, pointing out where such information may be found, will very much oblige
E. C. H.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. have ready for press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir Edward Brydges. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges' as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows:

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each.
100 on large paper, at 4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies. Messrs. Philes & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of old English poetry. The next volume in the series will be "*England's Helicon*."

Autograph Letters,

A PORTFOLIO OF A BOOKWORM.

continued from No. VIII., p. 173.)

letter, in point of time, bears signature of William Cowper. It was written at Weston, in one of his most happy periods, just as his translation of Homer, was nearly close; and is addressed—

"LADY HESKETH,
NEW NORFOLK STREET
GROSVENOR SQUARE
LONDON."

It affronts the memories of Cowper by telling them who Lady Hesketh; but Mrs. Bodham being less likely not to be amiss to remind them of his cousin, and that it is to her of his most beautiful poems, the most touching one—*On the young Mother's Picture*. She was his cousin in his early days—his first love; though why he called her of his biographers can imagine, the young Ann. The terrible cloud which overshadowed the first years of his marriage—to have broken up their acquaintance which was not renewed till the year 1790, when she sent him his last trait from Norfolk, where her

husband had a country seat—Ludham Hall; if I remember rightly—to which she invited him.

"THE LODGE!

"June 28. 1790

"MY DEAREST COZ—

"I write now merely to tell you that the Tea came safe and is excellent, for which you have my best thanks—and to entreat you to send forthwith either in a Bank note or Draft on your own Bank the money that you have in hand for me. It is the season of payment of servants wages, and we are liable also, or shall be shortly, to some demands of Rent, which will make the receipt of said money very convenient.

"We proceed much at the usual rate, only Mrs. Unwins constant pain in her side has at last produced a tumour on that part which distresses me more than it does her. Knowing neither the cause, nor in what it is likely to terminate, I can not but be very uneasy about it. It has but lately appeared; as she describes it, is of half a hand's breadth in dimension, and projects to about a hand's thickness. If you should happen to see your skillful apothecary whose name I cannot now recover, but whom Mr. Rose consulted, I should be glad if you would ask his opinion. In the meantime I shall take the first opportunity to consult Mr. Gregson.

"I expect to see shortly Mrs Bodham here and her husband. If they come, which depends on the recovery of a relation of theirs at present very much indisposed, they will stay, I imagine, a parsons' week, that is to say about a fortnight, and no longer. September in the meantime will be approaching and will arrive welcome, most welcome to us, because it promises to bring you with it. I dream'd last night that you are at Bath. Your next will inform me whether this is true or false. My dream was owing perhaps merely to your longer silence than usual, for which not knowing how to account while I am waking, I endeavoured to solve the difficulty in my sleep.

"Adieu! Let me hear from thee, and believe me, as I know thou do'st, with Mrs Unwins affectionate comp"

"Ever Thine

"WM COWPER

"The swelling is under the ribs at the side of the stomach, on the right."

The day after he wrote this letter to Lady Hesketh, Cowper addressed a short epistle to Mrs. Bodham, in which he expressed his obligations to her husband for accepting his invitation to Weston, and promised to receive him with open arms, "because he is your husband, and loves you dearly." On the 7th of July, he wrote Lady Hesketh again, still in relation to Mrs. Unwin's disorder: "Mrs Unwin has made known her whole case to Mr Gregson, whose opinion of it has been very consolatory to me: he says indeed it is a case perfectly out of reach of all physical aid, but at the same time not at all dangerous."

A round of very red sealing-wax, about the size of an English penny, distinguishes the next letter, which is addressed to "Mrs Chandler, Gloucester." Who Mrs. Chan-

dlar was I know not, except that she was a friend of Maria Edgeworth, whose running, womanly hand gambols merrily over the page before me. The Mrs. Day of whom she speaks was the widow of Thomas Day, the eccentric author of *Sandford and Morton*, who had a fancy for educating young girls for the express purpose of marrying him, to which, when old enough to know their own inclinations, they were decidedly averse. He was killed by a fall from his horse, in the autumn of 1789. "My mother" was Mr. Edgeworth's third wife Elizabeth, the sister of his second wife Honoria, née Honoria Sneyd, for whom, according to Miss Seward, Major André cherished an unfortunate attachment. Maria, by-the-way, was the daughter of her father's first wife, Miss Elers, whom he married in his nineteenth year, at Gretna Green. She was now in her twenty-sixth year—a light-hearted, clever creature, not yet known as an authoress—her first work, a *Treatise on Practical Education*, written in conjunction with her father, appearing in 1798.

"March 15th '92

"PRINCES PLACE

"'Tuck up your robes and buskin soon' for we are all impatient for you to come back to us; And if (God help our selfish Natures!) It will give you any pleasure to know that your friends feel *pain* in your absence you may enjoy that pleasure—The want of your kindness & chearful temper will always be felt by any one who has lived with you And it is a comfortable thing, Is it not? to be tolerably certain that people will feel uncomfortable when you go away?— My Mother and Sisters desire me to tell you—

"—But first do you like a compliment in profile or in full front— I have no objection to a *full front* myself And as I can't draw a profile, there are two reasons why I must tell you my mother and sisters

ge just as it came fresh from their lips
ther fresh from their hearts—

'Do tell Mrs Chandler we think her
agreeable and order her to come
again directly' So 'Tuck up your
and buskin' soon' &c

My Mother has had a terrible tooth
or several days & has been really very
th a feverish complaint— Lovell I
much better than when you saw him
But come & look for yourself— If I
ou everything you'll have no curiosity
— And what's a woman without cu-
y— Not that I believe our unfortu-
aspered Sex have one grain more
e curiosity in their composition than
wife Frowners y'clept Philosophers
when their nettle porridge perchance
ot made to their liking or when some
sad grievance puts them out of con-
with this world & all that it contains
to us poor Women & shutting one
eir august eyes, pore with the other
igh a huge Magnifying glass at our
—pretty specks! our faults are at
! if they would but see them in a
er light—

We have been with Mrs Day very
& I need not tell you are extremely
ed "Interested & entertained by her
effusion— Come you too & let us
more Talk as Dr. Johnson calls it
by the by loved Talk as well as the
of us— and pray bring Miss C. with
or there is a rumor that she will come
you disappoint us Woe be to you!—
he meantime tell her I am much
ed by her polite letter & much flat-
by the fine things she says— Adieu
Mrs C: old & young sick and well,
& merry desire to be affectionately re-
bered to you— And amongst the
y ones I am & hope long to con-

"truly Yours

"MARIA EDGEWORTH

"My Father & Mother join with me in
best Regards to Mr Chandler—"

This must suffice as a specimen of my
last-century MSS. Not that the stock is
by any means exhausted; for I have, among
relics, a letter and a song of Burns's, a let-
ter of Charlotte Smith's, the poetess, and
a leaf of Southey's *Jean of Arc*, with any
number of books that belonged to famous
English authors—Pope, Churchill, Gold-
smith, Warton, Macon, Gray (the Gray is
superb—a large quarto of early Asiatic voy-
ages, containing between six and seven hun-
dred very learned and curious annotations);
of these, however, I must not speak at pre-
sent.

Passing over letters by Godwin, Gifford,
Hook, and "such small deer," I come to
one with a black seal. The wax has not
taken sharply, but as far as I can make it
out, it contains the impression of some my-
thological figure, apparently a Hindoo god-
dess, rampant on a barge, or boat, with a
peacock's tail, and a dagger in her hand.
Under this black seal is the address:

"W. GODWIN, ESQ

112 GREAT RUSSELL STR.

LONDON."

The post-mark is "Marlow, Nov 19 1816."
A few days before (on the 9th of Novem-
ber), the wife of the writer—the poet Shel-
ley—committed suicide, by drowning:
hence the black seal. The Mary men-
tioned at the close was, of course, Mary
Godwin, with whom he was then living,
and whom he shortly afterward married
(December 30th, 1816):

"MARLOW, Wednesday
morning.

"MY DEAR SIR

"In the legend of St. Columbanus, we are
told that he performed a miracle, by hang-
ing his garment on a sunbeam.

"—I, too, have tried to discover a ray of light to fasten hope on it. The casualties of this world come on like waves one succeeding the other— We may escape the heavy roll of the mighty ocean & be wrecked in the still smooth waters of the land-locked bay— We dread the storm & the hurricane & forget how many have perished within sight of shore— However, the human mind may have a natural desire to blot out from memory objects that are hopeless—oblivion does not always descend upon the forrowing soul— How much in every man's heart dies away unuttered?— How many chords of the lyre in the poet's heart have been dumb in the world's ear?— I am bowed down with grief—though relieved of part of the load which the sad event has brought upon me—yet sufficient anxiety remains in my mind to give me ample subject for thought & sorrowful meditation.—With how many garlands we can beautify the tomb. If we begin betimes we can learn to make the prospect of the grave the most seductive of human visions—by little & little we hve therein all the most pleasing of our dreams— Surely if any spot in the world be sacred, it is that in which grief ceases, and from which, if the voice within our hearts mocks us not with an everlasting lie, we spring upon the untiring wings of a panglefs & seraphic life—those whom we loved around—our nature, universal intelligence; our atmosphere, eternal love.— Mary sends kisses—Believe me ever yours

"P B SHELLEY."

From this mournful rhapsody to the light epistle which follows—or rather fragment of an epistle, for I am sorry to say it is no more—the transition is easy—merely from Shelley to Keats. The first half of the sheet being lost, the date must be conjectured from what remains. I place it in December, 1819, or January, 1820, at

which time George Keats was in England, on a short visit from America, where he had left his young wife, to whom the letter was written:

"Friday, 27th. I wish you would call me names: I deserve them so much. I have only written two sheets for you, to carry by George, and those I forgot to bring to town and have therefore to forward them to Liverpool. George went this morning at 6 o'clock by the Liverpool coach. His being on his journey to you, prevents my regretting his short stay. I have no news of any sort to tell you. Henry is wife-bound in Cambden Town; there is no getting him out. I am sorry he has not a prettier wife: indeed 'tis a shame: she is not half a wife. I think I could find some of her relations in Buffon, or Capt Cook's voyages, or the hieraglyphics in Moor's Almanack, or upon a Chinese clock door, the shepherdesses on her own mantle-piece, or in a cruel sampler in which she may find herself worsted, or in a dutch toy shop window, or one of the daughters in the ark, or in any picture shop window. As I intend to retire into the country where there will be no sort of news, I shall not be able to write you very long letters. Besides I am affraid the postage comes too much; which till now I have not been aware of.

* * * * *

"People in military bands are generally seriously occupied. None may or can laugh at their work but the Kettle Drum, Long Drum, Do. Triangle, and Cymbals. Thinking you might want a rat catcher I put your mother's old quaker-colour'd cat into the top of your bonnet. She's wi' kitten, so you may expect to find a whole family. I hope the family will not grow too large for its lodging. I shall send you a close written sheet on the first of next month, but for fear of missing the Liver-

I must finish here. God bless your little girl.

"Your affectionate Brother,

"JOHN KEATS."

(To be continued.)

Books and Libraries

IN

MIDDLE AGES.

Intellectual darkness of mediæval has been long a favorite theme for declamation; and assuredly, if we accept as a faithful delineation of the aspects of the past the picture our historians have drawn of the life of our forefathers, the men of the Middle Ages well merit our grave censure. In the sketches which such writers supply, by the vigor of their descriptions, the deficiency resulting from the poverty of their erudition, have presented for contemplation, books figure as the plants in the gardens of the Hesperides, few, precious, and inaccessible; the libraries of Europe are portrayed in pictures as steeped in the most profound ignorance, and deprived of access to the means of mental cultivation. According to the medievalists, the student who, in those days, sought to add a few volumes to his library was compelled to repair to the library, the title-deeds of a hundred knights in his pocket, as a fund wherewith to make a modest accession to his literary treasures; since, if we are to credit their statements, a flock of sheep was a small price to offer in barter for a faintly written or a volume of an old historian, whose light's fee scarcely sufficed to purchase a single illuminated missal or a copy of the scriptures. Upon their showing, or the laity were, in those ages,

things unheard-of and unknown; and the humble wended his way from the cradle to the tomb through the gloom of an intellectual night, which no kindly hand sought to irradiate with the light of learning.

The examination of the truth of these allegations possesses an interest and importance even beyond that which attaches to it as a simple historical investigation. . . . In estimating the claims of any age to our admiration, we are to consider, not the nature and extent of the advantages which it enjoyed, but the use which it made of those actually in its possession; if, then, the existing facilities for social and intellectual advancement were carefully developed and faithfully employed, their paucity constitutes no valid reason for withholding the meed of our approbation. Thus we are not to look for an abundance of books in an age of manual transcription at all comparable to that which belongs to an age of printing-presses; all we are entitled to expect is an abundance commensurate with the means which were possessed for their multiplication. Whether such really existed in the Middle Ages is the question which now remains for our consideration.

From the provisions of Monastic Rules, which prescribe the devotion to study of a specified portion of the time of the religious, and contain minute directions for the custody and periodical distribution of the books belonging to the community,* it is evident that a library constituted at all times an essential adjunct to a Monastery; it appears, indeed, to have been generally one of the first things thought of in the formation of such an establishment, and the Monks devoted themselves with zealous energy to the preservation and augmentation of their literary possessions.

In the narrative of the foundation of a

* Reg. St. Bened. c. 48, 55. Reg. St. Pachom. Reg. St. Isid. Martene de Antiq. Monach. Rit. I. c. 7.

Monastery by St. Eligius, Bishop of Noyon, in the seventh century, we find it recorded that he transported thither wagons heavily laden with vessels for all purposes, both of wood and brass, bedding, table-linen, a great number of religious books, and all other things necessary for a Monastery;* Guibert of Nogent, speaking of the first disciples of St. Bruno, says, "Choosing to live in the utmost poverty, they nevertheless collect a most rich library;"† in the Annals of Corby, in Saxony, we are told that in 1097 Machwartus made a law that every novice should on the day of his profession give a useful and valuable book to the library, and that every Superior of a Monastery subject to his own should compose a chronicle of his house and send it to him to be a memorial to future ages;‡ and the renown which the Monasteries had acquired for literary wealth in the thirteenth century is evidenced by the Bull issued by Pope Innocent IV. in 1246, in which, calling attention to the poverty of the churches of Prussia and Livonia, which, being infant, were unprovided with the necessary books, he especially invited Monks to send some to them out of their abundance.§ Many Abbeys, by reason of the magnificence of their collections, attained to pre-eminent renown; world-wide was the fame of the libraries of Fulda, of Corby, of St. Gall, of Gemblours, of Lobbes, of Hirschau, of Lorsch, of St. Emmeran at Ratibon, of Tegernsee, of St. Martin at Spanheim, of Einseidlin, of St. Remi at Rheims, of Clugni, of Gembloux, of St. Benedict sur Loire, of St. Victor and St. Germain at Paris, of St. Medard at Soissons, of St. Martin at Tours, of Alvelda, of St. Benedict at Sahagun, of St. Paul at Barcelona, of St. Vincent at Oveido, of Alcobaca, of St. John

in Verdara and of the Augustinian Hermelin at Padua, of Bobbio, of SS. John and Paul at Venice, of La Chiufa, of Monte Cassino, of Nonantula, of Camaldoli, of Squillace, of St. Maria Maddalena at Florence, of the Franciscans at Cesena, of St. Maria Novella, of Santa Croce, of Pomposa, of Pisciara, and of St. Saviour at Messina; but while these and others which might be named were especially distinguished, every Monastery contained its store of intellectual treasures, which underwent constant augmentation. The most eminent laymen vied with each other in adding to the opulence of Monastic libraries. St. Louis left his books to be divided between the Franciscan and Dominican Orders; Cassiodorus presented to the Monks of Squillace a large collection of MSS. which he had gathered together for them at Rome, and to which he made many subsequent additions, and gave his own extensive library to the Monastery of Monte Cassino; Cosmo de Medici enriched with noble libraries the Monasteries of St. Francesco, of St. George at Venice, and of St. Bartholomew near Fiesole; Malatesta Novello of Rimini bestowed a splendid collection of books on the Franciscans of Cesena; the Archduke Henry III. of Bavaria gave a rich library to the Abbey of Tegernsee, in which he was wont to pass much time in devout meditation; and records of such gifts abound in Monastic Chronicles. These donations afford proof that large collections of books sometimes existed in the hands of individuals; and examples of this, though necessarily limited in number by the circumstances of the age, are by no means of rare occurrence. The library of King Charles V. of France contained nine hundred volumes;* Frederick II. formed an excellent library;† King Robert of Sicily, in the fourteenth century, possessed a large collection of

* Vit. S. Elig. ap Dacher. Spicileg. ii. 76.

† De Vitâ Suâ. i. 10.

‡ Annal Corb.

§ Voigt. Geschichte Preuss. ii. 49.

* Boivin. Mem. Acad. des Inscriptions.

† Pet. de Vin. l. iii. Ep. 67.

of Richard of Bury, Bishop of Durham in the thirteenth century, it is recorded, besides having libraries in all his castles, the floor of his common room used to be strewn with books, that it was difficult to approach him; Rotger, a German in the tenth century, was accustomed to carry his library with him in his journeys;* Octavianus Præconius, Archbishop of Palermo, not only possessed an extensive private library, but had an abundance of books placed in all parts of his palace, that those who came to transact business with him might not be idle while they waited, but might have something to entertain their minds;† when St. Boniface was attacked and despoiled by the Danes, “on breaking open his chests he found not gold but books, and in the place of silver, which they had expected, discovered only copies of the Sacred Scriptures;”‡ when Odo, afterward Abbot of Clugny, vacated his office of Precentor and Schoolmaster of the Cathedral Church of Sens, to enter the Priory of St. Martin at Tours, he carried with him his library, amounting to a hundred volumes;§ among the various gifts which the Abbot Saba of Montecassino presented to a church which he had built before embracing the religious life, we find enumerated three hundred beautiful MSS.;|| and the author of the *Mirouer du Monde* declares that in the Castle of Anthony de Guignus, on the foot of the Jura, was a library containing many beautiful and valuable volumes.¶ Unquestionably, however, the monasteries possessed the greater portion of the books which existed in the Middle

Ages; and this, not only because the price of MSS., though far from being so elevated as has been supposed by some, was nevertheless sufficiently high to present a serious obstacle to their accumulation in any very considerable number by private individuals, but also because the eminently associative spirit of those ages generated the desire to place these literary stores in the position in which they would conduce most fully to the general utility; men labored in those days less for themselves than for society; and the wealthy nobles and powerful monarchs, whose opulence had enabled them to amass large collections of books, cheerfully ceded them to the Monasteries, in which their perpetual conservation was better assured than it could possibly be while they remained in private hands, and in which they were freely accessible to all who desired to profit by their contents. For the Monastic Libraries were in the fullest sense of the term Public Libraries; the inscription in the Bibliotheca Marucelliana at Florence, “*Publicæ et maxime pauperum utilitate*”—FOR THE USE OF THE PUBLIC, AND ESPECIALLY OF THE POOR—embodies the idea which presided over the formation of such collections in mediæval centuries, when they were gathered together; not as objects of vanity or display, but as a practical means of rendering knowledge accessible to those whose poverty prevented them from possessing libraries of their own. Not only were students permitted to read the books in the libraries, but they were also suffered to carry them to their own homes; and when some Abbots had discontinued this practice, in consequence of the injury which the books occasionally sustained, the Council of Paris, in 1212, ordered the immediate resumption of the ancient custom, declaring that the lending of books may justly be reckoned among the most eminent of the works of mercy.* The language of

Labillon Aët. SS. Ord. S. Bened. Sæc. v. § 2.
cilia Sacra, i. 203.
it. S. Bonifac. ii. 177.
Labillon Aët. SS. Ord. S. Bened. vii. 126.
cilia Sacra, ii. 1004.
ouget Bibliothèque Française, ix. 226.

* Annales de Phil. Chr. xviii. 450.

Richard of Bury, in the thirteenth century, admirably reflects the spirit of the Monks and their benefactors, and portrays the motives which actuated the establishment and augmentation of their literary collections.

"Moved," he says, "by Him who alone granteth and perfecteth a good will to man, I diligently inquired what among all the offices of piety would most please the Almighty and most profit the Church militant. Then before the eye of my mind there came a flock of chosen scholars, in whom God the artificer, and Nature his handmaiden, had planted the roots of the best manners and sciences, but whom penury so oppressed that these fruitful germs were dried up, since, in consequence of want, they were watered by no dew in the uncultivated soil of youth, so that their virtue lay hidden and buried, and the crop withered away, and the corn degenerated into tares, and they who might have grown up into strong columns of the Church by the capacity of their genius, were obliged to renounce the pursuit of learning. What can a pious man behold more deplorable? What can more excite his compassion? What can more easily dissolve into warm drops a congealed heart? Therefore I considered how much it would profit the Christian republic to render assistance to the poor, and to nourish students, not with the delights of Sardanapalus, or the riches of Croesus, but with the modest provision of scholars. How many have we seen conspicuous by no lustre of birth, and no hereditary succession, but assisted by the piety of good men, who have deserved apostolic chairs, in which they have served the faithful, subverted the proud, and procured the liberty of the Church! Thus the result of my meditation was pity for this obscure race of men, who might render such service to the Church, and a resolution to assist them, not only with means for their subsistence, but

also with books for their studies. Monastic Libraries belonged, Monks alone, but to the People demonstration that a Library was a natural adjunct to every Monastery, that, not only in large cities, smaller towns, and even in villages, existed in the Middle Ages vast libraries, which were to every one as accessible as if they had been his own. It is a curious and interesting circumstance that the price of books was so low, since from the religious the scholar could obtain the loan of the most precious volume; and the simple fact that they declared their libraries to be free for the poor, and instituted regulations for the lending of books to those who means prevented them from borrowing for themselves, indicates an intelligence in the humbler classes which is an element of the picture which poets and historians have sketched of the condition of the mediæval society. These collections were greatly diversified in size, since they were probably in the ninth century we read that in the ninth century the Abbey of Croyland possessed between eight and ten hundred MSS.,† and that the whole of the British Museum would not much more than five hundred MSS. but at a later period of the mediæval age many Monasteries contained libraries of considerable magnitude, as may be inferred from the dimensions of the apartments destined to the conservation of their books, such as that in the Monastery at London, which was three hundred and twenty-nine feet long and one foot broad; or that in the Wells, which was lighted by windows on each side.§ In the thirteenth century in Piedmont, there was

* Ric. de Buri. Philobiblion Prolog.

† Ingulf. ap. Gale. Script. v.

‡ Chron. Cent. ap. Dacher. Spicil.

§ Leland.

ry, six thousand volumes;* the lugni is described as rivalling in e that of the Emperors at Con-† the extent of that of Fulda, e books were classified in forty-ns, according to their subjects, ged from the fact that, from the oundation, in the time of the ns, twelve Monks were constant- d in augmenting its contents;‡ n, two thousand volumes were Trithemius alone during the e years of his rule;§ the Abbey ough, in England, possessed at an l seventeen hundred volumes;|| of St. Benedict sur Loire, in tained five thousand volumes; rms that in every town in Italy to be found in vast abundance;¶ may be formed of the number the library of St. Salvator de m an incident recorded by Gaf- nus, who relates that when the had been on one occasion con- a temporary fortress, in time of of the Florentine soldiers by is occupied, who had sallied out enemy, were unable to return, which crossed the moat surround- bey having broken under their those who remained within the up the moat with books taken ibrary, and thus made a caufec- their comrades were enabled eir quarters in safety.** No was deemed complete without re of books. "A Monastery

without a library," says Geoffrey, Sub-Prior of St. Barbara, in Normandy, in the twelfth century, "is like a Castle without an armory, for our library is our armory, whence we bring forth the sentences of the divine law, like sharp arrows to attack the enemy;"* and John of Salisbury, echoing the same thought, says, "A Cloister without books is like a citadel without arms." . . . "In books," says the illustrious Richard of Bury, "every one who seeketh wisdom findeth it; in books we find the dead as if alive; in books we foresee the future; in books are manifested the laws of peace. All things else fail with time; Saturn ceaseth not to devour his offspring, and oblivion covereth the glory of the world; but God hath provided a remedy for us in books, without which all that were ever great had been without a memory. Think what convenience of learning there is in books; how easily, how securely we may lay bare to them without shame the poverty of human ignorance. These are the masters who instruct us without rods, without anger, and without money. If you approach, you find them ever wakeful; if you interrogate them, they do not hide themselves; if you mistake, they do not murmur or laugh. O books! alone liberal and making liberal, who give to all who ask, and emancipate all who serve you, the tree of life you are, and the river of Paradise with which the human intelligence is irrigated and made fruitful. No price ought to hinder a man from the purchase of books, unless on account of the malice of the seller, or the need of waiting for a more convenient time; for, as wisdom is an infinite treasure, the value of books is ineffable. The venerable Monks are accustomed to be solicitous in regard to books, and to be delighted in their company as with all riches, and thence it is that we find in most Mon-

le Levis Anecd. Sacr. Præf. xxviii.
 Vie d'Abeillard.
 uer Hist. Lit. Ord. S. Bened. i. 483.
 j. Fuld. 45.
 ius Nepiachus. ap. Eccard.
 Marham. Preface to Dugdale's Mo-

chi, iii. 3.
 Abb. Ord. Cisterc. i. vii. 38.

* Martens, Thes. Nov. Anecd. i. 509.

* and Beda relates that St. Cyprian was most solicitous to provide for the death of the library which he had brought to England.† The Monks, infatigably displayed their sympathy as which Richard of Bury exerted over these monuments of exertion. "Not alone do we he remarks, "by preparing volumes, but also by preserving with great care those we have truly, after the vestments and dedicated to our Lord's body, sacred to be treated with the highest. All negligence in regard to prohibited by the example of our we read that when he had read which was delivered to him, he turned it to the minister until he turned again with his most sacred which students ought to take care to commit the least neglect regard to books."†—L. A.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Trollope's North America.

1. By Anthony Trollope. 12mo. New York, Harper & Brothers. 1862.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE has written a book of the United States. It has been a part of his literary life—so he says in the preface to the book. Accordingly, he congratulated on having fulfilled a duty. It was not a very lofty ambition, but the attainment of it was important or otherwise, is always

S. Bened.

Vit. Abb. Wiremuth. 299.
le Buri. Philobiblion, 17.

something; and doubtless Mr. Trollope is greatly relieved to have got North America safely off his mind. Let him, therefore, have congratulation. Serene in the consciousness of satisfied ambition, and safe beneath the shelter of his own vine and fig-tree, "the good Saint Anthony" may now smoke the pipe of peace, quaff the British malt of satisfaction, and "buckle his eyes" to the pleasing prospect of profits. Truly, a delicious consummation.

Mr. Trollope's tour through the Northern States and the Canadas occupied about six months. His book, recording the same, occupies about six hundred pages. Both, it is evident, were made with extraordinary dispatch. In fact, after long repression of its mighty purpose, the Trollopean ambition suddenly burst forth, like rebellious beer, and fulfilled itself in a peremptory manner. The result is this long, tedious, garrulous, commonplace narrative. While, therefore, Mr. Trollope is duly honored, let his readers be duly commiserated. He has survived a good deal: they have a good deal to survive.

Thirty years ago, Mrs. Frances Trollope, mother of Anthony, wrote a book concerning the American people, which reflected about equal discredit on their manners and those of the lady herself. It appears, however, that Mrs. Frances Trollope, mother of Anthony, did not exhaust the fruitful theme. Such, at any rate, is Anthony's opinion. "She saw with a woman's keen eye," he says, "and described with a woman's light but graphic pen, the social defects and absurdities," etc., etc. It is also Anthony's opinion that his mamma's book was a good one. "All that she told was worth the telling," he adds, "and the telling, if done successfully, was sure to produce a good result. I am satisfied that it did so. But she did not regard it as a part of her work to dilate on the nature and operation of those political arrangements which

had produced the absurdities which she saw, or to explain that though such absurdities were the natural result of those arrangements in their newness, the defects would certainly pass away, while the political arrangements, if good, would remain." We should rather think she did not; nor, we are fain to add, does her dutiful Anthony. For him, burning in his mighty mind to do up North America, it was enough to emulate the illustrious maternal example. He has not aspired to supply the deficiencies of the elder treatise. In fact, the modest Anthony feels that it will be

———"praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private"

Trollope, if only he is able "to add something to the familiarity of Englishmen with Americans." Wherefore the Trollope family has assumed to interpret between the United States and England. Whether future generations of Americans are to be discussed by future Trollopes, and whether, considering the present state of feeling in the respective nations, anybody will especially admire the effort of Anthony, are questions about which opinions will vary. It may, however, be at least conjectured that the English public is heartily sick of books about this country, and of Trollopes into the bargain. That the American public is, cannot be doubted. And naturally. Such books are all alike—shallow, superficial, tame, senseless. Having read one, you have read all. The same trivialities of observation are served up with the same platitudes of thought. The same weak witticisms darkly enliven the same stupid drivel, and the same Pharisaical conclusion—"I am holier than thou"—is finally announced. The course of the foreign tourist may be described in a few words. He travels—keeps a diary—publishes a book—and so writes himself down an ass. Mr. Trollope is no exception to the established usage.

His book is written with vivacity—and that is all. As to numerous unimportant details he is minute, sometimes correct, and sometimes amusing. As to a thorough and accurate comprehension of American character, manners, social life, and national attributes—such as would qualify him to write intelligibly and usefully on those subjects—he exhibits an entire and profound deficiency. Of certain persons, places, facts, and events, he speaks well and truly. No man of ordinary ability could, under similar circumstances, do otherwise. His *North America* is, however, mainly noticeable as a specimen of the art of Book-Making, the common and pernicious quackery of the age. As pictorial of this country it is an utter failure; unless, indeed, that merit resides of necessity in a large number of verbose and commonplace pages. Nor is this failure redeemed in the fact that the book has been written in a kindly although a patronizing spirit toward the American people. WILLIAM WINTER.

Jarvis the Painter.

(*Philobiblion* No. II., p. 46.)

I WILL try to furnish an answer to the query of your correspondent "B." as far as I am able, asking his pardon for whatever irrelevant gossip it may contain. The late Colonel William L. Stone wrote a sketch of the life of Jarvis for Grifwold's *Biographical Annual* (12mo, New York, 1841), which contains some curious particulars that it may not be amiss to extract, as the volume is not of very frequent occurrence.

JOHN WESLEY JARVIS was born in 1780, in South-Shields-on-the-Tyne. He was a nephew of the founder of Methodism, with whom (on the emigration of his own father to America) he resided during several years

of his infancy. His father settled in Philadelphia, and at the age of five years the little son was removed from the care of his uncle and brought to the United States. At ten, by the suggestion of Dr. Rush, he was apprenticed to an engraver whose name was Savage, who knew but little of his art, and with whom he removed to New York. Having learned to draw and engrave from Edwin, an Englishman employed by Savage, he carried on the business for his master after Edwin left him, until he became of age—serving him faithfully in-doors, and playing many pranks and tricks fantastic without. Soon after becoming of age, his old instructor, Edwin, invited him to visit the painting-room of Mr. Martin, a portrait-painter who was overrun with business. On looking at his pictures, Edwin remarked that Martin was the first portrait-painter in the United States. "If that be true," said Jarvis, "I will be the first to-morrow, for I can paint better pictures than these now." This resolution he carried immediately into effect. One of his earliest portraits was that of Hogg, the comedian, who kept a porter-house in Nassau street.

Jarvis afterward, in connection with an associate named Wood, became a miniature-painter, under the instruction of Malbone, and invented a process of drawing profiles upon glass. The outline being marked, the other side of the glass was painted black or gilded with gold leaf. While these trifles were popular, with the aid of a single assistant, Jarvis and Wood were enabled at times to divide one hundred dollars at night. The gold-leaf profiles were in great demand. Jarvis was always full of humor, and Wood was an excellent musician; so that their rooms in Park Row were attractive places of resort.

After his separation from Wood, he had a painting-room in Broadway, nearly opposite the City Hotel, where he painted well-executed profile portraits on Bristol boards

at five dollars each. At the same time, he painted in oil, or upon ivory, if required. His convivial habits did not prevent him from being a student in every thing pertaining to his art. About 1807, Sully was his hired assistant. Jarvis himself said it was a great shame that a man of Sully's genius and merit should find it necessary to labor as an assistant to him. Before this period, however, Jarvis had become eminent in his profession, and was even then wont to pass his winters in the Southern cities, and his summers only at the North. As a humorist, he was one of the most lively and entertaining of men. His songs and his stories made him ever welcome on convivial occasions, and he was everywhere as popular as a table-companion as he was eminent in his art.

Soon after the last war with England, Henry Inman became his pupil, accompanied him on his first visit to New Orleans, and a most profitable visit it was. Jarvis went there penniless: in six months he realized six thousand dollars, with three thousand of which he returned to New York. He and Inman separated in 1819. One of Inman's early paintings was a cabinet picture of Jarvis, taken in a slouched and dilapidated straw hat. It was a capital hit, and contributed much in giving Inman a start.

Jarvis was eccentric in his manners and also in his dress, almost to comicality. He was prodigal of money, when he had it; but in all his habits, business or otherwise, entirely without system or economy. Every thing was in disorder at home. He would invite friends to dine with him—gentlemen of distinction from the South—provide the choicest viands to be found in the market, and the oldest and richest wines—while his table was set with broken forks and tumblers, and old and damaged crockery. But it was Jarvis—and all was very well.

In 1833, while at New Orleans, he was

stricken by paralysis. He returned North, but suffered from its effects until his death, January 16th, 1840.

Colonel Stone says: "Of religious faith or hope, we presume he had none. Indeed, his principles, or rather opinions, if he ever thought with sufficient steadfastness to form any, were in unison with those of Paine. Once, it is said, when the late Bishop Moore was sitting to him, the good prelate attempted to direct his attention to sacred things; but the artist, with facetious irreverence, cut short the conversation, by saying carelessly, and yet as if merely giving a direction for the attention of the sitter—"Turn your head the other way—and *shut your mouth!*" The effort was not repeated."

Thomas Paine was the companion and fellow-lodger of the artist, and they continued friends up to the time of Paine's death. The tales spread abroad concerning the death of the arch-unbeliever, seem to have exercised the pencil of Jarvis, as they did afterward the "three-man-beetle" powers of Cobbett's pen. The dignitaries of the Church were treated with as little ceremony by the former as the *simple* Quaker servant-maid of Elias Hicks was by the latter.

The caricature mentioned by your correspondent was sent by Colonel John Fellows to Richard Carlile, who in the postscript to the third edition of his *Life of Paine* says: "I have just received, from New York, a caricature painting, done by Mr. Jarvis on the death of Paine. The object is to caricature the conduct of the different description of priests, and of the Quakers, towards him." A written sketch of the caricature follows.

First, Mr. Paine lying dead, with the book *Common Sense* under his head as a pillow. In his right hand is a manuscript, entitled *A Rap on the Knuckles for John Mason*, from which a sketch is given.

Round his arm is a label or scroll, on which is written, *Answer to Bishop Watson*. Under him, as a motto, or epitaph, is written, "A Man who devoted his whole life to the attainment of two objects—Rights of Man and Freedom of Conscience—had his vote denied him when living, and was denied a grave when dead!" Then are seen five priests. The first, a Father O'Brian, a Roman Catholic priest and a notorious drunkard, is painted with a brandy nose and face, apparently in a high state of excitement, kneeling over Mr. Paine, looking into his face, and exclaiming, "Oh, you ugly, drunken beast!" In the middle, stamping on the belly of Paine, is the said John Mason, a Presbyterian priest, exclaiming, with his hand in a preaching attitude: "Ah! Tom! ah! Tom! thou'lt get thy frying in hell! they'll roast thee like a hering—

"They'll put thee in the furnace hot,
And on thee bar the door;
How the devils all will laugh
To hear thee burst and roar!"

Aiming a kick at his head, stands a Doctor Livingstone, a Dutch priest, and saying—

"How are the mighty fallen!
Right fol de riddle lol," &c.

Kicking at his feet, stands Bishop Hobart, singing—

"Tight fol de rol, let's dance and sing;
Tom is dead—God save the King!
The infidel now low doth lay—
Sing hallelujah—hallelujah!"

In the background is a church, with a saddle across it, and Bishop Moore is riding it with a whip in his hand.

A Quaker is also seen, with a shovel on his shoulder; and turning his head, looking on Paine, seems to say, "I'll not bury thee."

In the background is also seen a dead ass, with five black birds (crows or ravens)

picking and flying about it, as an allegory of the front scenes.

There is a bust of Paine belonging to the New York Historical Society, which was modelled in clay by Jarvis.

Mr. John Allan, the venerable patriarch of book-collectors, has among his valuable collection of pictures and curiosities a picture of the birthplace of his favorite bard, Robert Burns, painted for him by Jarvis. The execution is good, and does credit to the talents of the artist and the taste of his patron.

De L'Abos des Nudités de Gorge.

Seconde édition, revue, corrigée, et augmentée; jouxte la Copie imprimée à Bruxelles. Paris, chez J. de Laize-de-Bresche, rue St. Jacques, devant St. Benoist, à l'Image St. Joseph. (1 vol. 12mo, pp. 116.) M.DC.LXXVII.

THE authorship of this singular little volume is commonly attributed to the eccentric Abbé Jacques Boileau, a brother of the celebrated French satirist, Nicolas Boileau Despréaux, but on what authority neither Barbier nor Brunet has been able to ascertain. The work itself is a pious diatribe against that voluptuous and ostentatious display of the naked breasts, neck, and shoulders, which was so fashionable with the severely chaste maids and matrons of the courts of Charles II. and Louis XIV.

The work is divided into two general parts, which are subdivided into one hundred and thirteen paragraphs. The first part contains forty-four paragraphs, and the second sixty-nine. At the end of the volume is a curious "ORDINANCE OF THE VICARS-GENERAL OF TOULOUSE (*the See being vacant*), AGAINST NAKED ARMS, SHOULDERS, AND NECKS, AND THE INDECENCY OF MAIDS' AND WOMEN'S APPAREL." This document is signed by Sieurs Ciron, Du Four, De La Font, Deslopinys, and Secretary Bauevestre.

A literal and modest translation of one or two passages in this remarkable Ordinance, showing the extraordinary zeal and energy with which these reverend gentlemen rebuked the fashionable ladies of Toulouse, will perhaps be amusing to the reader:

"Among all the irregularities and abuses whereby the Evil Spirit hath endeavoured, in the first ages of the Church, to corrupt the moral purity of the faithful, there hath been none against which the holy Fathers have exercised their eloquence, and spoken with so much heat and vigour, as against the vain ornaments and indecent dresses of maids and women. Those same irregularities have descended to us; and, as if the succession had secured them some special right and privilege to show themselves, they appear with an audaciousness which can be equalled only by the ancient adepts in crime and defilement. We still behold Christian maids and women, who, forgetting the renunciation they have made in their baptism, before the face of the Church, of all the pomps and vanities of Satan, and violating all the laws of modesty, do employ their whole address and time in bedecking their heads with borrowed hair, and in subtly laying snares, by the nakedness of their arms, necks, and breasts, to entrap and ruin those precious souls whom Jesus Christ hath redeemed by his blood. We see them with an excess of decoration, and with an immodesty which we would condemn even in heathens, appear in public in so scandalous and shameless a manner, that, to judge of their intentions by the lewd liberty of their wanton and languishing glances, by the form and style of their garments, and by sundry other vain and bewitching braveries, we must pronounce them exceedingly criminal and impure: besides this, according to the opinion of one of the holy Fathers, they are as so many sharp and piercing swords that give spiritual death to the souls of libertines, who are smitten and wounded by their eyes, and who become the miserable victims of defilement and uncleanness. As this spirit accompanies them everywhere, they are not contented (according to the language of a Prophet) to lift up the ensign of their prostitutions in the streets, in the walks, and in other public places, but they likewise come, by an insupportable temerity and blindness, to brave even Jesus Christ at the feet of his altars, and to violate (so to speak) the immunity of the Church, darting by the nakedness of their arms, necks, and breasts, the fire of an impure love into the hearts of the faithful who have

retired there, as into a sanctuary consecrated to prayer and holiness.

"The very tribunals of penance, which should be watered with their tears, and the holy table, where the food of angels ought not to be distributed but to those who are clothed with the nuptial robes of innocence and humility, are shamelessly profaned by those pompous enticements of the Devil, and by the world's liveries, which they make to triumph over Christian modesty.

"All these disorders, which are but too public, joined to the voice of ministers, whose complaints to us are frequent and loud, will suffer us no longer to remain silent. We have judged it to be fit and proper, as well as our bounden duty, to rebuke and arrest an evil which every day increases, and gains new foothold among us.

"For these causes, therefore, and to keep from this Diocesis the punishments with which the justice of God does commonly chastise public scandals and the profanation of holy things, we enjoin all secular and regular Confessors, upon pain of suspension, to deny the Sacraments to all those who present themselves with their arms, necks, and shoulders naked; and to those vain and light persons who are otherwise clad in a seductive, unseemly, and unchaste manner.

"We reserve to our particular selves the absolution of those individuals who are guilty of this abominable public sin and scandal, as well as of those who, after the promulgation of this Ordinance, shall wickedly and perversely continue in the practice of so damnable a custom," &c., &c.

The first five paragraphs of the virtuous Abbé Boileau's book being almost a verbal repetition of the Ordinance of the reverend gentlemen of Toulouse, we shall begin our selections from it at paragraph vi., giving the original text and a literal version of it:

VI.

"S'il est vray, comme on n'en scauroit douter, qu'une femme modeste est également agreable à Dieu et aux hommes; il n'est pas moins certain qu'une femme sans modestie, doit déplaire aux hommes comme elle déplaist à Dieu. Ou pour parler le langage de l'Ecriture, s'il est vray que c'est grace sur grace qu'une femme modestement vestuë, qui donne des marques de sa sainteté par sa pudeur, il est indubitable que c'est crime sur crime, qu'une femme vestuë à la mondaine, qui fait douter de son innocence par sa nudité; c'est un crime, parqu'elle peche contre la pudeur, c'est un double

crime, parcequ'elle fait pecher contre la pureté, et qu'en mesme temps qu'elle se rend coupable, elle travaille avec le Demon à faire des criminels."

"If it be true, and we cannot doubt it, that a modest woman is equally pleasing to God and man, it is not less certain that a woman without modesty must needs displease men as she is herself displeasing to God. Or, to speak in the language of Scripture, if it be true that it is grace upon grace for a woman to be modestly clothed, and to show forth the marks of her holiness by her decent purity, it is, then, unquestionably a double crime for a woman to be clad according to the fashion of this world, and so bring her innocence into dispute through her unseemly nakedness; because she herself not only sins against shame, but causes others also to sin against purity, and at the same time that she renders herself culpable, she is laboring with the Devil to make them likewise guilty."

VII.

"L'Apostre Saint Paul avoit préveu tous ces maux; et pour y remédier, il ordonna que les femmes ne parussent dans les Eglises qu'avec des habits modestes, ornées de pudeur et de chasteté, non pas d'or et de pierres precieuses, telles que doivent estre des femmes Chrestiennes, dont les vestemens mesme font reconnoistre la pieté, et dont le port et la démarche font une preuve, ou du moins une marque de la sainteté de leurs actions. Sans doute, les femmes devroient s'étudier à suivre exactement ce conseil de l'Apostre, et les hommes devroient faire leurs efforts pour le faire observer, puisqu'il n'est pas moins utile aux uns qu'aux autres. Cependant, les femmes le violent sans scrupule, et les hommes le voyent violer sans émotion."

"The Apostle Saint Paul foresaw all these evils, and, as a remedy against them, he exhorts women not to appear in the churches but in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but (which becometh women professing godliness) clothed in garments in conformity with their piety, and to have such a carriage and behavior as may be a proof, or at least a mark, of the holiness of their actions. Without doubt, women ought to study how to follow exactly the counsel of the Apostle, and men ought to take care that it be observed, since it is no less profitable to the one than to the other. Nevertheless, women violate it without scruple, and men see them do so without emotion."

VIII., IX.

"Tachons du moins d'imiter le zèle de Saint Jean Chrysostome; et si nous ne pouvons empêcher ce dérèglement, efforçons-nous avec lui, de faire connoître à ces femmes quelle est la grandeur de leur faute quand elles viennent dans l'Eglise avec des habits indecens, et, si je l'ose dire, comme à demies nuës. Venez-vous dans la Maison de Dieu comme au bal, leur dit ce grand homme? Venez-vous dans le Sanctuaire pour y faire des conquêtes, et pour y satisfaire votre sensualité? Y venez-vous pour attaquer Dieu ou les hommes?"

"Revenez donc de votre aveuglement, ô femmes mondaines! esclaves du siècle, idolâtres de la vanité. Souvenez-vous que Satan est le Prince du monde, et que vous devenez ses sujettes à mesure que vous vous conformez aux maximes que le monde vous propose, et que vous suivez les abus qu'il a introduits. Hé quoy! la seule magnificence de vos habits, et la seule superfluité de vos ornemens, ont fait gemir tous les Saints qui en ont été les témoins: Que diroient-ils maintenant, s'ils voyoient que toute cette pompe n'aboutit pas seulement à flatter votre vanité et votre orgueil; mais encore à favoriser l'impureté, et à inspirer à ceux que vous regardent des desirs illicites, et des pensées sensuelles. Faut-il faire tant de dépense pour couvrir son corps, et cependant le laisser à demy-nu!"

"Let us endeavor at least to imitate the zeal of Saint John Chrysostome; and if we cannot prevent this disorder, let us strive with him to make these women know how enormous their sin is, in attending the church, not only in such indecent garments, but as it were, if I may presume so to speak, half naked. Do you come into the House of God as to a ball? said that great man to them. Do you come into the Sanctuary to make your conquests, and there to satisfy your sensuality? Do you come hither to attack God or to seduce men?"

"Return to yourselves, O ye blind, worldly women! Slaves to the age, and worshippers of vanity, remember Satan is the Prince of this world, and you become his subjects and votaries, so far as you conform to the maxims which the world proposes to you, and follow those abuses that he has introduced. Alas! how has only the magnificence of your apparel, and your superfluous ornaments, made all the saints sigh and groan, who have been eye-witnesses of them! What would they say now, if they saw that all this splendor which tends not only to flatter your vanity and your pride, but also to countenance lust and impurity, and to inspire those who behold you with illicit desires and

sensual thoughts! Wherefore should you be to so lavish expence in clothing your bodies, and yet leave them half naked!"

XXIII.

"Je souhaiterois que toutes filles et toutes les femmes fussent bien persuadées de ce qu'a dit S. Chrysostome, et qui a été justifié par plusieurs histoires authentiques, qu'une image et une statuë nuë est le siege du Diable, elles concluroient de là que par leurs nuditez elles deviennent non seulement le siege, mais le trône de Satan; que non seulement il repose sur leur gorge et sur leurs épaules exposées aux yeux des hommes; mais qu'il y regne, qu'il y domine, qu'il y triomphe; elles connoistroient que leur corps à demy nud n'attire pas moins sur elles les Demons que les yeux des hommes. Et comme il y a d'ordinaire plusieurs hommes qui regardent leur sien, leurs épaules et leurs bras nus, qu'il y a aussi plusieurs Demons sur chacune de ces parties dont ils prennent possession, et dont, pour ainsi parler, ils font leur retraite et leur fort. Peut-être qu'étant convaincues qu'elles sont environnées, assiégées et couvertes de plusieurs de ces monstres, à mesure qu'elles paroissent en public, plus ou moins nuës; peut-être, dis-je, que cette idée leur seroit avoir une juste crainte et une sainte horreur de leur nudité."

"I could wish that all maids and women were well persuaded of the truth of what Saint Chrysostome hath said, and which hath been justified by many authentic histories, namely, that a naked image and statue is the Devil's chair; they would thence conclude that, by their nakedness, they become not only the seat but the throne of Satan; that he not only reposes himself upon their breasts and shoulders exposed to the view of men, but also reigns, rules, and triumphs there: they would then know that their bodies, almost half naked, do as much allure Devils as they do the eyes of men; and as there are commonly many men who will behold their breasts, shoulders, and naked arms, so there are also many devils enthroned on each one of those parts, and, if I may so speak, they make there their retreat and their castle. Possibly, being convinced that they are encompassed, beset, and covered with many of those monsters, according as they appear in public more or less naked—possibly, I say, that this idea would make them have a just fear and a holy horror of their nakedness."

The venerable Abbé devotes the entire second part of his discourse to a refutation

of those vain and frivolous excuses that maids and women were accustomed to urge in defence of the abominable sin and immodest practice of exposing their naked bosoms, necks, and shoulders, to the illicit gaze of men." We shall select from this part several remarkable paragraphs, as specimens not only of the Abbé's logical subtlety, but also of his fatherly tenderness in rebuking the thoughtless votaries of this unseemly fashion; and at the same time they must serve as the concluding portion of our brief notice of this extremely quaint and curious denunciation of a style of dress not yet totally discarded by the fashionable maids and blooming matrons of our own halcyon times.

XLVI.

"Après avoir examiné les excuses communes aux filles et aux femmes qui ont accoutumé d'avoir la gorge nue, il est facile de répondre aux raisons que les unes et les autres apportent séparément. La principale ou plutôt l'unique qui soit propre et particulière aux filles, consiste à dire que Dieu et leur inclination les appellant au mariage, elles peuvent innocemment se servir de toute leur beauté pour donner de l'amour, et pour engager quelque jeune homme à les rechercher; d'autant plus qu'ils se conduisent ordinairement par les sens, et se prennent aisément par les yeux."

XLVII.

"Cette raison seroit peut-être recevable dans la bouche d'une fille Payenne, qui ne reconnoit d'autres loix que celles de la nature corrompue, et d'une religion prophane. Quoy qu'on peut luy objecter avec justice qu'elle flétrit l'éclat de la virginité dont elle se fait honneur, lorsqu'elle renonce à la modestie, qui est comme la gardienne de cette virginité. Quoy qu'on peut luy répondre qu'elle se trahit elle-même, et qu'elle fait tort à sa chasteté par sa beauté propre; puis qu'une vierge cesse en quelque sorte de l'estre, lorsque par sa faute elle peut ne l'estre pas, et que la nudité de sa gorge qu'elle montre indifféremment à tout le monde, donne sujet de croire que si elle est chaste de corps, peut-être elle ne l'est pas d'esprit. Quoy qu'on peut enfin luy reprocher que le trop grand desir qu'elle témoigne d'estre femme, fait presumer qu'elle n'est pas entièrement vierge, et qu'elle s'est déjà donnée plusieurs maris avant que personne se présentât pour l'estre."

LX.

"Ces raisons me paroissent assez fortes pour pouvoir persuader aux femmes aussi-bien qu'aux filles, de couvrir leurs nuditez; il y en a plusieurs toutes fois qui ne veulent pas y acquiescer, et prétendent qu'elles peuvent sans scrupule découvrir leur gorge, sous prétexte que c'est pour plaire à leurs maris. Un mary, dit Tertulien, n'ignore pas quels sont les charmes de sa femme; il n'a besoin qu'elle les luy montre à toute heure, peut-être même doit-il souhaiter qu'elle ne s'en pas voir à tout le monde par la nudité de son sein. En second lieu, si ce n'est que pour plaire à son mary qu'elle découvre son sein, pourquoi le découvre-t-elle ailleurs que devant son mary? Si les femmes se souvenoient du conseil que leur donnoit S. Pierre, de travailler la conversion de leurs maris par leur modestie extérieure, et par leur conversation pure et chaste, pour me servir de termes: Elles ne souhaiteroient pas de fomen-ter les feux de leur concupiscence, paroissant devant eux en habit et en posture de courtisanes."

"Si tout ce que j'ay dit ne suffisoit pas pour prouver que la nudité du sein est blâmable et au-ble, et pour répondre aux excuses qu'apportent les filles et les femmes, il ne me seroit pas difficile les convaincre par de nouvelles raisons, et par plusieurs autorités. Mais afin que ce Traité soit utile sans estre ennuyeux, il fait finir, et ce jurant celles qui se piquent d'honnesteté et de ver-ge de prendre garde que par leurs nuditez elles se forment si fort aux courtisanes, qu'il n'y a presque que Dieu seul qui puisse connoître la différence qui est entre les unes et les autres."

Miscellaneous Items.

AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT.

In the *History of Armenia*, by Father Michael Chamich, translated from the original Armenian, by Johannes Ardell, may be found, on pages 154 and 155, the following extract:

"A. D. 1065; Haican Era, 514.—In consequence of this, a meeting of the clergy was held in the fortress of Zamindav, where Gregory kaysar, son of Gregorius Magistratus, was elevated to the dignity of Pontiff. Gregory was admitted for this high office, having from his infancy

literary pursuits. When young, I became much honored by the conferred upon him the title of the death of his father, he succeeded his government of Mesopotamia. this appointment, he became disworld, and relinquishing his governing himself from his wife, he astic life. His original name was his being elected Pontiff he as of Gregory, to indicate that the stor, St. Gregory the Illuminator, sd. He was surnamed Vikayaser (rs) from his having compiled the Christian martyrs."

al manuscript of Vikayaser's martyrs is extant, and in the Turkish gentleman, Mr. C. this city. Of its authenticity ubt whatever. It is in a fine vation, and is very handsome, armenian letters, written in a nd, and displayed in double e venerable parchment pages, pleasing effect, which is enmerous marginal drawings, in of illumination. Altogether, and valuable relic of the past he Orient, speaking to us from f seven centuries. Mr. Of- relieve, proposes to sell this : give it the present mention hat it may attract the regard ocieties.

ORDINARY LOVE-LETTER,

A LADY OF MALDEN, IN 1644.

A choice Gentlewoman, and of her sexe, Mrs. Elizabeth daughter of Sebastian Goode, of Malden.

BETH,
ong beene an earnest suitor to and deserts, that I might be humble suitor to your sweete ter many strivings and wrest-

lings, I have almost prevailed. My next suit is, that your dearest selfe would comply with your dearest parents' desires and mine: they are most ready to part with a great part of their estate for your sake, and I most willinge to place all my joyes and delights in *You* alone. Nowe it is, or will sodainely be, in your sole power to dash and frustrate, or crowne all my indeavours: hereby you will make me a most happy man, and your selfe (I hope) a no lesse happy spouse.

"Well, sweete Mrs. Elizabeth, be not afraide to venture on me: as you have a most tender father, and a most indulgent mother, so lett me, that I think Providence kept for you, furnish you with a very, very lovinge husband. Could you reade my most inmost thoughts, you would soon answer love with love. I here promise you, and will make good this promise againe (when that happy daye comes) on holy ground, that I will love and honour you.

"Knowe, this is my virgin sequest, the first request in earnest that ever came from my lippes or pen: my eyes have scene many yonge gallants and virgins, but Mrs. Elizabeth is the delight of my eyes. Others of your sexe have been acceptable, and some precious in my eyes; but you, and you only, have been, and still are, the pearle in my eyes.

"Amongst all the works of God, I delight most in beholding (the sun excepted) an amiable countenance; and such is yours, or none in these parts of England. Your face is a mappe of beauties, your gentle breast a cabinet of vertues, and your whole selfe a cluster of all the choicest delicacies: but, in plaine English, not your pleasinge aspect, nor well-featured person, nor admired excellencies, nor weighty portions, fastened my affections on you, but your love (of this I have beene long persuaded) to a man (myself I mean) so undeserving it.

"As for my selfe, I am thought worthy

of a good wife, though unworthy of you. These pretty toys, called husbands, are such rare commodities in this age, that I can woe and winne wives by the dozens. I know not any gentlewoman in these parts, but would kisse a letter from my hands, read it with joye, and then laye it up next her hart as a treasure; but I will not trye their courtesies, except I find you discourteous.

"My last request is this,—take a turne in private, then read this letter againe, and imagine the penman at your elbow. Next laye your hand upon your hart, and resolve to saye Amen to my desires. If so, I shall accept your portion with the left hand, but your lovely person with the right. Portions I can have enough to my minde in other places, but not a wife to my minde in any place of the wide world but at *Malden*. I hope, therefore, no place shall furnish you with a husband but *Kingstone*, where lives in hope

"Your most hearty Friend and Servant,

"THOMAS BOURMAN.

"From my Chamber, Dec. 2, 1644."

Z O T O M I A,

OR, OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRESENT MANNERS OF THE ENGLISH; briefly anatomizing the Living by the Dead. With an Usefull Detection of the Mountebanks of both Sexes. By RICHARD WHITLOCK, M. D., late Fellow of All Souls Colledge, in Oxford. London: Printed by Tho. Roycroft, &c. 1654. 8vo. (610 pp., with a frontispiece.)

THIS worthy doctor labors to be witty and original, till he becomes unintelligible; expressing a good meaning in terms so unconnected and far-fetched, that it is often difficult to discover his allusions. Yet his style and manner of quoting much resemble those of his contemporary, Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, this also being an *Anatomy*.

Anthony à Wood says, that "after the Restoration, he took orders, and obtained a living in Kent, from Archbishop Sheldon, where he died about 1674, or after."

We give the following extract from this rare book, as a specimen of the author's style. It is taken from *The Teares of the Presse*:

"Now the Causes of the enormities of the Presse, are either in Writers or Readers.

"1. Among writers, first some that write to eat, as Beggars examine not the vertues of Benefactors, but such as they hope or finde able, or willing, they ply; be they good or bad, wiseman or foole, so do they beg of any Theme that will sell; true or false, good or bad; in Rime or Prose, and that pitifull or passable, all is one, Inke must earne Ale and three Penny Ordinary's; write they must against Things or Men, (if the spirit of contradiction prove saleable,) that they can neither master nor conquer; sparing neither Bacons, Harveys, Digbys, Brownes, or any the like of Improvement Colledge, (as I may terme them) though (beside some little somewhat for the venture) they get nothing, but such a credit as he did, that set Diana's Temple on fire to perpetuate his name.

"2. A second sort are Discoverers of their Affections by taking the cudgels on one side or other, and it is come to that now, that author scarce passeth that writeth not Controversies, Ecclesiasticall, Politick, or Philosophicall. Though faine better it were for Publick good there were more, (deserving the name of Johannes de Indagine) progressive Pioners in the Mines of Knowledge, than Controversers of what is found; it would lessen the number of Conciliatours which cannot themselves now write, but as engagedly biased to one side or other; but these are, Desiderata, *vercar semper desideranda*, things wanting, and to be desired (I feare) for ever.

"Second cause are Buyers, the Chapman's vanity and weakness of choice, maketh the mart of lesse worthy books the bigger. Such is the fate of books, of all other ware, the courser the ware, the more the seller getteth by it; examine the truth of it at Stationers Hall, and it will too truly appeare in these latter times, the Bookseller hath got most by those bookes, the buyer hath got the least, being not only the luck of Rablais his bookseller, that was a looser by his book of sense and judgement, but abundantly repaired by that Ingenious Nothing, the *Life of Gargantua, and Pantagruel*. What age ever brought forth more, or

brought more printed waste papers? to reach which, is the worst spending of time, (next the making them) and the greater price given for them, and farre above their worth, &c. But not to make our eyes sore by looking only on the hurt; let us turne them on the benefits of the well employed Press; and we shall see it a mint of solid worth, the good it hath done, (and yet may do) being inestimable; it is Truth's Armory, the Bank of Knowledge, and Nursery of Religion, never suffering a want of the sincere Milk of the Word, nor Piety's Practice to be out of Print (and that not only in one book) weekly issuing forth helps to doing, as well as knowing our duty. But the worth of the ware-house will be best known by the wares, which are books, of which see further in my Essay of Books."

As our extract has exceeded what we intended, we will only give the latter part of his *Essay on Books*, which he entitles "*The Best Furniture.*"

"They are for company, the best friends; in doubts, counsellours; in damps, comforters; Time's prospective; the home travellers ship or horse; the busie man's best recreation; the opiate of idle weariness; the mindes best ordinary, Nature's garden; and Seed Plot of Immortality. Time spent (needlessly) from them is consumed, but with them twice gained. Time captivated and snatched from thee by incursions of businels, thefts of visitants, or by thy own carelesnesse lost, is by these redeemed in life, they are the soules viaticum; and against death its cordiall."

"Bookes are not onely Titles on their Authors Monuments, but Epitaphs preserving their Memories, be they good, or bad, beyond short lived pyramids, or mauloian piles of stone."—E. R. POOL.

NOTICE OF DIBDIN BY BARON DE REIFFENBERG.

The following piquant notice of the death of the Reverend Thomas Frognall Dibdin, by Baron De Reiffenberg, the learned editor of the *Bulletin du Bibliophile Belge*, will perhaps be interesting to that peculiar class of our readers who are unfortunately afflicted with the Dibdin mania. Presuming that all technical "Dibdimites" are not only gentlemen with vivid

æsthetic instincts, but also of elegant culture, and as a matter of course read French; we shall submit our extract for their perusal in that polite and courtly language:

"Le révérend FROGNALL DIBDIN n'est plus! quand nous disions *reçûrend*, c'est pour nous conformer à l'usage. Dibdin en effet n'avait rien de la gravité de sa profession et ne s'en mettait guère en peine. Petit vieillard étourdi et vif, aimant peut-être encore plus la bonne chère que les livres et sa belle *Diane de Poitiers*, dont il avait fait graver un portrait magnifique, il était criblé de dettes, malgré un revenu d'environ 20,000 francs. Son privilège de chapelain de la cour ne pouvait le mettre à l'abri des records que par une séquestration presque complète. A la fin de 1842 il vint en Belgique, où tous les bibliophiles séduits par ses splendides publications, par sa renommée et les recommandations pressantes de M. Van de Weyer, lui firent l'accueil le plus empressé. Les dîners succédaient aux dîners, les diplômes aux diplômes. Les sociétés des bibliophiles de Mons et de Belgique s'empressèrent de l'admettre dans leurs rangs; la réception eût lieu entre des flots de champagne, sortis de *Jaïs* que le docteur Stimblait affectionner par-dessus tout. Quant aux discussions littéraires et bibliologiques, soit que sa veine fût épuisée, soit que son esprit, rabaisé par les inquiétudes d'un homme aux expédients, eût perdu ses plus chers souvenirs, Dibdin n'y prêtait point de part. On s'étonna qu'il n'eût même pas d'avis positif dans la fameuse querelle de l'invention de l'imprimerie. En somme il ne répondit pas précisément à l'attente de ses admirateurs; l'admiration fit même place à la surprise et quelquefois à la mauvaise humeur, car le docteur profitait de l'engouement qu'il avait inspiré d'abord pour emprunter, avec l'intention formelle de ne point rendre. Il a enfin rendu son âme à Dieu qui, nous l'espérons, l'aura acceptée. C'est la seule dette que ce bibliographe prodigue se soit peut-être avisé d'acquitter."

Notes and Queries.

IMPIOUS BOOKS WRITTEN BY THE POET CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

ANTHONY A WOOD, in his *Athena Oxoniensis*, vol. i. p. 430, quotes from Thomas Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgments* (ch.

xxiii.) an account of Christopher Marlow, the contemporary, or rather immediate predecessor of Shakespeare, in which it is said that Marlow "denied God and his Son Christ, and not only in word blasphemed the Trinity, *but also* (as it is credibly reported) *wrote books* against it, affirming our Saviour to be but a deceiver, and Moses but a conjurer and seducer of the people, and the Holy Bible to be but vain and idle stories, and all religion but a device of policy." The chapter from which this account is taken professes to treat *On Epicures and Atheists*; and Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, says that "Marlow's scepticism, whatever it might be, was construed by the prejudiced and peevish Puritans into absolute Atheism." A writer in the *Monthly Repository* (vol. ix. p. 118) questions the accuracy of Beard's account of Marlow; and endeavors to show that it is inconsistent with itself, and therefore ought to be taken with some allowance for Puritanical exaggeration. This writer says: "The assertion of Beard that Marlow 'denied God,' is quite inconsistent with his having 'blasphemed the Trinity,' which generally means nothing worse than an assertion of the divine Unity; and if Marlow '*wrote books*' on the subject, I confess I would gladly recover them. His opinion of Moses might be only that of the late Dr. Geddes, which he held, however unaccountably, in strict connection with a Christian faith and practice. Marlow's supposed invectives against Christ, and his dying horrors, are too much in the style of polemic rant to be easily credited."

Now, if Mr. Thomas Beard's statement be true that Marlow "*wrote books*" denying the divinity of our Saviour, when were those books published? and where may an account of them be found? I have searched in vain all the bibliographical works within my reach, and I have not been able to discover the title of a single work written by

Marlow in prose. Any bibliographical information on this point will be thankfully received by

Cincinnati, Ohio.

OMEGA.

T. HESHUSIUS.

(*Philobiblion* No. VIII., p. 190.)

YOUR correspondent E. C. H. will find a very curious and interesting account of the Life and Works of Tilemannus Heshusius in Bayle's *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique*, tome viii. pages 107-111, edit. Paris, 1820, 8vo, and also in Jücher's *Allgemeines Gelehrten Lexicon*, vol. ii. pp. 1568-1570.

J. A.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir Edgerton Brydges. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges' as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows:

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each.

100 on large paper, at 4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies. Messrs. Philes & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of old English poetry. The next volume in the series will be "ENGLAND'S HELICON."

Autograph Letters,

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A BOOKWORM.

(Concluded from No. IX., p. 197.)

ABOUT this time—indeed, on the same day, if my latter date be the correct one—another poet was writing a letter to a brother-poet—Walter Scott to William Stewart Rose, the translator of Ariosto:

“And Scott put a word in, and begged to propose—

‘I’ll drink him with pleasure,’ said Phœbus,
‘’tis Rose.’”

The Walter of the last paragraph was Sir Walter's son, who had joined the eighteenth regiment of Hussars as cornet, in the summer of 1819, and had now the offer of an appointment in the civil service of the East India Company. “My own selfish wish,” his father wrote to Mrs. Maclean Clephane, of Torloisk, the preceding July—“my own selfish wish would have been that he should have followed the law; but he really had no vocation that way, wanting the acuteness and liveliness of intellect indispensable for making a figure in that profession, so I am satisfied all is for the best, only I shall miss my gamekeeper and companion in my rides and walks. But so it is, was, and must be—the young must part from the

nest, and learn to wing their way against the storm.”

To the letter, however, which is printed as it was written, with an utter disregard of the rules of punctuation, which Sir Walter could not or would not learn:

“MY DEAR ROSE

“I received all your letters safe. A vile business going on in our court has for several days exhausted me with fatigue in the writing way. A mad scoundrel chose to publish the most scandalous lampoons on our Bigwigs and they have been forced to take up the matter seriously and I am obliged to write down with my own hand all the evidence brought on the subject which is a very complicated and disagreeable task— It has made me a lazy correspondent— I now have the pleasure of saying that I will be truly happy to attempt any of the books of Ariosto you have a mind but it must be when I have you at my elbow to expound hard words and difficult passages. I have been long a truant to the Tuscan page and when I read Italian more than I now do I had no more of the language than just served me to understand my author in a rough and round way. But as I hope you are to be with us in Spring or at least in Summer I have no doubt we will easily manage the matter be-

tween us.—I am glad you think of the Inamorato full as it is of the most fanciful and beautiful passages though so extravagant in its fictions. To me it has a wild oriental turn which supplies in some degree the want of the more classical beauties of Ariosto & I am not sure whether admitting the latter to be infinitely the better poet the Count of Scandiano must not be held the better tale-teller. I should like much to know the original work of Boiardo being only acquainted with the *Risfciamento* by Berni. I am truly happy that you take kindly to this occupation having no doubt that you will do yourself much good by the occupation and much honour by the publication.

"I have not heard of Walter but wind having been pretty favourable I have little doubt he has arrived safe at his place of destination. All the family here beg kind compliments—Our fly fishing is fine in April. The old cottage lies in ruins but your quarter is as comfortable as of yore and we all hope you will inhabit it soon. Always my dear Rose

"Most affectionately yours

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh 27 January

"We remain here till the 12th of March"

The next sheet contains three translations from the German, in the school-girl hand of L. E. L. Whether they have ever been printed or not, is more than I can say: I have looked in vain for them in the collected edition of her Poetical Works. I omit the third—Schiller's *Division of the Earth*.

"Pauline's Price.—GOETHE.

"Sweet Pauline could I buy thee
With gold or its worth,
I would not deny thee
The wealth of the earth.
They talk of the pleasure
That riches bestow—
Without thee, my treasure,
What joy could I know.

2.

"Did I rule Europe over
Thy price it should be;
Let them leave for thy love(r)
A cottage with thee,
Where a pear tree is stooping
With fruit at the door,
And the green vine is drooping
The dark lattice o'er."

3.

"If my life-breath could be, love,
A ransom for thine,
I'd yield it for thee, love,
With all that is mine.
Ah had I the power
I'd count as time flown,
A year for each hour
That thou wert mine own."

"The Coming of Spring.—SCHILLER.

"In a valley sweet with singing,
From the hill and from the wood;
Where the green moss rills were springin'
A wondrous maiden stood

"The first lark seemed to carry
Her coming through the air
Not long she went to tarry
Tho' she wandered none knew where.

"A rosy light fell o'er her
Too beautiful to last
All hearts rejoiced before her
And gladdened as she past.

"She brought strange fruit and flowers
Within her sunny hand—
That knew the shine and showers
Of some more glorious land.

"The winter ice was broken
The waters flashed with gold
She brought to each a token
The young man and the old.

"Each seemed a welcome comer
Her gifts made all rejoice
But two—the nearest summer
These had the fairest choice.

"Now—I of all that gather,
In the zodiac's golden zone
Love a month whose fullen weather
Has no love but my own.

"Tho' its fierce wild winds are sweeping
The last leaf from the thorn—
Tho' the rose in earth be sleeping,
Yet then my love was born—"

The *Memorials* of the late Thomas Hood, by his son and daughter, contains as pleasant reading as any biography published for years. To be sure it is somewhat sad, but what poet's life is not?—

("We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and
madness.")

Minute in its descriptions of Hood's latter days, it is rather meagre concerning his early married life; this, however, was to have been expected, for neither his son nor daughter could be supposed to know what happened before they were born. The following letter ought to make a page in every future biography of the poet. It is addressed to "W. B. Cooke, Esqre, 27 Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury;" the postmark is "Noon, Sep 13, 1830." Mr. Cooke was an engraver of some note, a friend of the Hoods, *père* and *mère*. The daughter whose birth is announced is the lady to whom we owe the *Memorials*—Mrs. Frances Broderip. For further particulars see the *Memorials*, and a charming poem in the collected edition of Hood's Poetical Works: *To my Daughter, on her Birthday*.

"Winchmore Hill—

"Sunday

"MY DEAR COOKE—

"You will be very glad to hear that I am at last a Father. Jane was taken ill on Friday Evening, & on Saturday morning at 6 presented me with a little daughter—tho it was *sun-rise*. They are both doing very well indeed,—The Mother wished for a Girl; & to make her the more happy, it is a striking likeness of the infant she lost, so that I am very glad it was a girl too;

2D

for my own sake as well as hers, for the last was a great regret to us.

"My pretty babe seems to improve hourly, & is quite a pet with me already, —I have had a very anxious time— but now my head & heart seem so light, I am going to settle to work with cheerfulness & conclude the *Comic con amore*."

"I have had another addition, besides, to my establishment, 'a bay pony,' lately Britton's, which I have bought of him, chaise & all;—I shall soon hope to drive you down in it to see Miss & Missis,—the last of whom joins with me in kind regards to you; Jane & Child are almost "better than can be expected," may be your account to any of our friends you may see,—

"I am my dear Cooke

"Very truly yours

"THOS. HOOD."

On the 1st of July, 1820, Shelley wrote a poetical epistle from Leghorn to Maria Gisborne, who was then in London, in which he mentioned several prominent English authors; among others, Horace Smith:

"Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in Horace Smith."

"Shelley said to me once," says Leigh Hunt, in his charming *Autobiography*, "I know not what Horace Smith must take me for sometimes: I am afraid he must think me a strange fellow: but is it not odd, that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stock-broker! And he writes poetry too," continued Shelley, his voice rising in a fervor of astonishment; "he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous!"

"I believe," said Shelley, on another

occasion, 'that I have only to say to Horace Smith that I want a hundred pounds or two, and he would send it to me without any eye to its being returned; such faith has he that I have something within me beyond what the world supposes, and that I could only ask his money for a good purpose.'"

The person to whom Horace Smith's letter is addressed, "Thom. Hill, Esqre, 1 James Street, Adelphi, London," was probably the proprietor of *The Monthly Mirror*, a periodical of considerable talent, in which many of poor Kirke White's early verses first saw the light, and for which Horace Smith and his brother James wrote a number of poetical imitations, entitled *Horace in London*, which were collected in a volume after the success of the *Rejected Addresses* had made its authors popular. Of Du Bois, who was Hill's editor, a lively account may be found in Hunt's entertaining volumes. The "appointment" in question was probably his elevation to a magistracy of the Court of Requests. Mathews was of course Charles Mathews, the celebrated comedian, for whom Horace Smith wrote dramatic entertainments, three of which once paid him a thousand pounds, — a circumstance at which he used to shrug his shoulders, saying, as well he might, "A thousand pounds for nonsense!" The edition of the *Rejected Addresses* spoken of was the eighteenth London one, the preface to which is dated March, 1833.

"BRIGHTON 22nd December 1832

"MY DEAR HILL,

"I am always glad to see your tall thin handwriting, & shall be still more so to see your short stout self, whenever you will run down to Brighton, and redeem your pledge of a visit. Mr Murray is as culpable a delinquent as yourself, having promised to look in upon us at Hanover Crescent, which I hope he will not fail to do on his next trip, as I shall always be most happy to see

him—

Will you tell him, with my best regards, that I will willingly lend a helping hand to his new Edition of the *Rejected Addresses*, so far as a gossiping Preface can effect that object; but as to additional Imitations, they appear to me quite out of the question, since we caricatured all the writers we could distort, *at the time*, & it would be a ridiculous anachronism to burlesque those who have grown into celebrity since the first publication. Such a jumble would, in my opinion, destroy the character & value of the book, especially if the second attempts fell short of the first, which they would be sure to do—Nor do I see that much would be gained by notes & illustrations, beyond such few circumstances attending the publication as may be better inserted in the Preface, tho' upon this subject I bow of course to Mr Murray's better judgement.—What may be effected by humorous prints & portraits will depend of course on the artists employ'd & the subjects selected, on which, as well as other points, Mr Murray had better consult my brother.

"You will be happy to hear that we are all quite well, nor are you wrong in conjecturing that we are in the midst of all the engagements of this busy season, from all which I shall be happy to be emancipated by the meeting of Parliament, for parties and late hours, when a fellow is almost half way between 50 and 60, have few attractions.—

"Your cold, I hope, has quite left you, & you have certainly less to complain of than most men, on the subject of health.—We are all delighted to hear that there is a prospect of Dubois getting some appointment more worthy of his high talents & character—Remember us most kindly to him & his;—accept our most cordial regards for yourself; & believe me ever

"My dear Hill Yours Most sincerely

"HORATIO SMITH

present address, you }
Murray, is 27 Craven st. }

is taken up by our friend Math- }
has been spending 5 or 6 weeks }
1."

Books and Libraries

IN

THE MIDDLE AGES.

(Concluded from No. IX., p. 203.)

sole, I have come to the con-
it is possible to have a more
than that of collecting auto-
one may go farther, and fare
n old missals, for instance, or
black-letter tracts, or first edi-
classics. With early English,
can poetry. With coins and
t, Roman, or what not. With
meerchaums. With—every
e's own!

hen, I maintain, ridiculous to
ess—a veneration, if you will
cs of famous authors. They
men that we can ever know.—
are—the finest companions,
nds; in short, the salt of the
r books are the world's heri-
rty to which we are all born:
e private legacies which have
a favored few. By their books
m only as the world does—
lics admit us into their socie-
ir chambers, closets, hearts!
nuscript song I take the horny
oert Burns. This letter of
s seats me in his library at Ry-
This old black-letter Agrippa
e been Shakespeare's copy?

But this lock of hair—touch
—this little tress of auburn
ainly Milton's! And this tress
it is!—was cut from the head
n! And both are mine!

omething in relics, after all—

BUT the Monks were not content with
cherishing the books which were already in
their possession; a large portion of their
time was consecrated to their multiplica-
tion for the benefit of mankind. Who
that has directed any share of his attention
to the history of Monasticism, has not heard
of the Scriptorium, the peaceful retreat in
which the pious cœnobites labored to per-
petuate, for the use of succeeding genera-
tions, the noblest works of ancient learn-
ing? While the rest of men busied
themselves in eager struggles for wealth or
power, these zealous artists were engaged in
the nobler task of perpetuating and multi-
plying the means of human knowledge;
often, amid the convulsions of empires, be-
holding the work of their hands, and the
store of literary treasures which had been
created by the industry of their predeces-
sors, swept into annihilation by the ravages
of war, but ever applying themselves again
to their glorious toils, and endeavoring to
obliterate the traces of the calamity, and
to repair the destruction which had over-
taken these treasured trophies of their pa-
tient zeal.

It was by no means unusual for the ben-
efactors of Monasteries to bestow liberal
endowments on the Scriptorium, for the
special encouragement of the labors which
were therein pursued. Thus, to that of
St. Edmundsbury was assigned the profit of
two mills; to that of Ely, the revenue of
two churches; to that of St. Swithin, at
Winchester, the tithes of a valuable recto-
ry; and such examples, which are of fre-
quent occurrence, manifest the high impor-
tance which was attached to this branch of
Monastic exertion. The copying of books

was regarded as an eminent work of piety. "When you are dead," says Thomas à Kempis, "those persons who read the volumes which were formerly written beautifully by you will pray for you; and if he who gives a cup of cold water shall not lose his reward, much more he who gives the living water of wisdom shall not lose his recompense in heaven."* And the inscriptions in many ancient MSS. afford evidence of the conviction which reigned in the minds of the religious that their zealous toils for the augmentation of the stores of intellectual wealth were most acceptable in the sight of the Almighty. The labors undertaken in this pious spirit were pursued with unwearied assiduity. "One of the most usual labors of the monks," says Malacton, "was the copying of books. Cassiodorus recommended it to them above all others. Trithemius enforces the same view in his seventh Homily, as well as in one of his works especially devoted to that subject, and entitled *De Laude Scriptorum Manuatum*. We learn from the testimony of Palladius, that this was one of the chief occupations of the disciples of St. Pachomius;† and St. Jerome enumerates it among the employments of solitaries: "They copy books," he says, "that by the labor of their hands they may gain food, and at the same time promote the cultivation of their minds."‡ St. Ferreol in his Rule directs that those who do not labor in the tilling of the soil shall employ themselves in the copying of books.§ St. Nil the younger had no other occupation; and St. Gregory of Tours, speaking of a holy recluse in his cloister, says that "by this labor he extinguished all evil thoughts that might arise in his mind"|| The copy-

ing of books formed part of the constant employment of the Monks in the ancient Monasteries of Egypt,* and of the disciples of St. Martin;† and an ancient historian of Durham declares of the religious, that they "were always virtuously occupied and never idle, but either writing of good and godly works, or studying the Holy Scriptures."‡ In the ninth and tenth centuries the Monks of St. Gall devoted themselves to this labor with the utmost diligence, bringing MSS. from France and Italy, in order to collate their copies and secure their critical accuracy, and entering into a widely-extended correspondence, in order to obtain access to various libraries. An old Chronicler of the Monastery of St. Requier, in the reign of Robert of France, toward the close of the tenth century, says, "Books of great science, excellent pearls, are now restored, while others are written out for the first time;"§ Abbot William of Hirfau, in the eleventh century, set apart twelve of the brethren, whom he caused to devote themselves especially to the transcription of the Scriptures, and appointed one Monk of learning and experience as a superintendent over "the infinite number of others who labored in the transcription of general books;"|| Abbot Frederick, of the same Monastery, was so zealous in his devotion to this work, that he was accustomed to take his seat in the Scriptorium among the brethren and share their toils;¶ and such was the importance attached to this branch of Monastic industry, that a Chapter of the Cistercian Order, held in 1134, made it the subject of a special Canon, ordaining that "in all Scriptoria, and wherever the Monks are, according to custom, engaged in writing, silence shall be kept as in the

* Thomas à Kempis, *De Virgine Juvenum*, c. 4.

† Pallad. c. 40. § St. Hieron. *Epist. ad Rustic.*

‡ "Paganus plerumque dignus qui terrenum non proderit alicui." Reg. S. Gerardi, c. 38.

§ Greg. Tur. d. VII. PP. Malacton *De des. Litteris Monast.* 148.

* Cassian *Instit.* l. iv. c. 12.

† Supl. Ser. in Vit. S. Mart. vii. 473.

‡ The Ancient Rites of Durham.

§ Chron. S. Req.

|| Trithem. Chron. Hirfau. i. 221.

¶ Ibid.

special privileges were accorded to various Monasteries, the binding of the books which they owned. Although hunting had been interdicted to ecclesiastics by the Council of Agde in 506, and the Council of Meaux in 517, which prohibition was in the time of Charlemagne to all monks, and even to Knights Templar, that monarch permitted the Monks of St. Denis, and of St. Omer, to hunt in their own purpose of procuring skins for their books;† leave was conceded to the religious of the Abbey of Sion for their servants in a similar manner. Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, a Benedictine Monastery at Le Mans in the eleventh century, gave to it the right of the deer on some lands in Maine, to supply covers for which were transcribed by the monks, may be fairly inferred from the want of these facilities, that the monks in the habit of producing books; since it would hardly be to their benefactors to manifest a parsimony by placing within their hands of procuring an abundance of new volumes, if the monks were religious in the copying of books. It has been a matter of general notoriety that the borrowing of books for the purpose of transcription was a custom very common in the Middle Ages; the correspondence of mediæval Abbots presents instances of the zeal with which they entered into a reciprocal interchange of the mutual loan of books, so that they might be copied in the libraries of their respective Monasteries, and thus augment their own libraries and

to extend to others the benefit of their literary possessions. Gerbert, Abbot of Bobbio, afterward Pope Sylvester II., in a letter to the Monk Rainald, says: "I entreat you to render me one service, which you can do without danger or injury to yourself, and which will bind me most closely to you. You know with what zeal I seek for copies of books from all quarters, and you know how many writers there are both in the cities and in the country parts of Italy; I entreat you, then, that you cause transcripts to be made for me of these books," which he then proceeds to enumerate.* The same Abbot, in other letters, writes to Thietmar of Mayence for a part of one of the works of Boethius, which was wanting in his own copy;† to the Abbot Giselbert, concerning some deficiencies in his copy of treatises of Cicero and Demosthenes;‡ to Airard, respecting the correction of a MS. of Pliny, and the copying of some other works;§ to the Archbishop of Rheims, desiring him to borrow for him, from the Abbot Azo, a copy of Cæsar, and promising in return to lend him eight volumes of the works of Boethius;|| and to Egbert, Abbot of Tours, to whom he communicates the diligent efforts he has been making to found a noble library, and the extent to which he has employed transcribers in various cities, not only in Italy, but also in Germany and Belgium, and concludes by entreating him to aid him by procuring copies to be made for him of certain books, of which he appends a list, which were not so easily accessible elsewhere.¶ All these instances are selected from the letters of a single Abbot; but the Abbot Gerbert was by no means an unique example of zeal in literary pursuits: the splendid libraries which adorned the Monasteries of various

terc. i. 272.

naft. S. Bertin. l. x. ap. Mart. iii.

* Gerbert. Epist. 130.

† Ibid. 9.

|| Gerbert. Epist. 8.

† Ibid. 123.

§ Ibid. 7.

¶ Ibid. 44.

countries of Europe attest the frequent existence of Religious as ardent in their love of learning, and as energetic in their efforts to give extension to their collections; and the letters of mediæval Monks present innumerable proofs of the practice, to the prevalence of which was due the creation of many of those magnificent stores of MSS. Lupus, Abbot of Ferrieres, writes to Alstig, Abbot in the Church of York, desiring him to lend him certain works to be transcribed, and promising that they shall be faithfully returned;* and again to Pope Benedict III., making a similar application.† In the eighth century, we find Pepin applying to Pope Paul III. for some Greek books for the Abbey of St. Denis, which were sent according to his request;‡ and it would be easy to fill many pages with citations of similar examples. Further, it is to be noted as an evidence of the dignity which the Monks were accustomed to attach to the labor of book-multiplication, as well as of the diligence with which it was pursued, that we meet frequently with honorable mention of those brethren who had distinguished themselves by special assiduity in this department of Monastic exertion, and whose achievements are recorded as a glory to the community which numbered them among its members. In many Monasteries was observed the custom which prevailed at the Abbey of Tegernsee, in Bavaria, where the names of those who were most skilful in writing and illuminating were registered in the archives;§ and some of the instances of individual labor which are recorded in the annals of various Religious houses are most remarkable in their character. Thus Othlonus, a Monk of St. Emmeran, having

written much during his early years, transcribed, after he entered that Monastery, three copies of the Four Gospels, nineteen Missals, two copies of the Epistles and Gospels read in the Mass during the year, four service-books for Matins, and twenty-eight other volumes, not to enumerate the detached Sermons, Epistles, and Tracts, which he copied at various times for different individuals;* Diemudis, a nun of Welso-brunn, in Bavaria, transcribed with her own hands forty-three volumes, among which we find enumerated two copies of the entire Bible, two copies of the Four Gospels, five Missals, and a copy of the Canonical Epistles;† Harduin wrote out four copies of the Four Gospels, one copy of the Epistles of St. Paul, three volumes of Sacramentaria, one volume of readings from the Gospels, and eight other books, chiefly of large size;‡ Gerhard of Monte Sereno, though impeded in his labors by defective vision, transcribed six missals, a Plenarius (that is to say, a volume containing the whole of the Old and New Testaments§), a Lectionary, and fifteen other volumes;|| Godfrey, of the Monastery of St. Martin at Tournay, was "a very skilful scribe, and left many MSS. in the Church, namely, the Morals of St. Gregory on Job, in six volumes, an excellent collection of Books of Holy Scripture, which, commencing at the Book of Proverbs, contained the Prophets, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Canonical Epistles, a Missal from which Mass is said every day in the Monastery, a copy of the Four Gospels, the tract of St. Augustine, 'De Civitate Dei,' and his Enchiridion, and many other books;"¶ a Monk of Ratibon wrote out,

* Mabillon Annal. Ord. S. Bened. ii. 684. Lupus Epist. 2. Bibl. Patr. ix.

† Muratori Antiq. Ital. Med. Ævi. vii. 111, 835.

‡ Cenni Codex Carolin. i. 148.

§ Jaeck Galerie der Klöster Deutschlands.

* Mabillon Annal. Ord. S. Bened. iv. 570.

† Martene Thes. Nov. Anecd. i. 9.

‡ Chron. Fontanellens. ap. Dacher. Spicileg. iii.

§ Mabillon Act. Ord. S. Bened. viii. 531.

|| Chronicon Montis Sereni.

¶ Hermann. ap. Dacher. Spicileg. i. 912.

eral works of his own composition twenty Missals, three copies of the Gospels, two copies of the Gospels for the entire year, books of Matins; * Maurus Lupi, Monk of Camaldoli, while years in the desert and more the Monastery of St. Matthias transcribed more than a thousand; † and like examples of unwearied by no means rarely encountered records of Monastic History. are mentioned by the Old who commemorate their labors initial admiration which evinces them in which they held such ones; yet they differed from ere less renowned only in the by no means in the nature of The copying of books was to labor of love, to which they themselves with willing hearts; tenderous as was the task, they want compensation in the countless blessings which their diligence upon mankind. "Happy Cassiodorus, "praiseworthy the hand to preach to men, gers to open the lips, in silence tion to sinners, and with a pen nist the unlawful suggestions of for Satan receives as many he writer puts down words of Resting in one place, he goes, the dissemination of his work, erent provinces; his labor is places; the people learn from may be converted from an evil e God with a pure heart." spirit which breathed in the e mediæval Scribe, such the ch found living utterance in ous exertions which perpetua- world the most precious treasure. —L. A. BUCKINGHAM.

Analect. 119. † An. Camal. 67.

**Intrabilis Liber qui prophetas
Revelationesque necnon res
mirandas preteritas presentes
et futuras: aperte demonstrat,**
 &c., &c. (2 vols. in 1 vol. small 8vo. Gothic
Black-Letter, f. l. et a.)

THIS work, the first part of which is in the barbarous monkish Latin of the middle ages, and the second in the French of the fifteenth century, is one of the collections of wonderful stories and mystical prophecies which have always been and will always be popular among the ignorant and superstitious.

"Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere; et
Quem Fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
Adpone" —(HOR., *Ode ix. b. 1.*)

is, perhaps, a good philosophic maxim; but either happily or unhappily, the world as yet has never been peopled with philosophers.

Even with all the boasted intelligence of our nineteenth century, there is sufficient demand for "dream-books" and for "fortune-tellers," both in the flesh and in print, to support a goodly array of professors of the art, and to keep that branch of literature in a flourishing condition.

Perhaps in their day, the old books of prophecy; which are now so rare and so eagerly sought after, were really of no more influence than their representatives in our day are at present. They were undoubtedly, however, more numerous and more popular, and, as with all popular literature, have become valuable as serving to show the modes of thought and the enlightenment of their times.

This class of books was in great favor all over Europe at the commencement of the sixteenth century. It was then that books began to be so cheap, thanks to the invention of printing, that the privilege of reading was extended even to the poor; and as it is always from the popular literature that any widespread or national cultivation must

arise, the study of this class of literature, hitherto too much neglected, forms the distinctive feature of the criticism of this age.

It is from a study of the popular books of Shakespeare's time that Dyce and his co-laborers have been able to obtain so much fuller and clearer an appreciation of his merit as a national dramatist; and only from a laborious and wearisome perusal of the popular religious works of the time that Buckle has been able to arrive at so clear an understanding of the intellectual position of Scotland during the seventeenth century.

The same critical innovation has displayed itself in France. The popular books of the sixteenth century, which used to be considered worthless, have been found to have a greater value as historical material than many of the pretentious but superficial works of the next century. The same tendency is manifest in America, and certainly with reason: for, to an intelligent scholar, an inspection and perusal of *The Bay Psalm Book* would give a better and clearer insight into the real nature and tendency of Puritanism than the study of many professed histories of that movement.

But, in French literature, one of the most curious and valuable of these old books of wonders is the *Mirabilis Liber*. Among all its contemporaries this work alone is made peculiarly valuable to the intelligent bibliophile by the fact that it has had two seasons of popular interest and popular influence—the time of its publication, and during the first Revolution.

The work is made up of various predictions and tracts ascribed to *Bemehobius Episcopus ecclesie Paternensis et martyr Christi*; to the various Sibyls of antiquity; and to *Sanctus Severus archiepiscopus*. The *Revelatio de tribulationibus nostrorum temporum, de reformatione universae Dei ecclesie et de conversione Turcorum et infidelium ad fidem nostram, cito et velociter: ostensa Florentie Hieronymo de Ferra-*

ria, hoc tempore viventi... (f. lxiii.), attributed by some bibliophiles to the celebrated Savonarola; *Admirabilis episcopus noviter ex urbe Roma Parrhysius delatatus quemdam literatum prescientiam sepe novis et divinis revelationibus ac vita unius fratris minoris induti instar unius fratris minimo. Similiter de duabus puellis per os unius loquitur Christus; per os vero alterius Virgo Maria* (f. cvi.), and other equally curious and interesting tracts in Latin and old French. The work, it is hardly necessary to say, is printed in **black-letter**.

Among all these tracts is a series of prophecies by one *Johannes de Vatiguero*, or by one *John who preaches War*; that being the translation of the "maccaronic" name assumed by the writer. During the French Revolution, while the Directory was in power, extracts from this series of prophecies were published anonymously, with a translation, explanatory notes, and chronological concordance.

The passages cited were so wonderfully *apropos* to the times, that the matter excited great attention. Crowds flocked to the public libraries, to see the book containing such wonderful predictions. The Directory, timorous and tyrannical, as all demagogues, were afraid of a book which foretold, as the extracts show, not only the Revolution, but the counter-revolution and return of the monarchy, and therefore forbade the librarians to show the volume, and also instituted a search for the editor and publisher.

Before giving these extracts, it will be well to explain the chronology by which they were made to refer to the French Revolution. The prophecies commence from 1502, which proves that the volume must have been printed before that time; but the translator calculated them, apparently, on his own responsibility, from the Diocletian era, or era of the Martyrs, to which, by adding the four years omitted by Denys-

in the French system of chronology, predictions were made to apply to and the following years.

course, as with the interpretation of orphesies, the commentary is as won- as the original text, and requires as an exercise of faith to receive :

anno domini millesimo quingentesimo decimo tra tractabitur pessima proditio propter regem orum captivitatem. — et gloria Franco- vertetur in opprobrium et confusione, quo- lilius nobili corona privabitur et spoliabi- t dabit alteri cui non est. Humiliabiturque ab confusione et multi dicent pax, pax ! et rit pax. Et tunc clare apparebunt proditio- judiciales, conspirationes confederationesque ium in audita civitatumque : . . . et regnum orum in omni parte ipsius invadetur, spolia- et remanebit fere destructum et adnichila- quoniam gubernatores ipsius regni erunt ita ati, quod nescirent in se invenire defensio- nus et ira domini erit contra ipsos in furore ntra omnes majores et potentiores totius predicti . . . Et quum status mundi divino o bene cito mutabitur. Ideo servi repleti dolo superbia et furore contra dominos suos ios se rebellabunt, et fere omnes nobiles quot- sunt occidentur et ejicientur crudelissime a- atibus et dominationibus quia vulgus faciet regem ex mera voluntate. . . . Et hoc circa n domini MDXVIII. modicum ante vel post ab altero convincetur : Multe civitates com- bunter et novas constitutiones facient propter n sine remanebunt, regnabunt, sed relinquen- solate. . . . Unus quisque a proximo suo se liat, quia vir a vicino suo in latrociniiis pessimis bitur et occiditur, nullusque fidem servabit no, sed potius unus alterum proditiose decipiet. Omnis ecclesia per universum orbem lamenta- et dolorosissime prosequetur, spoliabitur et ditur omnibus temporalibus suis, nec erit tam us in universali ecclesia cui non sufficiat si re- erit et reservaverit sibi vita. Nam ecclesie untur et maculabuntur et filebit omnis religio er timorem et furorem irae pessime ferventis. . . lilius pompa filebit, perebit etiam scientia et dif- ia et breviter totus status clericorum subjace- . . . Sed erit in adiutorium circum circa anno ni MCCCCXV. modicum ante vel post, Ju- captivatus qui recuperabit coronam Lili et inabitur per universam orbem ; funditus de- t filios Brutj et insulam ; itaque non erit ulte- memoria eorum et sic perpetuo remanebunt.

2

Sed post tot et tantas tribulationes, et miseriae in mundo universo ne creature dei remaneant quasi totaliter desperare."

After all this, there will also arise a great Pope, who will unite the world under "una lex, una fides, unum baptisma, una vita;"

That such a prophecy should have excited the fears of the Directory proves them to have been conscious that they were demagogues, and not very intelligent ones. An honest fanatic would not have been frightened at an oracle so misty.

The other treatises in the *Mirabilis Liber*, particularly the one attributed to Savonarola, would well repay our attention on a future occasion, as serving to show the subjects and the literature which occupied attention at the commencement of the sixteenth century.

The Restoration of Old Books.

Few, even of the most fastidious bibliophiles in America, have any appreciation of the nicety of taste that distinguishes the French collector. Large margins, perfect preservation, Holland paper, vellum paper, India paper, colored paper, uncut (*non rogé*), the French bibliophile requires a volume to fulfil some one of these requirements before he considers it worthy of his attention. As a consequence of this niceness of taste, the various arts by which books are restored—by which stains of ink, or oil, or dust, are removed—by which the leaves, if they have been so much thumbed as to have become woolly and dog-eared, are made again smooth and firm—have arrived at a most flourishing condition in Paris.

There are some twenty persons in Paris whose business it is to restore old books. The process is one requiring a great deal of care and attention, and is exceedingly expensive, costing often several times the original value of the book. M. Libri, for

example, had spent twelve thousand francs on the restoration of the books in the first catalogue of his library. A single volume, a *Boccaccio* (No. 2259), cost twelve hundred francs for its restoration, not counting in this estimate the expense of rebinding.

The satisfaction there is in thus rescuing a valuable book from destruction is so great, that some amateurs prefer to buy poor copies, in order to restore them.

It is well enough for the rich man, whose library is a luxury, to pay for having his books restored; it makes them cost more, and thus increases the only value they have for him: but for the true bibliophile, whose books are his friends, it is a pleasure to bestow such care upon them personally. To such, a description of the best processes used in France may prove valuable and interesting:

When a book is greasy, take it to pieces, and wash it sheet by sheet in a solution of *caustic potash*. Be careful, however, that the solution is not too strong; this will remove the grease, but may leave the paper dark-colored. To remove this, use a bath of *eau de Javel*, weakened with water. In place of *eau de Javel*, *hydrochloric acid* may be used; but in both cases care must be taken that the solution is not too strong, and that the sheets are not left too long in the solution. If too strong, or if left too long, the chlorine will destroy not only the ink of the impression, but the paper itself. After the leaves have been thus whitened, they must be bathed again in a solution of *sulphate of soda*. This will remove all the chlorine, and you will have your leaves white and clean.

By these various operations, however, all size will have been removed from the paper; and it will be of so soft a texture, that perhaps it could not stand the hammer of the binder, and would fall to pieces in the process of reading. To restore its firmness of texture, and—if it is a book printed

upon the miserable cottony paper used almost universally in America—to make it better than it was when new, give the sheets a bath in a solution of *gelatine*, made with boiling water. Put a little *alum* into this mixture, in order to keep away the insects which might be attracted by the gelatine; and also a little *tobacco*, or any other simple substance, which will serve to give the paper a tint, since the chlorine bath will have left it too white.

After this last process, dry your sheets upon a cloth suspended horizontally at each of the four corners, so that they will lie flat, and the solution of gelatine will dry evenly upon them.

This process of strengthening and sizing paper is very simple and cheap, and can with advantage be applied either to books or prints which have become worn, or dog-eared, or folded. Often, in a volume, the few leaves at the beginning or the end are the only ones that need restoring.

To remove ink-spots, either *oxalic acid*, *hydrochloric acid*, or *eau de Javel*, may be employed. The first, as it is the least dangerous, had better be used. Of course, it must be weakened; and tepid water is better than cold. The foolish notes which many persons afflicted with a *cacoëthes scribendi* scrawl on the margins of books, or the signatures with which the titles are sometimes disfigured, may often be removed by the use of one of these agents, applied with a camel-hair brush, without unbinding the volume. In doing this, however, care must be taken to wash away the traces of the oxalic acid with pure water, and to dry the leaves thoroughly before closing the volume. Sheets of blotting-paper can be well used for this purpose. As a general rule, however, it is hardly safe to attempt this process, unless the paper of the volume is thick and strong, and able to stand the process without requiring an after-treatment of gelatine to strengthen it. If *eau de Javel* is

used, it must always be washed away with a solution of *sulphate of soda*; if *hydrochloric acid* is employed, it must be washed away with a solution of *bicarbonate of soda*.

In commencing the process, it would always be well to try the strength and effect of the acid upon a corner of the leaf before putting it entirely in the bath, as sometimes the ink used by printers will itself be washed away. In many cases, also, the ink-marks refuse to disappear before any of these agents. This is peculiarly so with the modern inks; there is some acid used in their manufacture which seems to enter into the very tissue of the paper.

For removing the stains of damp and dust, a long bath of warm water, mixed with a little alum, is sufficient.

For all these various operations, of course a great deal of care and patience is necessary; but the bibliophile who thus saves a valuable book from destruction and restores it to a perfect state, will find himself amply repaid for his time and trouble, and if he is careful to wash away thoroughly all traces of the acids he uses, he may feel certain that his volume will preserve its new condition.

La Vierge au Poisson de Raphael.

EXPLICATION NOUVELLE DE CE TABLEAU; PAR P. V. BELLOC. (1 vol. 8vo, pp. 99.) Paris, 1833.

THE object of this treatise is to explain the meaning of Raphael's famous picture, generally called "*The Virgin of the Fish*." This picture is well known, from the various engravings that have been made of it, but it may still be well to describe it. The Virgin, seated on a platform, holds the infant Christ in her arms; upon one side stands an old man, holding an open book; at his feet rests a lion: on the other side an angel supports a youth, who kneels upon

one knee. The angel, holding one of the youth's hands, seems to be raising him toward the Virgin; in his other hand the youth holds a string, suspended from which hangs a fish. The Virgin and the Christ are both looking at the youth; the infant Jesus stretches out one of his hands toward him.

This picture was painted in 1514, for the society of Dominicans of Naples. The Virgin called the *Jardinière*, painted in 1507, this, and the Holy Family, called the *Pearl*, painted in 1518, are used by Quatremère de Quincy to mark the three eras of Raphael's progress in his art. The old man in the picture has generally been taken to represent St. Jerome, and the youth with the fish to represent Tobit.

This theory began with Vasari, and from him has been repeated by almost all writers upon the subject since. Emeric David thought the picture was intended to celebrate the canonization of the Book of Tobit by the Council of Trent, and to proclaim the sacredness of St. Jerome's version of the same.

Our author's theory is, that the picture is intended to represent a young man about entering the Christian Church: his faith just awakened, timorous, almost doubtful of the reality of the glory he sees before him, he requires aid before he dares to enter. The figure on the other side represents an old man, who has almost reached the end of his career; the lion at his feet shows the difficulties of life, and that he has overcome them.

In this interpretation of the artist's meaning, the fish held in the young man's hand has a peculiarly happy significance, since the fish was used in the early days of the Church to represent Christ, when it was forbidden to mention his name: "*A Tyrannis et ethnicis Imperatoribus prohibitum erat Christum profiteri, et nomen suum proferre, quare finxerunt nomen ΙΧΘΥΣ*"

quo Christum vocarent." (JOAN NICOLAI, *Trac. de Siglis. vet.*)

M. Belloc shows conclusively, by quotations from the Fathers, that this Greek word, or the figure of a fish, had this meaning to the early Christians. Writing the word as below, we will see that perhaps the word was made by taking the first letter of each word in the sentence that expresses the peculiar tenets of the Christian Church; and thus the fish, or the word *ichthus*, had the same symbolical significance that the cross has at present:

I—	ΗΣΟΥΣ	—	JESUS,
X—	ΡΙΣΤΟΣ	—	CHRIST,
Θ—	ΕΟΥ	—	Of God,
Υ—	ΙΟΣ	—	The Son,
Σ—	ΩΤΗΡ	—	The Saviour.

A plate of antiquities, at the end of the volume, shows (if further proof were necessary) that, to the early Christians, the fish was the symbol of their faith.

This fact being established, let us now proceed to show its relation to *bibliography*, and why such a discussion appears fitly in **The Philobiblion**.

The distinctive mark of the ALDI we have never seen satisfactorily explained. Most of the early printers used marks which in some way were anagrams upon their names, or else contained some motto or sentence, or else had some heraldic significance. It has always seemed that Aldus, in selecting his famous anchor with a dolphin curved about it, intended to express something more than is usually supposed. The anchor is, of course, the symbol of faith. The dolphin has been supposed to represent Venice; but what connection has Venice with faith?

Here we find that as late as 1514 the fish was used to represent the Christian faith. Nor was the peculiar combination of the anchor and the fish, as an expression of Christianity, original with Aldus; for in

Figure 4 of M. Belloc's plate, annexed to his volume, we find the engraving of a ring, in which Christianity is represented by a dolphin curled about an anchor, with the legend IXΘΥΟ so engraved as to serve for a seal.

M. Belloc speaks of the anchor as the symbol of hope; but the anchor is faith—something to be relied on, something which will hold us firm through all the storms of life.

This mark of Aldus, then, was intended to signify that his books belonged to Christianity; and this will have a peculiar significance when we come to see how he first used it. M. Renouard tells us that Aldus first employed this mark in 1501, on the *Poeta Christiani veteres* (two volumes quarto). In the second volume the mark of the Aldine anchor is used for the first time.

"Aldus," says M. Renouard, "published this collection for the purpose of having them used in the colleges, in the place of the profane poets."

Thus we see that, as first used, the Aldine anchor had a peculiar and most appropriate meaning. Aldus came afterward to use it on all of his publications. And here, if we consider the times—that it was the revival of learning, particularly of the study of Greek; that Aldus was famous for his numerous and correct editions of Greek authors; that a contest was going on between the ignorant monks of the Church and the learned men of the time, concerning the propriety of studying Greek, the monks maintaining that it was heresy to do so—and we will see that a copy of a Greek classic, with a stamp upon it of the symbol of Christianity, must have afforded a peculiar pleasure to those students who had been persecuted as heretics because they studied Greek. This consideration may also aid us to believe that the Aldine editions of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* are really genuine.

Adversaria.

XXXII.

erend Thomas Bott (author of answer to Bishop Warburton's *ation*) used to relate that Dr. rke was not only of a cheerful *ysful* disposition. Once, when alled upon him, he found him upon a table. At another time, wo Dr. Clarkes, Mr. Bott, and of ability and learning, were id amusing themselves with disks, Dr. Samuel Clarke, looking window, saw a grave blockhead; the house; upon which he cried, boys, be wise—here comes a

XXXIII.

complaint against life, which into the mouth of Aureng-Zebe, d:

nsider life, 'tis all a cheat;
with hope, men favour the deceit;
nd think to-morrow will repay;
's falser than the former day;
and while it says we shall be blest
new joys, cuts off what we possess.
enage! None would live past years
e pleasure in what yet remain;
he dregs of life think to receive
irst sprightly running could not give.
ith waiting for this chemic gold,
s us young, and beggars us when old."

ly of Nourmahal, which is com-
inknown, is worthy of notice:

: nothing that we life pursue:
hopes with something still that's new.
a mistress unenjoyed before;
lers, we're pleased with seeing more.
t know what joys your way attend,
not hurry to your journey's end."

ter Scott observes, with great
t might be difficult to point out
n English poetry, in which so

common and melancholy a truth is ex-
pressed in such beautiful verse, varied with
such just illustration."

XXXIV.

Southey's *Letters* are a faithful picture of the man, in which those who have formed an opinion of him from his published works only, meet with many unexpected things. His prophecy of Mormonism is a jewel of its kind, and can scarcely fail to be duly estimated by the future writers of the "Evidences of the Mormon Religion."

Under date of March 19th, 1806, he writes to John Rickman:

"If there is anything in which the world has decidedly degenerated, it is in the breed of heresiarchs. They were really great men in former times, devoting great knowledge and powerful talents to great purposes. In our days they are either arrant madmen, or half rogues, who pick out the worst parts of the established creed. I am about to be the St. Epiphanius of Richard Brothers and Joanna Southcote. What say you to paying these worthies a visit some morning? The former is sure to be at home. Haslam would introduce us, and we might get 'God's Nephew' to give us his opinion of Joanna. I know some of his witnesses, and could enter into the depths of his system. D. Manuel ought to see Bedlam. As for Joanna, tho tolerably versed in the history of human credulity, I have never seen anything so disgraceful to common sense as her previous publications; but I am afraid that in all these cases it may be laid down as a general rule that the more nonsense the better. Whenever the point of doctrine has been discussed, the most absurd has carried the day. . . .

"The reign of fabulous Christianity must be drawing to its end. In France it is over, unless Buonaparte should take it in his head to endow the Church better, for which I do not think he wants inclination

so much as money. In Germany the thing is done,—the clergy Christians, or Christianizing philosophers. In my countries Spain and Portugal, the old house stands; but there is the dry rot in its timbers, the foundations are undermined, and the next earthquake will bring it down. Here I do not like the prospects: sooner or later a hungry government will snap at the tithes; the clergy will then become state pensioners or parish pensioners; in the latter case more odious to the farmers than they are now, in the former the first pensioners to be amerced of their stipends. Meantime the damned system of Calvinism spreads like a pestilence among the lower classes. I have not the slightest doubt that the Calvinists will be the majority in less than half a century: we see how catching the distemper is, and do not see any means of stopping. There is a good opening for a new religion, but the founder must start up in some of the darker parts of the world. It is America's turn to send out apostles. A new one there must be, when the old one is worn out."

In a letter to C. W. Williams Wynn, March 14th, 1806, Southey says:

"I have discovered the cause why Irish nature differs from human nature. A chapter in Genesis has been lost, in which it was related how, before the birth of her last child, Eve had fallen a second time into temptation and eaten a forbidden potatoe. This child was the father of the Paddies, and so they have an original sin of their own."

XXXV.

A gentleman observed to Dr. Eachard that, in his treatise on the causes of *Contempt of the Clergy*, he had omitted one very material one. "What is that?" asked the Doctor. "The good sense of the laity," answered the gentleman.—*Grose's Olio*.

XXXVI.

WOLLASTON AND A BIGOT.

The author of *Religion of Nature Delineated* asked a bigot how many religions and sects he thought there might be in the world. "Why," says he, "I can make no judgment; I never considered that question."—"Do you think," said Wollaston, "there may be a hundred?"—"Oh, yes, sure," replied he, "at least."—"Why, then," said Wollaston, "it is ninety-nine to one you are in the wrong."—*Richardsoniana*.

XXXVII.

A zealous brother said to Lessing, on his initiation as a Freemason, "Well, you have found nothing in masonry against religion or government?"—"Would to God," he replied, "that I had! I should then have found something in it, at least."

XXXVIII.

Two dervishes of *Horafa* travelled together. One, being weak, only ate one meal in two days; the other, who was strong, ate thrice every day. Coming to a town, they were arrested as spies, and thrown into prison, their food being neglected. After a week, it was found they were innocent; and the prison-doors being opened, the strong man was found dead, but the weak alive: upon which, one observed, "*Sometimes strength is weakness, and weakness strength.*"

XXXIX.

Locman, the sage, being asked where he learned virtue, answered, "*Of the vicious, for they taught me what to shun.*"

XL.

Abu Hurura used often to visit *Musapha*, who one day said to him, "O Abu

*visiting seldom feeds love and
p!"*

—
XLI.

Two boys, one the son of a rich
other of a poor, sitting in a cem-
The former said: "My father's
marble, marked with letters of gold;
is your father's? two turfs, and a
dust spread over them." The
answered: "*Be silent! Before
I shall have moved his marble,
I be already in paradise.*"

—
XLII.

And, the learned priest of Gafala,
and how he had acquired so much
answered, "*I never was ashamed
and learn what I did not know.*"
S.

—
Benedict Spinoza.

He does not like to confess its blun-
derwise it would long have aban-
a deplorable error and a flagrant
he ignorant and stupid calumny
ices Spinoza foremost among blas-
and Atheists. Those who reject
dols are always classed by popular
with such as deny God, and few
ered more from this cruel wrong
great thinker whose career we pro-
nounce in all honesty, and in no
id profelytizing spirit, and whose
ds are the best vindication of his
leas. Yet we cannot wonder that
nt and priestly venom should have
r best to kill the fair fame of Spi-
en we find a writer so eminent as
Stewart asserting that Spinozism
ism are one and the same thing;
ability being that Stewart, who
: remarkable for the elegance of

his mind than the extent of his erudition,
and whose single faculty was that of inge-
niously and clearly illustrating metaphysical
common-places, had never read a word of
Spinoza's works—Latin not being well un-
derstood at Scotch Universities—and had
contented himself with a slovenly repetition
of slanders to which years had given a cer-
tain authority. It would be enough to re-
ply to Stewart in the words of Cousin, that,
instead of accusing Spinoza of Atheism, it
would be far nearer the truth to hurl at
him the directly contrary reproach. In-
deed, the immense predominance given to
God, both formally and really, is one of
the main features of Spinoza's philosophy,
which made an ardent admirer, the noble
Novalis, say that he was a man drunk with
Deity.

No small part of the odium which has clung
to Spinoza's name may be traced to a shallow
and supercilious article in Bayle's *Dictiona-
ry*. Bayle's first literary law as a French-
man was not to be dull; to be accurate was
a very subordinate affair. Besides, the very
qualities which fitted Bayle for attaining
such signal success in his own peculiar
sphere, rendered him utterly incompetent
for passing judgment on the transcendental
thinkings of Spinoza. The prince of gos-
siping critics spending his attorney sharp-
ness on small details could not be expected
to surmount the difficulty, or to rise to the
grandeur of the profoundest ontological
problems. Bayle, likewise, was himself de-
cried as a heretic, and no doubt deemed it
excellent policy to escape the wrath of an
intolerant populace burning for the blood
of unbelievers, by pretending to join in the
howl of hate at one whom it was easy by a
few flippant words to represent as a mon-
ster of infidelity.

We cannot suppose that the motives of
Leibnitz and Malebranche, in their denun-
ciation of Spinoza, and in their affected
contempt for him, were of a much loftier

order than those of Bayle. Through his whole history, Leibnitz never gave any indication of generous impulses; he was exclusively and selfishly devoted to his worldly interests in a manner unworthy of so vast a genius; both he and Malebranche had been leavened by the system of Spinoza in spite of themselves, and strove to conceal the debt as well as their own heretical tendencies by swelling the shrill of obloquy which was Spinoza's reward for most faithful obedience to beautiful aspirations and heroic convictions.

Bayle, Malebranche, and Leibnitz, gave a literary and philosophical respectability to the fanatical antipathy of the ignorant, and, though they could not make it more bitter, they armed it with permanent force by clothing it with an aspect of justice. For a century after Spinoza's death, some solitary student of daring aims and discursive tendencies might hold commune with the miraculous revealings of the great Jew, but the latter was a word of horror or a sealed book to the rest of mankind.

At last Kant arose, who could scarcely be said to have much sympathy either for Spinoza or his doctrine; but the excitement caused by Kant's majestic entrance into the field of speculative inquiry brought still more benefit to the history of philosophy than to philosophy itself; and when that history came to be written afresh, Spinoza occupied too large a space to be overlooked or passed by. The soul of man approaching the Infinite once more with reverent questioning, yearned to know who in the bygone had discerned the Infinite the deepest, and worshipped it the worthiest. Burning with this impetuous desire, explorers going in a thousand various directions, all met at the feet of Spinoza. The rivalry now was not who should speak most evil of him, but who should utter the warmest praise. What generation after generation had been trampled on as a foul and com-

mon thing, was set on high to be adored. In Germany, for the last fifty years, a philosophy has been nothing but a reproduction confessed or unconfessed of Spinozism. Hegel, Schelling, and their followers, have merely developed germs and transformed elements which they found in Spinoza's works. Beyond philosophy a life has Spinoza's influence spread. Goethe avows the immense effect which the reading of Spinoza had produced upon him. Even a Frederick Schlegel, crazed as he was with childish manias, the highest endeavor of which was to hinder the dead from burying their dead, gladly paid his tribute to the genius of Spinoza. The revolutions of modern German theology, not alone those of a destructive, but equally those of a conservative kind, all bear clear traces of a Spinozist ancestry; and Schleiermacher has displayed as much alacrity as the boldest neologians to pour forth the most sacred breath of his being in homage to one who was a saint among sages and a sage among saints.

In France, Spinoza has received eloquent eulogium, rather than thorough appreciation. The French, though they make enormous pretensions to catholicity, are prone to overrate preposterously whatever has sprung from the soil of France; and they are too much inclined to consider Descartes as the philosopher of philosophers, to have the gifts of full and grateful bosoms to offer to Spinoza. The French are apt to mistake the promptitude of their social instincts, the plenitude of their social amenities, for the glance of an exalted and expanded intellect. The enthusiasm, therefore, about Spinoza in France, is in the main an affectation; though, perhaps, whatever redeeming idealism has mingled in the best of the Communist theories, has had unconsciously a Spinozist origin. Philosophy among the French, since the Restoration, has, like their political action, been a

nsful and blundering attempt at Eclecticism. In the one, as in the other, sheer mental debility has scattered barrenness and chaos, and has rendered the empire of one vine dominant belief impossible. In England, Spinoza has had little direct recognition, except from the able pen of Mr. G. H. Lewes, who has done much to interpret and to popularize Continental speculation. . . .

BARUCH DE SPINOZA was born at Amsterdam, on the 24th of November, 1632. When he renounced Judaism he assumed the name of *Benedict*, the Latinized form of *Baruch*. Fierce religious persecutions, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, had driven many Jewish families from Spain. He was from one of those families that Spinoza was descended. His father was a merchant, and in sufficiently prosperous circumstances to give his son all the advantages of the education which was then thought suitable for young Israelites of the wealthier class, and which was almost exclusively rabbinical. The house where Spinoza was born, situated near one of the Jewish synagogues, is still shown. He had two sisters, who never showed him any sisterly affection; but the only revenge he took for their unkindness was to surrender to them the property bequeathed to him by his parents.

It was his father's wish that Spinoza should be employed in commerce, like himself; but to this he felt unconquerable repugnance. It was, therefore, agreed that he should devote himself to the studies through which he could attain the dignity of a Rabbi. His progress was in accordance with his great faculties and his intense application. But the incessant reading, and the minute, often puerile, explanations of the *Talmud*, could not satisfy a mind of so much depth and daring. Growing soon as learned as his masters, he puzzled them

with questions, which, as they could not answer, they treated as heresies. When not more than fifteen, he proposed difficulties which the most skilful among them only seemed to him to make darker in their attempts to solve. With instinctive wisdom, however, Spinoza, instead of turning away from the whole thing with disgust, as a more irritable and impetuous nature would have been inclined to do, blended in his own spiritual growth and substance whatever nutriment he could extract from a mass of pedantry. Smallness and subtlety were the characteristics of Rabbinical theology and Rabbinical philosophy. The Rabbinical culture and discipline which Spinoza received in his early years, if they had numerous and signal defects, were not without their compensating advantages. They were intolerably monotonous; but then, by fixing the thoughts of the student exclusively on God, as the only fit object of human investigation, they kindled the yearning in Spinoza's soul for something notable alike for Divine unity and Divine comprehensiveness and elevation. They wasted much time in childishly dividing and subdividing atoms, till these vanished into the invisible; but the process exciting, as it must often have done, Spinoza's loathing, stimulated his prodigious powers of analysis, and helped him to acquire that clearness of statement which is remarkable just in the degree that the ideas he has to communicate are profound. They often tended only to make the obscure obscurer, but, through the obscurity, Oriental mysticism, robed in Oriental phantasy, shone, though strangely vague, yet majestically vast; and there was much in Oriental mysticism kindred to the central principles of Spinoza's system.

Every man, however little romantic in character, has a romance in his history. Spinoza had his. He acquired his knowledge of the Latin language from an eminent teacher, who likewise practised as a physi-

cian at Amsterdam, called Francis Van Den Ende. The latter had a daughter who was almost as learned as himself, and who was able to instruct her father's pupils when he happened to be absent. She was not beautiful; but her scholarship and her skill in music made an impression on Spinoza's heart. He had, however, a rival—one Kerkering—who, coming like Spinoza to learn Latin, learned also love. The young lady does not seem to have had any ardent regard for either of the two rivals; but the present of a valuable pearl necklace at last induced her to give the preference to Kerkering—whom, however, she would not marry till he had abjured the Lutheran religion, and turned Catholic. Spinoza was not in the habit of unveiling his sorrows to the world. However bitter, therefore, his disappointment may have been, he troubled no human ear with wailing over it. To what extent it disturbed his deeper being, his permanent tranquillity, it is vain to conjecture. Its only effect was probably a more concentrated commune with the region of pure ideas in which he was to achieve such immense and abiding results. Van Den Ende's fate was a tragical one. He engaged in a conspiracy against the French government, which conducted him to the scaffold in 1674.

Bounding away by his own irresistible impulse from Rabbinical thralldom, Spinoza was enabled to complete his deliverance through two things—his taste for physical science, and his study of the Cartesian philosophy. Physical science was then on the threshold of its most momentous discoveries, and had all the fecund vigor of valiant youth. Cartesianism, defective as it might be as a system, was yet a potent aid in carrying on to final victory the great Protestant revolt against scholastic pedantries and mediæval mummeries. Discerning, through physical science and through Cartesianism, immensities in nature and in the human

mind which harmonize but little with Rabbinical teachings, Spinoza, though singularly modest and circumspect, and though inclined neither to outrageous paradoxes, to rash innovations, nor to ostentatious utterances, was sufficiently free in the expression of his opinions to show that his sympathies were no longer with the faith of his fathers, and that they were still less with the modes in which that faith was interpreted.

A mean trick was resorted to in order to draw from him a full declaration of his sentiments. Two young men, who were his intimate friends, pretending doubts on some of the most important articles of the Jewish creed, urged him earnestly to state the conclusions at which he had arrived thereon. Spinoza, perhaps, suspected a snare; for, smiling, he told them that they had Moses and the prophets. After this show of evasion, however, he poured his mind frankly and without stint on the points on which they professed to be yearning for illumination. The treacherous friends immediately reported the conversation to the heads of the Synagogue. Before them Spinoza was promptly summoned. The mildest remonstrance, the most caressing flattery, the most terrible threats, were by turns employed. Spinoza was inflexible. He would neither retract nor promise to be silent. Finally, a pension of a thousand florins a year was offered him if he would simply attend the religious services, and otherwise outwardly conform to Judaism. He who despised threats was not likely to be seduced by bribes. Bigotry fiercely gnashed its impotent teeth, and bade the young man depart.

A fanatical Jew thought that there were more convincing arguments than those which the rulers of the Synagogue had used. One evening this Jew, approaching Spinoza stealthily, stabbed him in the face with a knife. The thrust was meant to be deadly, but the wound did not prove to be dangerous. One act of vengeance still remained.

the Holland, Spinoza could not be stoned
 as a blasphemer. But he could be
 off from membership with the Israelites
 communication. This, with solemn
 monies and fiendish maledictions, was,
 555, accordingly done. Spinoza did
 deem this paralytic persecution worthy
 of transient resentment or enduring
 or. He passed on his way rejoicing,
 saying that he had a vocation to brother-
 in a larger and nobler community.

(To be concluded in No. XI.)

Miscellaneous Items.

CONTEMPLATION: A POEM.

Notes and Queries (vol. xiv. p. 74),
 is an account of the Reverend Richard
 Ford, the author of a poem entitled *Con-
 templation*, printed in 1753, for Doddsley.
 appears to have been something of a fa-
 ce with Dr. Johnson, who quoted it in
Dictionary, under the word *vicissitude*;
 in Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, it
 stated that Johnson repeated a stanza of
 upon hearing a girl singing at her spin-
 wheel. The poem is now rare. The
 author died in 1807, at the age of eighty-

The stanza recited by Johnson is the
 in the following extract:

It is the sable mantle of the night,
 The early lark salutes the rising day;
 While she hails the glad return of light,
 It vokes each bard to join the raptur'd lay.

From the straw-roofed cot the note of joy
 Was full and frequent, as the village fair,
 The little wants the busy hour employ,
 Hunting some rural ditty, soothes her care.

Softens toil, however rude the sound;
 Feels no biting pang the while she sings;
 She turns the giddy wheel around,
 And solves the sad vicissitude of things.

The sons of Sloth, in sleep's soft fatters bound,
 Lose the rich breeze from every opening flower;
 Or rous'd by folly, measure the dull round,
 Where triflers waste the irrevocable hour.

O! here to wander all the smiling day,
 And view the plodding rustic's envied lot;
 Where through the round of prospect all is gay,
 Each passion hush'd, and every care forgot.

Ye sons of Mirth, who love the simple tale
 The nurse invents, to cheat the tedious night;
 Or the grey cobbler hums, o'er festive ale,
 Of goblin bloody, or of jocund sprite;

O! come! here hoary-lock'd Tradition tells
 Of wayward hags in tatter'd remnants drest,
 Of unblest wizards and their binding spells,
 Of valiant knights confined and maids distressed.

If solemn scenes delight, as oft the Muse
 Is wrapt in meditation, then she strays
 Thro' silent church-yards, where the sable yews
 Spread kindred gloom, and holy musings raise.

There as she wanders o'er the low-laid dead,
 Wrecks of the wise, the fair, the just, the brave
 Oft culls reflection from the clay-cold bed
 Of Death—no SHAKESPEARE preaches like the grave.

Thou honour'd youth, amid whose lawns I stray,
 And taste the genial sweets of rural ease,
 Know, if thou deign'st to read this simple lay,
 Who write for pleasure seldom write to please.

Alone ambition wings the Muse to Fame,
 Whose eagle flight unnerv'd I cease to soar:
 Despair to please hath damp'd the generous flame,
 And every wish of vanity is o'er.

"THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN."

THERE are few persons who have not
 read Shakespeare's beautiful description of
 the Seven Ages of Man. An ancient He-
 brew sage has given us his thoughts on the
 same subject:

"Seven times in one verse (said Rabbi Simon,
 the son of Eliezer), did the author of Ecclesiastes
 make use of the word *vanity*,* in allusion to the
 seven stages of human life.

* Eccles. i. 2. The word occurs twice in the
 plural, which the Rabbi considered as equivalent
 to four, and three times in the singular, making
 together *seven*.

"The first commences in the first year of human existence, when the *infant* lies like a king on a soft couch, with numerous attendants about him—all ready to serve him, and eager to testify their love and attachment by kisses and embraces.

"The second commences about the age of two or three years, when the darling *child* is permitted to crawl on the ground, and like an unclean animal delights in dirt and filth.

"Then, at the age of ten, the thoughtless *boy*, without reflecting on the past or caring for the future, jumps and skips about like a young kid on the enamelled green, contented to enjoy the present moment.

"The fourth stage begins about the age of twenty, when the *young man*, full of vanity and pride, begins to set off his person by dress; and like a young, unbroken horse, prances and gallops about in search of a wife.

"Then comes the *matrimonial state*, when the poor *man*, like the patient ass, is obliged, however reluctantly, to toil and labor for a living.

"Behold him now in the *parental state*, when, surrounded by helpless children craving his support, and looking to him for bread, he is as bold, as vigilant—and as fawning, too—as the faithful dog: guarding his little flock, and snatching at every thing that comes in his way, in order to provide for his offspring.

"At last comes the *final stage*, when the decrepid *old man*, like the unwieldy though sagacious elephant, becomes grave, sedate, and distrustful. He then also begins to hang down his head toward the ground, as if surveying the place where all his vast schemes must terminate, and where ambition and vanity are finally humbled to the dust."—(MEDRASH KOHELOTH, in Hurwitz's *Hebrew Tales*, translated from the writings of the ancient Hebrew Sages.)

LA CLEF DU PARADIS ET LE CHEMIN DU CIEL.

SUCH is the title of a most extraordinary little work reprinted at Paris in 1816, *chez Montaudon*, for the special edification and instruction of *poor children*. One or two extracts from this marvellous production will be amply sufficient to show the peculiar character and quality of the spiritual instruction prepared for poor children in

France, during the early part of the present century:

"*Oral Revelations made by JESUS CHRIST to Saint ELIZABETH, Saint BRIGETTE, and Saint MELCHIDE, who desired to know the number of BLOWS he had received during his Passion.*

"Our Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ, having heard the prayers of these holy souls, appeared to them and said: 'Know, then, my daughters, that I have shed for you 62,200 tears, and in the Garden of Olives (*le Jardin des Oliviers*) 97,307 drops of blood. I have received on my sacred body 1,667 blows, 110 slaps on my delicate cheeks, 120 blows on my neck, 380 on my back, 43 on my breast, 85 on my head, 38 on my sides, 62 on my shoulders, 40 on my arms, and 32 on my thighs and legs.

"They have struck me on the mouth 30 times, and infamous wretches have spit in my face 32 times. They have kicked me as an exciter of sedition 370 times, and knocked me down 13 times. They have pulled my hair 30 times, and they have seized and dragged me by the beard 38 times.

"With the crown of thorns they have pierced my head in 303 different places. I have groaned and sighed for your conversion and salvation 900 times. I have suffered torments sufficient to destroy life 162 times, and in extreme agony I have been as dead 19 times. The distance from the judgment-hall to Mount Calvary, whither I was forced to carry my cross, was just 321 steps.

"For all this, I have received only one act of charity, from Saint Veronica, who wiped my face with a handkerchief, upon which remained an impression of my features, printed with my sacred blood.

"Those who shall recite *The Key to Paradise*, during the forty days of Lent, and those who perchance cannot read, if they will repeat the *pater* and *ave* five times each, I will grant them five graces of my Passion: First, a plenary indulgence and remission of all their sins. Secondly, I will exempt them from the pains of purgatory. Thirdly, if they should die during Lent, I will grant them my grace the same as if they had lived to complete their penance. Fourthly, I will grant them my grace as if they had been martyrs who shed their blood for the faith. Fifthly, I will come from heaven to the earth to receive the souls of their relations, even to the fourth generation, who shall also be exempt from the pains of purgatory, and they shall enjoy eternal fruition and glory with me in paradise," etc., etc.

October, 1862.

The Philobiblion.

Number 11.

Benedict Spinoza.

(Concluded from No. X., p. 237.)

WHATEVER contempt Spinoza might have for Rabbinical philosophy in general, one of his Rabbinical maxims he considered supremely wise—that which counselled all, their rank be high or low, to learn some usual occupation. He, consequently, himself acquired the art of polishing optical-glasses, in which he attained the highest skill. Perhaps it was with no immediate view to a livelihood that Spinoza devoted himself to this art; but it ultimately became his chief if not his only means of income: and however moderate an income derived from such a source might be, it could scarcely be more moderate than his was. Spinoza made some discoveries in optics; and it is probable that he would have reached the loftiest scientific eminence, had his mind had not sought a more congenial home in that which is deeper than all science. Partly for scientific purposes and partly for amusement, Spinoza cultivated drawing, which he had taught himself. There was at one time in existence a volume of portraits from Spinoza's hand. One of those portraits was that of Spinoza himself, in some fanciful costume and attitude. This volume, which would be so great a curiosity, has been sought for in vain.

The unappeasable animosity shown toward him by the Jews, and other annoyances, induced Spinoza to leave his native city in 1660. He went to reside at Rhynburg, a village in the neighborhood of Leyden. Here he lived a wholly contemplative life, varied only by the visits of a few friends. His ideas had already ripened into the system which goes by his name; but he had no childish impatience to give the results of his thinkings to the world. No one could be freer from vanity, from the love of notoriety, and from the spirit of proselytizing. His first work, therefore, could scarcely give any indication of what mankind might one day expect from him. It was entitled *The Principles of the Cartesian Philosophy Geometrically Demonstrated*, to which were appended some *Metaphysical Reflections*. Spinoza had never been a thorough Cartesian, and had early seen all the defects of the doctrines set forth by Descartes; but he had been in the habit of expounding Cartesianism to some young men of studious and inquiring disposition, at Amsterdam; and they thought the exposition so clear and able, that they urgently solicited him to publish it for the benefit and instruction of a wider circle than themselves. However, while professing to teach Descartes, Spinoza unconsciously blended in this book his own grander convictions. The

volume appeared in 1663, and excited no very lively sensation. Many of the Protestant ministers in France and Holland were Cartesians, as they found it easy to adapt the teachings of Descartes to their most conservative theologies, and Descartes always affected excessive reverence for the current creeds. Spinoza, therefore, encountered no heavier penalty than neglect for trying to interpret in his own way a philosopher whose name at that time had a fulmination as rapid and glorious as that of conquerors.

In the summer of 1664, Spinoza removed from Rhynburg to Voorburg, a few miles from the Hague. If he sought solitude at Voorburg, he was not permitted to enjoy it. Admirers, friends, the curious, all broke in on his humble retreat. These interruptions, though they could not ruffle his temper or disturb his equanimity, yet must have been felt by him as serious hindrances to the great labors of his life. Spinoza's career was one almost without incidents, and the years he spent at Voorburg were singularly uneventful. The sufficing record would be, that, as month after month stole on, unvaried by the breaking of a bubble on the surface, the Infinite kept streaming down more richly into his soul. The most insignificant and the divinest of our race often agree in this; that the course of their days encounters no outward fact more notable than another, but it is from directly opposite causes.

Toward the end of 1669, Spinoza took up his abode in the Hague itself. Here the rest of his pilgrimage was spent. The person with whom he lodged, and at whose house he died, Henry Van Der Spyck, communicated to his early biographers nearly all we know respecting his habits and manners, a testimony not to be questioned, and uniformly favorable. At the Hague, if he found some to sneer and some to calumniate, he formed many fresh friendships. It

was not students alone who sought cor- with him, and paid ardent and ungru- homage to his genius. Not a few c- most distinguished rank, and occupyir- highest offices in the state, offered the- fection to the man, and listened with- and reverent ears to the philosopher.

Grand Pensionary, John De Witt, land's glory and Holland's guilt, came and then to seek the sublime thinker retirement, wondering to find, in one- speculations on the universe were so li- ous and comprehensive, a practical in- a political sagacity, no less remarkable. Witt not merely protected Spinoza fro- persecutions of the Obscurantists, who- to fasten their cruel claws in the sage- but joined others in urging him to se- the world, and not to them alone, tho- ideas which had so long assumed in- za's mind the symmetry of a system. I- ing to these importunities, Spinoza- lished, in 1670, his *Tractatus Theol- Politicus*. This is not a work of pur- losophy; it is the application of philo- to religion and politics, in a manner- devout than striking and original. It- most popular of Spinoza's books as to- stance and treatment. It is the only- likely to interest those who do not c- philosophy as such. We believe that, ly after the appearance of the *Theol- Political Treatise*, a translation app- in English; and it would be a service- to political and theological science if- that translation were reprinted, or a- one presented to the English people. one of the chief questions of the day- Relation of the Church to the State, is- seldom discussed in aught but a na- sectarian, and prejudiced spirit, the- *logico-Political Treatise* throws abun- dant light. It was, no doubt, Spinoza's- that his volume, pregnant with wise- tions and holy aspirations, should fir- way, modestly and unobtrusively, t-

hearts the fittest to welcome and to understand it, and should excite as little noise as possible. That wish was not gratified. The *Treatise* was immediately translated into Dutch, and in that language, in French, in German, and in Latin, it was violently assailed, and no less violently defended. It gave mortal offence to two classes—to zealous Cartesians and bigoted Theologians. The Cartesians, like their master, attempted to achieve all their objects by compromise; and they were annoyed and enraged that one who had formerly been reckoned a Cartesian should so plainly speak out the word which lay at the bottom of their own convictions, but which they desired to keep from walking abroad in the community in other than traditional garments. The wrath of the Theologians was kindled, not at what they considered false, but at what they could neither deny nor refute. They, therefore, tried that weapon which has proved so invincible in the hand of the hating and unscrupulous priest from the beginning: they made heaven and earth ring with the yell of “Blasphemy and Atheism!” Dwelling in God perennially, as in a most central, opulent, and fecund reality, Spinoza cast one glance upward, one glance within, and forgot in an instant that he had persecutors, yearning, like wild beasts, to tear him to pieces.

The publication of the *Theologico-Political Treatise*, if it let loose a thousand fanatical ferocities against him, gave him a commanding celebrity, which must have been more painful to one who had never courted or cared for human applause than the most rampant intolerance. He had soon strange proof that his name had reached quarters where it might have been least expected to penetrate. In 1672, the French, under the Prince De Condé, invaded Holland. From Utrecht, where the Prince had his head-quarters, he sent a message to Spinoza, testifying an ardent desire to see him.

Thinking that converse with so illustrious a person as the great Condé might in some way serve free thought and true philosophy, and perhaps be not altogether without benefit to his country, Spinoza set out for Utrecht. When he arrived there he found the Prince absent on pressing business of the King. He was received with the utmost courtesy and distinction by the officer in command, who urged him to await the Prince's return. This Spinoza was unwilling to do, to the exceeding regret of many who were charmed with his society, and who felt much curiosity to see a foremost general and a foremost philosopher meet. What most seemed to astonish them was, that this deep thinker was neither awkward nor pedantic, but had all the ease and politeness of an accomplished courtier. A few weeks thus spent must have oddly contrasted with the monotony of Spinoza's ordinary existence. Before he left Utrecht, a hint was conveyed to him that if he were to dedicate one of his works to King Louis XIV., he would be certain to receive a pension. “But as I had no intention,” said Spinoza, when mentioning the circumstance afterward, “to dedicate anything to the King, I refused the offer as politely as I could.”

The journey to Utrecht threatened to have a tragic termination. On reaching home, Spinoza learned that a report was circulated among the populace that he had sold himself to the enemy, and that he was a spy. The person with whom Spinoza lodged became much alarmed, as he had reason to believe that there was an intention to attack the house, and to seize the philosopher; and small mercy would have been shown him if he once fell into the hands of an infuriate mob. Spinoza manifested the most courageous calm in the presence of this peril, against the bloodiest consequences of which there was no other barrier than the whim of the multitude. He

said to Van Der Spyck : " Fear nothing on my account ; it is easy for me to justify myself. Many persons, and some of those high in station, know the real object of my journey. As soon as the rabble approach the door, and display the slightest inclination to attack it, I shall go to them, even if they make me suffer the same treatment as those unfortunate gentlemen, the De Witts. I am a good republican, and never have had anything in view but the glory and the prosperity of the state." Spinoza's words do not lose their beauty, nobleness, and valor, that they did not precede, as was expected, a riot and a martyrdom. To die a martyr costs little to him who has lived a martyr's life.

During the course of the same year, Spinoza was offered the professorship of philosophy at Heidelberg. He was to be allowed the utmost liberty in the expression of his thoughts, provided he advanced nothing which was opposed to the established religion. Spinoza saw in this condition a serious limitation to the enjoyment of that liberty, as philosophy and theology often run into each other, and can sometimes not be fully or well treated apart. He therefore politely declined the offer. But his delicate health, his unwillingness to leave his native country, his dislike to the position and duties of a professor, his desire to concentrate his whole attention and energy on the books which he was preparing—these, and other things, entered perhaps for much in his refusal.

While residing at the Hague, Spinoza sometimes did not leave his room for months. He seldom accepted an invitation or a favor of any kind, preferring to live by the labor of his hands in the most abstemious and self-denying fashion. He was observed to be rarely sad and rarely gay. If he was ever angry or displeased, nothing external betrayed emotion. He was easy of approach, and exceedingly affable. He often spoke

to his landlord and landlady, and had a consoling word for them when affliction or malady befell their household. He taught their children to be kind and obedient to their parents. When he had not been at church himself, he asked the family about the sermon, and what profit and edification they had received from it. Frequently, after a day of intense and incessant philosophical meditation, he came down to the fireside, and, while smoking a pipe, chatted cheerfully about ordinary occurrences. One of his amusements was to watch spiders fight, and it is said that this often made him laugh till the tears streamed from his eyes. He also found both recreation and instruction from observing insects through the microscope. Those with whom he lodged, while praising everything in his character and manners, enlarged gratefully on the care that he took to give them as little trouble as possible. If Spinoza had not been so grossly misrepresented, such minute particulars would be less worthy of a record here. But it is of some importance to show to those who persist in calling Spinoza an Atheist, though they have never read either his life or his works, how like a child he was in playfulness, innocence, and simplicity.

They who sought Spinoza to discourse with him on philosophy, might not always be gained to his theories, but few could wholly resist the fascination of his words. While avoiding the elaborate, and scorning affectation, he took the ear captive by suavity and unction, joined to an impressive directness of purpose. It is so rare to find in the same man grand thought, natural statement, and abounding geniality, that merely to listen was almost to be convinced. Not that Spinoza had any desire to make converts ; but to those who honestly yearned for light and truth, he felt impelled by something better than propagandist zeal to unfold the whole wealth of his being, a more

powerful pleader than rhetoric or sophistry.

Proofs have already been given of Spinoza's great disinterestedness, and of his disregard of sordid advantages. Two other examples of his exceeding indifference for what the rest of the world so much esteems, may be presented. John De Witt had settled on Spinoza a pension of two hundred florins a year. After De Witt's tragical death, which Spinoza deeply deplored, De Witt's heirs made some difficulty about continuing the pension. Spinoza, so far from insisting on his legal claim, placed in their hands the document on which that claim rested, and which contained De Witt's signature, and intimated that he had no desire to enforce his right. This unselfishness on the part of one so poor, struck them so much, that they immediately resolved to continue the pension. One of Spinoza's most ardent and devoted disciples was Simon De Vries, of Amsterdam. He was wealthy, and thought he could not bestow his wealth better than by assisting the philosopher. He therefore on one occasion wished to make him a present of two thousand florins, which Spinoza, without a moment's hesitation, refused. When dying, he wanted to leave Spinoza heir to all his property. To this Spinoza would not consent, and showed him that though he had neither wife nor child, yet that he had a brother at Schiedam to whom the heritage fairly belonged. De Vries agreed to make a will in his brother's favor, on condition that Spinoza would accept a pension of five hundred florins. Even this our philosopher thought too much, but was persuaded, at last, to receive a pension of three hundred florins, which was always honorably paid, and which, perhaps, smoothed the declining years of the great man's life.

Spinoza's health had for many years been very delicate. In the beginning of 1677, consumption made rapid progress on his

feeble body. He died on the 21st February of that year, aged rather more than forty-four. His death, though not unexpected, was sudden. Only a day or two before, he had been conversing cheerfully with his landlord's family while smoking his pipe. No one was present with him in his last hours but a physician whom he had summoned from Amsterdam. Many stupid stories were circulated about his conduct and utterances when he felt that he was about to quit this earth forever. In those stories it need not be said there was not an atom of truth. Spinoza had lived with God since his earliest days, and could only long for closer contact and communion with God, either in the visible or the invisible. No good cause is served by the falsehoods which it is thought by many a holy duty to invent and to propagate about the death-bed remarks and death-bed blasphemies of unbelievers. It would be absurd to claim for Spinoza an accordance with popular faiths, for he never claimed it himself. But he had too much reverence for the reality and the power of the religious sentiment to despise or to ridicule any of its manifestations. While allowing others to draw from their doctrines whatever nurture and consolation they could, he derived from his own principles, which he clung to without doubt or wavering, magnanimity in life, and serenity in death.

Spinoza was buried on the 25th of February, 1677. To show their respect for the character of Spinoza, many of the chief citizens attended; and we are duly informed, by the industrious biographers, that there was a train of six coaches. In the November following, all the earthly goods of the departed were sold by public auction. These consisted mainly of a few books, some engravings, and some instruments for polishing glass. After all debts and expenses were paid, there remained three hundred and ninety florins fourteen sous, a

most modest heritage, worthy of a philosopher.

It is said that Spinoza bore very distinct traces of his descent from the Jews of the Peninsula, especially in his swarthy complexion, his black hair clustering in thick curls, and his piercing black eye. He was of the middle height, and had very regular and agreeable features. He dressed plainly but neatly.

Spinoza's greatest work, the *Ethics*, had long been finished before his death. But the reception which the *Theologico-Political Treatise* met with, prevented him from giving it to the public. Spinoza, however, ordered his landlord, Van Der Spyck, to send, as soon as he died, a desk to his publisher at Amsterdam, John Rienwertzen. This was promptly and faithfully done. The desk contained the gift of Spinoza's last thoughts to the world. The same year in which he departed, his posthumous works appeared. They consisted of the *Ethics*, already mentioned, the *Political Treatise*, a *Treatise on the Culture of the Intellect*, a *Hebrew Grammar*, and the correspondence of the philosopher. The *Grammar* and the two *Treatises* are imperfect. The former has no great mark or merit, but the fragmentary condition of the *Treatises* is an immense and irreparable loss to philosophy. The posthumous works had a preface from the pen of Louis Meyer, who had long been one of Spinoza's intimate friends, and who was not merely attached to his person, but entered with most earnest intelligence into the grandeur of his ideas. The correspondence has much philosophical value and interest; but, to others than philosophical students it is dry and repulsive.

All the works of Spinoza which we possess are in Latin, but it is said that he wrote a Dutch translation of the *Pentateuch*, which he destroyed.

We are acquainted with two complete editions of Spinoza, though possibly there may be others; that of Professor Paulus, published in two volumes, at Jena, fifty years ago, and that by Gfroerer, published at Stuttgart, in one volume, in 1830.

The whole of Spinoza's works, with the exception of the *Hebrew Grammar*, were most admirably translated into German by Berthold Auerbach, in five volumes, which appeared at Stuttgart in 1841. In the first volume is the best biography of Spinoza with which we are acquainted.

A translation of Spinoza's chief productions into French was given at Paris, by Emile Saïsset, in 1842. This translation is not so good as Auerbach's. It is preceded by a long, elaborate, and useful, but somewhat pretentious introduction.

The fullest and most faithful of Spinoza's early biographers was Colerus, minister of a Lutheran church at the Hague. As his beliefs were diametrically opposed to those of Spinoza, we may accept, without question, his testimony respecting the philosopher, which is uniformly favorable.

A life of Spinoza, by Amand Saintes, was published at Paris about ten years ago. It has no considerable value as a biography; but as Saintes is, we believe, a Protestant clergyman, holding what in this country are called evangelical opinions, the warmth of the praise which he gives to Spinoza's character ought to shame those who, maintaining the same opinions, uniformly vilify and misrepresent a deep thinker and a great man. The book of Saintes contains also notices of the history of Spinozism, which, though showing no critical grasp, may put the student of philosophy on the way to something better.—*Lives of the Illustrious*, London, 1856.

Humane Industry :

OR, A

History

OF MOST

MANUAL ARTS.

(BY THOMAS POWELL, D. D.)

(Concluded from No. VIII., p. 180.)

As the concluding part of our notice of this rare and entertaining little volume, we select the following amusing particulars from Chapter XII., which treats *Of Certain Sports and Extravagancies of Art*;

"As Nature hath her *ludicra*, so Art hath hers too; that is, some pretty *knacks* that are made, not so much for use, as to shew subtilty of Wit, being made *de Gaiete de Cœur*, and for pastime as it were; yet the workmanship and elegancy of these may justly deserve admiration; and I may say of them as *Virgil* said of his Poem concerning Bees, *In tenui labor est, at tenuis non gloria*: and we may further say of Artificial things, as *Cardan* spake of Natural things, *Non minori miraculo in parvis ludit Natura (ludit Ars) quam in magnis*: Art (as well as Nature) is never more wonderful than in smaller pieces.

"Saint *Augustine* saith, That he did not know whether to wonder at more, the tooth of an Elephant, or that of a *Teredo* or Moth, which eats not only cloth, but consumes posts and pillars, whose tooth is so far from being seen, that the whole body of it is scarce visible. Some examples and instances of this kinde, which I have casually lighted upon in tumbling over books, I have thought fit to annex to this former Rapfody.

*Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum
Exhibeo*——

"One *Callierates* a Stone cutter of *Sparta*, made Ants of Ivory, with all their limbs, so small, that the eye could scarce discern them. *Myrmecides* the *Milesian* made a Chariot of Ivory, with Horses and Charioteer in so small a compass, that a Fly could cover them with her wings: He made also a ship with all her tacklings, that a Bee could hide it, *Pl. l. 7. c. 21. & l. 36. c. 5.* And *Ælian l. 1. var. hist. c. 52.* are my Authors.

"*Ovid* speaks of the admirable chains & nets which *Vulcan* made to apprehend *Mars* in con-

junction with his *Venus*, which were so fine and subtle,

—*Quæ fallere lumina possent,*

That the wanton Lovers could not see them till they felt them: *Ovid* describes them thus, *l. 4. Metam.*

—*Exempla graciles ex ære Catenas,
Retiaque & laqueos, quæ fallere lumina possent,
Elimat, non illud opus tenuissima vincant
Stamina, nec summo quæ pendet aranea Tigno:
Uique leves taëtus, momentaque parva sequantur,
Efficit, & lecto circumdata collocat aptè.*

"A Waggon and Oxen made of glass that might be hidden under a Fly, are mentioned by *Cardan*, *l. 10. var. c. 52.*

"*Leander Alberti* in his description of *Italy*, makes mention of a Lock very neatly and artificially made of Wood, without any Iron in it.

"But one *Mark Scalio* a Black smith and Citizen of *London*, for proof of his skill and workmanship, made one hanging lock of Iron, Steel and Brass, of eleven several pieces, and a pipe key, all clean wrought, which weighed but one grain of gold, which is but one wheat corn. He also made at the same time a chain of gold of 43 links, to which chain the lock and key being fastened and put about a Fleas neck, he drew the same with ease: all which lock and key, chain and Flea weighed but one grain and a half: A thing most incredible to believe, but that I my self have seen it, saith *M. John Stow*, in the *Annals* of *Elizabeth*.

"*Scaliger* makes mention of a Flea that he had seen with a gold chain about her neck and kept daintily in a box; which for her food did suck her mistresses white hand. *Leo Afer* saw the like Flea and chain in *Memphis* or *Grand Cairo*, and the Artificer that made the chain had a suit of cloth of gold bestowed upon him by the *Soldan* after the manner of that Country.

"*Hadr. Junius* saw at *Mechlin* in *Brabant*, a cherry stone cut in the form of a basket, wherein were fourteen pair of dice distinct, each with their spots and number easily to be discerned with a good eye. *l. 6. Animadvers.*

"*Galen* makes mention of a precious stone enchased in a ring, wherein was the picture of *Phæton*, most accurately cut, driving the chariot of the Sun, and being not able to rule his fiery Steeds, tumbling headlong into the River *Eridanus* (or the *Poe*) The world being all set on a flame, according to *Ovid's* description, *l. 2. Metam.*

"*George Whitehead* whom we mentioned before, made a Ship with all her tacklings to move

of its self on a table, with rowers plying the Oars, a Woman playing on the Lute, and a little whelp crying on the deck. *Schottus in Itinera Italia.*

"*Gafferellus* a Frenchman makes mention of a clock that he had seen at *Legorn*, made by a German (for these Germans are said to have their wits at their fingers ends) on which clock a company of shepherds playd upon the bagpipes, with rare harmony and motion of the fingers, while others danced by couples, keeping time and measure, and some others capered and leaped. *Cap. 6. of Unheard of Curiosities.*

"*Cardah* speaks of an Artizan at *Lions*, that made a chain of Glafs that was so light and slender that if it fell upon a stone pavement, it would not break, *Card. l. 10. Var. c. 52.*

"Amongst these *ματαιοτεχνίαι*, we may reckon an Iron Spider, mentioned by *Walchius* in his ninth fable, which was exactly made to the form and proportion of a Spider, and was also made to imitate his motions; which I confess was a singular piece of Art, if duly considered. And though these knacks are but little useful, and take up more time than needed to be lost, yet they discover a marvelous pregnancy of wit in the Artificers; and may be *experimenta lucifera*, if not *frugifera* hints of greater matters; of which Iron Spider I may say as *Du Bartas* speaks of the Iron Fly made by *Johannes Regiomontanus*, or *John of Regensberg*, that rare Mathematician of his time,

O Divine Wit! that in the narrow wombe
Of a small Fly, could find sufficient room
For all these springs, wheels, counterpoize, and
chains,

Which stood instead of life, and spur, and reins.

"A Dutchman presented the Landtgrave of *Hessen* (not many years since) with a Bear, and Lion of gold, that were hollow within, and each of the length of a man's middle finger, and every part and lineament of them answering truly to the proportion of the length, and both these did not exceed the weight of a French crown; but the Prince gave him three thousand Crowns in reward of his invention: A fair and Princely encouragement for ingenious Artifts. *Claudian* hath an Epigram de *Quadriga Marmorea*, like that of *Callistrates* (mentioned before) made of Ivory; and it is thus,

*Quis dedit innumeros uno de Marmore vultus?
Surgit in Aurigam currus, paribusque lupatis
Unanimes frænantur equi, quos forma Deremit
Materies cognata tenet; Discrimine nullo
Una silex tot membra ligat, ductusque per artem
Mons patiens ferri, varios mutatur in artus.*

What artful hand into one shape did put
So many different shapes, and all well cut;
The Driver on his Chariot mounted sits,
His well match'd horses with wrought marble
bits

And reins, are curb'd; and though each Figure
varies,

Yet all are but one piece; one marble carries
Unfundered, all those shapes, the patient stone
Cut into various forms, shews all in one.

"*John Tredescrin's Ark* in *Lambeth*, can afford many more instances of this nature; and so can the Archives of sundry Princes and private persons, who have their *Pinacotheca's* and *Technemathophylacia* for to preserve all rarities; among others, we finde great mention of *Bernard Paludanus* a Physitian of *Enchuyfen* in *Holland*; at the sight of whose rarities a Traveller composed this following Epigram *ex tempore*,

*Orbe novo & veteri rarum & mirabile quicquid
Dat natura parens, Artificisque manus:
Una Paludani domus exhibet, ingeniumque
Sublime ac studium testificatur Heri.*

Translated.

In the old world or new, what wonderful thing
Did art to light or nature lately bring,
This *Paludanus* house doth shew a rare
Proof of the owners soveraign wit and care.

"Another you may finde touching this business in *Grotius* his Poems."

HEBREW

Aphorisms and Apophthegms.

Translated by Hyman Hurwitz.

1. If you wish to know how much preferable wisdom is to gold, then observe what follows: If you change gold, you get silver for it, but your gold is gone; but if you exchange one sort of wisdom for another, you obtain fresh knowledge, and at the same time keep what you possessed before.

2. A word is like milk, which, being once drawn from its original source, can never be returned again.

3. If thou lackest knowledge, what hast thou then acquired? Hast thou acquired knowledge? what else dost thou want?

4. Simon the Just, one of the last members of the great assembly, was accustomed to say, "The stability of the world (i. e., society) depends on three things, viz., the LAW, RELIGIOUS WORSHIP, and ACTS OF BENEFICENCE."

5. "This world," says Rabbi Jacob, "may be regarded as an ante-chamber to the next. Prepare thyself in the ante-chamber, that thou mayst be admitted into the saloon."

6. "The best line of conduct a man can adopt," says Rabbi Jehudah the Holy, "is that which gains him the esteem of others without depriving him of his own."

7. Be as careful to observe a trivial precept as one that is more important, for thou knowest not the reward of virtuous deeds.

"Thou givest," says the Talmud in another place, "a penny to a poor man: the gift is trivial, and the act may appear unimportant, yet it may keep him from starving, and save a life."

8. "I have passed the greater part of my life," said Simon, the son of Gamaliel, "in the society of the wise; and found nothing more becoming the man of wisdom than *silence*. It is not the *preaching*, but the *practice*, which ought to be considered as the most important. A profusion of words is sure to produce error."

9. "Be cautious in your intercourse with the great," says Rabban Gamaliel; "they seldom confer obligations on their inferiors, but from interested motives. Friendly they appear, as long as it serves their own turn, but they will render no assistance in time of actual need."

10. Rabbi Tarphon was accustomed to say: "The day is short—the work abundant—the laborers inactive—the reward great—and the master of the house urges on."

11. He was also accustomed to say: "It is not at all requisite for thee to finish the work; nor art thou at liberty to neglect it. Hast thou acquired much knowledge in the law? thy reward will be proportionably great. He that employs thee, is sufficiently trustworthy to pay the wages of thy labor. But recollect, that the reward of the righteous is in a future state."

12. "Be," says the pious Hillel, "a disciple of Aaron, a lover of peace, and a promoter thereof. Love mankind, and draw them in a friendly manner to the study of the law."

13. He was further accustomed to say: "He that is ambitious of fame, destroys it. He that

increases not his knowledge, diminishes it. He that endeavors not to obtain some learning, incurs the penalty of death. He that uses the crown of learning as an instrument of gain, will pass away."

14. "It is most desirable," says Rabban Gamaliel, "to have a knowledge of the world, in addition to the knowledge of the law. Their alternate employment makes sin to be forgotten."

15. Learning, without active employment, ceases ultimately, and causes sin.

16. "He," says the Talmud, "who teaches not his child an art or profession, by which he may gain an honest livelihood, teaches him to rob the public."

17. Strip a carcass of its skin, even in the market-place, rather than have recourse to beg. Say not, "I am a priest, I am the son of a great man, how can I condescend to such low employments?" for, degrading as these may appear, it is still more so to hold thy hand up for charity.

18. The virtuous HILLEL, that great ornament of Israel, did not think it beneath him to support himself by cutting wood. KARNA, a judge in the Holy Land, maintained himself by carrying water; and when the people came before him to have their disputes decided, the only recompense he required of them was to get a person to carry the water for him, while he attended to their affairs. Rabbi HUNA was a dealer in wine. Rabbi JOCHONAN followed the trade of shoemaking; Rabbi ISAAC, that of a blacksmith. Rabbi JOSEPH maintained himself by carrying wood; and used facetiously to say, "*Happy labor! it both warms and nourishes those that are engaged in it.*" Thus did those pious men stoop to the lowest employments, rather than become burdensome to their respective communities. Happy age! when no honest occupation was thought degrading, and labor was an ornament to virtue.

"PREDICATORIANA;"

OR,

Curious Extracts from Sermons

OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

BEFORE the Reformation, in some churches in Germany, the *Ethics of Aristotle* were read every Sunday instead of the Gospel. Father Spanheim, in his secular harangue,

which he pronounced in Geneva, 1635, informs us as follows: "Moreover, Philip Melancthon, a man of great credit, records that in several places, on Sabbath-days, instead of Sunday lectures, *Aristotle's Ethics* were publicly read to the people, and which he himself heard at Tubing, in the county of Wurtemberg." Gregory Michael, in a note on Gaffarelli's *Un-Heard-of-Curiosities*, confirms this: "Formerly, a monk at Tubing used to explain Aristotle's Book of Ethics, instead of a sermon, using frequently this expression—that, as John the Baptist was the forerunner of Christ in divine things, so was Aristotle in natural things." Michael's own words are as follows: "*Tubingæ quondam monachus pro concione Aristotelis librum Ethicorum explicavit: ita vulgò dicebat. Quemadmodum Johannes Baptista Christi præcursor fuit in theologicis, ita Aristoteles fuit præcursor Christi in physicis.*"

Honest Hugh Latimer preached a very curious sermon *On Playing at Cards*. It is not included in any edition of his sermons that we have seen; but it may be found in Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, vol. iii. pp. 1010, 1011, folio edition (London, 1641). The conclusion of this singular discourse is as follows:

"Now I trust you wot what your Card meaneth, let us see how that we can play with the same. Whensoever it shall happen you to goe and make your Oblation unto God, ask your selves this question, Who art thou? the answer as you know is, I am a Christian man. Then you must again aske unto your self, What Christ requirerth of a Christian man? by and by cast down your trumpe, your heart, and looke first of one Card, and then of another. The first Card telleth thee thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not be angry, thou shalt not be out of patience. This done thou shalt looke if there be any more Cards to take up, and if thou looke well thou shalt see another Card of the same sute, whereon thou shalt know that thou art bound to reconcile thy neighbour. Then cast thy trumpe unto them both, and gather them all three together, and doe accordingly to the vertue of thy Cards, and surely thou shalt not loose."

This novel style of preaching appears to have been very popular in Latimer's time; and, indeed, for nearly a century after, it was in great vogue. "I remember in my time," says Fuller (*History of the University of Cambridge*, 8vo, p. 152), "a country-minister preached at St. Mary's; his text, Rom. xii. 3. '*As God hath DEALT to every man a measure of faith.*' In a fond imitation of Latimer's card-sermon, he prosecuted the metaphor of *dealing*, that men should *play above-board*, that is, avoid all dissembling, not *pocket cards*, but improve their gifts and graces, *follow suit*, wear the surplice, and conform in ceremonies, &c. This blunt preaching was admirably effectual."

In "*Martin Luther's Divine Discourses at his Table*," translated out of the high German into the English tongue, by Capt. Henric Bell, folio, Lond. 1652, is the following curious passage: "If I were rich (said Melancthon) I would have artificially made me a game at cards, and a Chest-board all of gold and silver, in a remembrance of God's game at cards, which are all great and mightie emperors, kings and princes, where hee alwaies thrusteth out one through another. The emperor is the king in the game—at last comes our Lord God, divides the game, beats the Pope with Luther, but the Pope is not yet quite dead, Christ has begun to slay him with the spirit of his mouth, so that he is dead in the hearts of beleeving Christians."

Luther was in the habit of introducing in his discourses to the common people, occasionally, some exceedingly blunt comparisons. The following specimen is from his discourse *On the Danger of delaying Repentance*: "When Sodom and Gomorrah were swallowed up in the twinkling of an eye, all the inhabitants of those cities, men, women, and children, fell dead and rolled into the abyss of hell. The miser had not

time to count his money, or the rake to fondle his w——, but were instantly swallowed up. The kettle-drum and trumpet of our good God sounds thus: *Poumerle poump! poumerle poump! pliz! pluz! schmi, schmir!* This was the drumming of the Lord, or as Saint Paul says, the voice of the archangel and the trumpet of God, for when God shall thunder at the last day, it will be suddenly, and like beating the kettle-drum, *poumerle poump!* This will be the war-cry and the *taratantara* of our good God. Then the whole heaven will resound with this noise: *Kir! kir! poumerle poump!*" &c.

In 1552, Richard Taverner, though a layman (there being a great scarcity of preachers), obtained of Edward VI. license to preach in any part of his majesty's dominions, and preached before the king at court, wearing a velvet bonnet, a damask gown, and a gold chain; and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, being then high-heriff of the county of Oxford, he appeared in the pulpit at St. Mary's, then of stone, with a sword by his side, and a gold chain about his neck, and preached to the scholars a sermon beginning thus: "Arriving at the Mount of Saint Mary's, in the stony stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biskets baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserv'd for the chickens of the Church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation," &c., &c. "Which way of preaching," says Anthony à Wood, "was then mostly in fashion, and commended by the generality of scholars."

Perhaps one of the most curious books in the whole range of the theological literature of the seventeenth century, is an anonymous work entitled *The Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence, or the Foolishness of their Teaching discovered from their Books, Sermons, and Prayers*. The Reverend James Kirkton, in his *History of the Church of Scotland*, page 194, states that "the authors

of this book are said to be Mr. Gilbert Crockat and Mr. John Monroe, confessors for the Scotch Bishops and pensioners to the English." This extraordinary production, notwithstanding its scandalous obscenity and vulgar blasphemy, has passed through seven editions. The first edition mentioned by Lowndes, was published at London, in 1693, 4to; and the last edition at the same place, in 1847, 12mo. In a note on this edition, Mr. H. G. Bohn says that "it has no publisher's name, and appears to have been printed abroad. Some trifling verbal changes are made, and one or two short passages are omitted, but it contains much more than the previous editions, taken, as the title states, from scarce and valuable MSS., &c., besides having appended the '*Answer to the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*.'" The edition before us is the *fourth*, printed at London, in 1732, 8vo, pp. 8-120, and is embellished with a singular caricature portrait of Bishop Burnet, standing with one leg in a pulpit, and the other in a huge tub. It is not our intention, at present, to discuss the historical accuracy of the marvellous statements and citations in this work, although many of them appear to be utterly incredible and absurd. We shall therefore only say that Mr. Buckle, a very competent and discriminating judge of historical evidence, has considered the work to possess sufficient authority and importance to give it place in the list of authors quoted by him in the second volume of his *History of Civilization in England*.

It is exceedingly difficult to select any specimen of the contents of this volume, but what more or less "blurs the grace and blush of modesty." We shall venture to give, however, the following decorous extracts, copied *verbatim et literatim* from Sect. III., *Containing Notes of the Presbyterian Sermons, taken in Writing from their mouths*:

"At first I begin with one I heard from Zetland, who preaching on David and Goliath, he told the Hearers, 'Sirs, this David was but a little man-equine, like my beddle Davie Gaddies there, but Goliath was a meckle strong Fellow, like the Laird of Quandal there; this David gets a Striddle and Boggie, that is a Sling, and a Stone in it; he flings a Stone into Goliath's Face, down falls Goliath and David above him: After that David was made a King; he that was keeping Sheep before, in truth he came very well too, Sirs, Well said, Davie see what comes of it, Sirs, after that he commits Adultery with Uriah; Nay, (said the beddal Davie Gaddies) it was but with Uriah's W'fe, Sir. In Faith, thou art right, it was Uriah's Wife, indeed man;' said Mr. John."—p. 86.

"One Ker at his entering into a Church at Teviotdale, told the people the relation that was to be between him and them in these following words: *Sirs*, I am coming home to be your Shepherd, and you must be my Sheep, and the Bittle will be me Tar-bottle, for I will mark you with it; (and laying his Hand on the Clerk or Precenter's Head) he saith, Andrew, you shall be my Dog; The sorrow a bit of your Dog will I be, said Andrew. O Andrew, I speak mystically, said the Preacher. Yea, but you speak mischievously, said Andrew."—p. 86.

"Another preaching against Drunkenness, told the Hearers, *There were four sorts of Drunkenness*. I. To be drunk like a Sow, tumbling in the mire like many of this Parish. II. There is to be drunk like a Dog, the Dog fills the Stomach of him, and spues all out again, and *thou John Jamieson* was this way drunk the other day. III. There is to be drunk like a Goose. Of all Drunkenness, *Sirs*, beware of the Drunkenness of the Goose, for it never rests, but constantly dips the Gobb (*i. e. Beke*) of it in the water: You are all drunk this way, *Sirs*, I need name none of you. IV. There is to be drunk like a Sheep; the silly Sheep seldom or never drinks, but sometimes wets the mouth of it in the water, and rises up as well as ever, and I myself use to be drunk this way, *Sirs*. But now, I see (*said he*) two Gentlemen in the Kirk, and Gentlemen you are both Strangers to me, but I must vindicate myself at your Hands; I have here the cursedest Parish that ever God put breath in, for all my preaching against Drunkenness, they will go into a Change-house after Sermon, and the first thing they'll get is a meckle Cup (*i. e. large Dish*) full of hor Ale, and they will say, *I wish we had the Minister in the midst of it*. Now, Gentlemen, judge ye how I am rewarded for my good Preaching."—p. 87.

"Mr. John Simple preaching on the *Day of Judgement*, told his Hearers, *Sirs*, this will be a terrible Day, we'll all be there, and in the Throng I John Simple will be, and all of you will stand at my Back; Christ will look to me, and he will say, Who is that standing there? I'll say again, Yea even as ye ken'd not Lord; He'll say, I know thou'st honest John Simple, draw near John, now John, what good Service have you done me on Earth? I have brought nither a Company of blew Bonnets for you, Lord. Blew Bonnets, John, what is become of the brave Hats, the Silks, and the Sattins, John? I'll tell, I know not Lord, they went a gate of their own. Well, honest John, thou and thy blew Bonnets are welcome to me, come to my right Hand, and let the Devil take the Hats, the Silks, and the Sattins."—p. 88.

"Mr. Robert Steidman in Cariddon, told the people in a sermon, 'That Christ was not proud nor lordly, for he rode upon an A's, which is a laigh (*low*) Beast, and wherefore think ye did he this? It was *Sirs*, for the Conveniency of the old Wives that follow'd him, that he might kurtle (*whisper*) the Gospel in their Ears as he went along.'—p. 100.

"Mr. Hugh Kennedy Moderator of the General Assembly, being about to christen a child in the College-Kirk, looked about him and said, 'Look *Sirs*, and see the Devil painted in that Bairns face. But we shall do the best we can to conjure him out. I shall shortly nail his lug to Christ's throne, till from a *Calf* he grow up to an Ox to draw in Christ's Plow.'—p. 102.

"One Mr. Robert Gourly, preaching on the Woman of Canaan, how our Saviour called her a Dog, said, '*Sirs*, some of you may think that our Saviour spake very improperly, for he should have called her a Bitch; but to this I answer, a Dog is the Masculine or Feminine Gender, there is a Hedog and a She-dog. But you will ask, why did he miscall the poor Woman, and call her a Dog? There are God's Dogs and the Devil's Dogs, she was God's Dog, not the Devil's Dog.'—p. 102.

"Mr. Kirkton, preaching in his Meeting-house in the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, adduced several instances of the Poverty of the People of God, amongst others, he had this remarkable one: 'Brethren,' says he, 'Criticks with their frim frams, and whytie whaties (*trifles*) may imagine a hundred Reasons for Abraham's going out of the Land of Chaldea, but I will tell you what was always my opinion. I believe Abraham, poor man, was forced to run out of the land of Judea for Debt.'—p. 107.

"Mr. Anderson, a Phanatick Preacher in Perthshire, in a prayer said, 'Good Lord, it is told us, that thou knowst a proud man by his looks, as well as a malignant by his works; but what wilt thou do with these malignants? I'll tell thee Lord, what thou wilt do. Even take them up by the Heels and reest (*smoke*) them in the Chimney of Hell, and dry them like Bervy Haddockes; Lord take the Pitol of thy Vengeance, and the Mortar-piece of thy Wrath, and make the Hairns (*Brains*) of these malignants a hodge podge, but for thy own Bairns, Lord feed them with the Plumdames (*Prunes*) and Raisons of thy Promises, and e'en give them the spurs of Confidence, and Boots of Hope, that like new spean'd (*weaned*) fillies, they may loup (*jump*) over the Fold-dikes of Grace.'"—p. 113.

"Mr. Bailif Hall said in a prayer, 'Lord thou hast said, that he is worse than an infidel that provides not for his own Family; Give us not reason to say this of thee Lord, for we are thine own Family, and yet we have been but scurvily provided for of a long time.'"—p. 116.

"Mr. Arekine praying in the Tron-Church last year, said, 'Lord have mercy on all Fools and Idiots, and particularly upon the Magistrates of Edinburgh.'"—*Ib.*

"One Mr. James Webster was admired lately at my Lord Arbuthnot his zealous Patron's Table for this Grace before Meat, 'O Lord out of the boundless, bankless, brimless, bottomless, shoreless Ocean of thy Goodness we are daily foddered, filled, feasted, fatted,' &c., and half an hour's discourse to the same purpose.'"—p. 117.

These extracts will doubtless be amply sufficient to give the reader a tolerably correct idea of the peculiar character of the contents of this remarkable volume, and they will also enable him to judge with some degree of certainty of the popular style of preaching in Scotland during the seventeenth century. Regarding the authenticity of these extracts, the editors of the volume state that "these are but few of many thousand instances that might be given of that ridiculousness, profanity, and blasphemy, which the Scotch Presbyterians daily use in their preaching and praying; and tho' strangers may think it incredible, that men professing religion or reason, should

thus debase and prostitute both, yet they who are unfortunately bound to converse with, and hear them frequently, cannot be but sadly sensible that all that's here charged upon them is but too true, and that many of the worst expressions they are daily guilty of, are purposely here omitted, lest by such obscene, godless, and fulsome stuff, the ears and eyes of modest readers should be nauseated and polluted, which if these Opposers of Truth and Religion should deny, there are thousands in Scotland of the best Quality and Distinction ready to attest, by their Oaths and Subscriptions, as shall be made appear in another Edition of this Book, if the clamors of the Party extort it."—p. 118.

Neglected Biography of Booksellers and Book-Collectors.

SAMUEL PATERSON.

MR. SAMUEL PATERSON was the son of a respectable woollen-draper in the parish of Saint Paul, Covent Garden, London, and born March 17, 1728. He lost his father when about the age of twelve years; and his guardian not only neglected him, but involved his property in his own bankruptcy, and sent him to France. Having there acquired a knowledge of foreign literature and publications beyond any persons of his age, he resolved to engage in the importation of foreign books; and, when little more than twenty years old, opened a shop in the Strand—the only person who then carried on such a trade being Paul Valliant. Though, by the misconduct of some who were charged with his commissions in several parts of the Continent, it proved unsuccessful to the new adventurer, he continued in business till 1753, when he published Dr. Pettingal's *Dissertation*. At the same early period in which he engaged in

business he had married Miss Hamilton, a lady of the most respectable connections in North Britain, still younger than himself, both their ages not making thirty-eight years.

He next commenced as an auctioneer in Essex-House. This period tended to develop completely those extraordinary talents in Bibliography (a science till then so little attended to), which soon brought him into the notice of the literary world. The valuable collection of MSS. belonging to the Right Honorable Sir Julius Cæsar, knight, judge of the admiralty in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, had fallen into the hands of some uninformed persons, and were on the point of being sold by weight to a cheesemonger, as waste-paper, for the sum of ten pounds. Some of them happened to be shown to Mr. Paterfon, who examined them, and instantly discovered their value. He then digested a masterly catalogue of the whole collection, and, distributing it in several thousands of the most singular and interesting heads, caused them to be sold by auction, which produced three hundred and fifty-six pounds; and had among the purchasers Lord Orford, and other persons of rank. These occurrences took place in the year 1757.

The first person who attempted to give a sketch of universal bibliography and literary history was the learned and laborious Christopher Augustus Hermann, professor in the University of Gottingen, in 1718, when he published his well-known *Conspectus Reipublicæ Literariæ, sive via ad Historiam Literariam*, which gradually went through seven editions, the last of which was published at Hanover, in 1763. Numberless other works, analogous to this, were published in the same interval, in Germany. About the period alluded to, many detailed, descriptive, and rational catalogues of books, appeared in the several countries of Europe; the art and the taste of con-

structing libraries became more general than in any preceding age; and the only thing which appears worthy of remark, and rather unaccountable, is, that even after the progress of philosophy or bibliography, the Germans in this department have excelled every other people in Europe. It is universally acknowledged that the best work of the kind that ever appeared, about that time, was the catalogue of the celebrated library of the Count of Bunau, better known under the name of *Bibliotheca Bunaviana*—so remarkable, indeed, for number, selection, order, connection, references, and universal interest. The only historical system of national literature exhibited in Europe was that of the Italian, by Ziraboschi. Mr. Paterfon supplied some important materials toward one in English, in his *Bibliotheca Anglica Curiosa*, 8vo, 1771. He was an enemy to those systems of bibliography which are now generally practised on the Continent; and he set no importance even on the newly-established classification of the *Universal Repertory of Literature*, published at Jena. Mr. Paterfon acted consistently with these ideas in all his bibliographical performances; and it is owing to the merit of an appropriate, circumstantial, and judicious classification, that his catalogues are unrivalled, and some of them are justly regarded as models. We refer the reader to the catalogues themselves, and especially to the *Bibliotheca Fleetwoodiana*, *Beauclerkiana*, *Croftiana*, *Pinelliana*, published from time to time, as well as to those of the *Strange*, *Fagel*, and *Tyssen Libraries*, which he prepared within the last two years of his life; and he will perceive in each of them an admirable spirit of order, exhibited in different ways, and suggested by those superior abilities which alone can discover and appreciate these variable combinations of the several circumstances.

A man so thoroughly conversant in the history of literature could not fail to per-

ceive that a vast number of books were held as valuable and scarce in England, which were rather common in other countries. He thought he could do his native country an essential service, and procure emolument for himself, if he should undertake a journey through some parts of the Continent, and succeed in purchasing some articles of this description. With this view, he set out for the Continent in 1776, and bought a capital collection of books, which on his return to England he digested in the catalogue (the best, perhaps, of his performances) that bears the title of *Bibliotheca Universalis Selecta*.

Mr. Paterfon was a writer of some consideration, and from time to time indulged in several publications, to none of which he ever put his name. The first, in order of time, is, to our knowledge, *Another Traveller; or Curfory Remarks made upon a Journey through Part of the Netherlands*, by Coryat, Jun., in 1766, 3 vols. 12mo. The second is *The Joineriana; or the Book of Scraps*, 2 vols. 12mo, 1772, consisting of philosophical and literary aphorisms. The third is *The Templar*, a periodical paper, of which only fourteen numbers appear to have been published, and the last of them in December, 1773, intended as an attack on the newspapers for advertising ecclesiastical offices, and places of trust under government. And the last is *Speculations in Law and Lawyers, applicable to the Manifest Hardships, Uncertainties, and Abusive Practice of the Common Law*, 1788, 8vo, tending to evince the danger and impropriety of personal arrests for debt, previous to any verification.

At the pressing solicitations of his friends, Mr. Paterfon consented, as soon as the Fagel catalogue was completed, to undertake some *Memoirs of the Vicissitudes of Literature in England during the Latter Half of the Eighteenth Century*, for which it was hoped in vain that some materials

might be found among his papers. If, in his employment of making catalogues, he met with a book he had not seen before, which excited his curiosity, or interested his feelings, they must be gratified, and his attendant might amuse himself as he chose. The consequence was, that, on many occasions, catalogues could be procured only a few hours before the sale commenced.

The immediate cause of his death was a bruise on his leg, which happened from stumbling in the dark over a small dog-kennel carelessly left by his landlady at the bottom of a staircase. The wound turned to mortification, which soon ended fatally, November 29, 1802.

(See Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. iii. p. 438; Timperley's *Encyclopædia of Literary and Typographical Anecdotes*, pp. 812, 813; and *Monthly Magazine, or British Register*, vol. xiv. p. 553.)

Physiologia Crepitus Ventris.

ITEM RISUS ET RIDICULI ELOGIUM NIHILI, AUCT. ROD. GOELENIO. FRANCOFURTI ET LIPSIAE, 1607. 8vo.

THIS instructive treatise has also been inserted in the first volume of the *Amphitheatrum Sapientiæ Socraticæ Joco-Seriæ*, etc. of Gaspar Dornavius, where it occupies pp. 349-354. Becmann attributes this entertaining work to the father of Goclenius, but we cannot share this opinion, for the simple reason that Goclenius *pere* had a mind not the least disposed to pleasantry. Goclenius *filis* also composed a treatise *De vitâ prorogandâ, id est animi et corporis vigore conservando et salubriter producendo*. Francofurti, 1608, 12mo. This may be considered new and decisive proof of the close connection which exists between the subject of the above work and the preservation of health; since Goclenius, having studied this question in 1607, was prepared

that should become vacant in England. In fact, he was already so enriched by ecclesiastical preferment,* that he was enabled to expend five thousand marks on this journey, by no means an extraordinary sum, when we consider the magnificence and splendor of his establishment and retinue, being uniformly attended, when he went into the presence of the Pope or Cardinals, by *twenty* of his clerks, and *thirty-six* esquires, attired in the most expensive and sumptuous garments. While at Paris, on his return to England, he was informed of the death of Beaumont, Bishop of Durham, and that the king had written to the Pope, requiring the presentation to that see. This news, we are told, excited feelings of grievous disappointment, because he considered himself entitled to the preference: yet he withstood the solicitations of his friends, and refused to urge his claim at the Vatican, although repeatedly instigated to that measure by William de Tykall, one of his chaplains, observing that he would not apply for that or any other benefice.

De Bury was consecrated Bishop of Durham under circumstances without a parallel in ecclesiastical history. The transaction is fully recorded in Wharton,† to whom we must refer our readers for more minute details, since this narrative embraces only the more prominent facts. When the see became vacant by the death of Beaumont, Edward III. immediately addressed letters to the Pope‡ and to the Prior and Chapter

of Durham, in whom the right of election was vested, on behalf of Richard de Bury; and from these identical letters—the best testimonial a monarch could give of the estimation in which he held a subject—originated that anxiety to the unsophisticated scholar which we have already noticed. The Prior and Chapter proceeded to elect Robert de Graystanes, Monk and Sub-Prior of Durham, who, with their concurrence, was confirmed in the church of St. Mary, at York, on the 10th of November, 1333, and consecrated by the Archbishop of that diocese on the 14th of the same month, in the private chapel of his palace; but, in order to complete the legal formalities, the consent of the king was requisite, from whom all bishops receive their temporalities: these were demanded, and refused by Edward in gentle terms, through his treasurer. In the mean time, the Pope, at his request, had conferred the bishopric on Richard de Bury, and the latter granted to him the temporalities. The papal document is dated only one day prior to the election of Graystanes.

With that servile compliance which unfortunately characterized nearly every transaction of feudal government, the archbishop and clergy who had assisted in the short elevation of the deposed prelate, with equal alacrity, and the most disgusting submission, unhesitatingly acknowledged the paramount authority of the Pope, and yielded to the regal privileges. The favored candidate was consecrated on the 19th of December, 1333, the ceremony being performed by John Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the abbey of Black Monks at Chertsey; the expenses of which were defrayed by Henry Burwesh, Bishop of Lincoln, at the command of the king; installed by proxy on the 10th of January, 1334; enthroned on the 5th of June in the same year; and previously to his elevation, the prebendal stalls vacant by the death of Gilbert de Middleton.

* An account of these is preserved in Tanner, by which it appears that, in the first six years of his reign, Edward presented him to *two* rectories, *six* prebendal stalls, the Archdeacons of Salisbury and Northampton, the Canonry of Weston, and the Deanery of Wells.

† *Anglia Sacra*, vol. i. pp. 762-4.

‡ That Edward exerted all his influence to promote the advancement of his tutor, is proved by an interesting document recorded in Rymer, *Fœdera*, t. iv. p. 467; it is a letter to the Pope, *propria Regis manu scripta* soliciting for him, several years

did homage to the Archbishop of York on the 12th of February, 1337.

To offer any apology for so unjust and tyrannical a proceeding would be an unequivocal admission of a prerogative calculated to destroy the vital principle of liberty, and productive of the most ruinous consequences. That the precedent thus established was as dangerous as the result was advantageous, is undeniable; yet the agency by which it was effected, is most intolerant and repugnant.

The career of Richard de Bury exhibits a striking illustration to the adage, that "good or bad fortune does not come unattended," and seldom has the advancement of any individual been more rapid or more decided. In 1334, he was appointed High Treasurer of England, and in the same year personally installed at Durham, which had been previously performed by proxy. On this occasion he gave a magnificent entertainment* to the King and Queen, her mother, and the King of Scotland, at which were present two archbishops, five bishops, seven earls with their consorts, and all the nobility on this side Trent, besides a great number of knights and esquires, also many abbots, priors, and other ecclesiastics, and a vast number (*cum innumera multitudine*) of the gentry.

In the same year he was declared Chancellor of England, and within the three following years went thrice to Paris as ambassador from Edward to the King of France, respecting his claim to the crown of France.† Afterward he visited Antwerp and Brabant in the same responsible character, and was thus engaged during nine

years in various places on the aforesaid mission; yet he did not neglect the interest and liberties of his diocese, which he protected with scrupulous care and tenacity.

The literary attainments of this great man, and his enthusiastic ardor in the promulgation of learning, recommend him more strongly to our notice than his political talents. "What can be more delightful to a lover of his country's intellectual reputation," observes Dr. Dibdin, "than to find such a character as De Bury, in such an age of war and bloodshed, uniting the calm and mild conduct of a legislator, with the sagacity of a philosopher, and the elegant mind of a scholar!"‡ His private life exhibits a pleasing picture of dignified virtue and inobtrusive contentment. That unpretending generosity which is derived from the pure precepts of Christianity, seems to have influenced all his actions—whose sole ambition was to alleviate the sorrows and ameliorate the mental as well as the corporeal condition of mankind. Thus did he labor unremittingly to acquire the choicest MSS. of ancient learning, with the noblest and best intention—that of founding a Library at Oxford—which was carried into effect by the princely bequest of his valuable collection to Durham (now Trinity) College, in the before-mentioned University.†

Some idea may be formed of his perseverance and liberality, in the pursuit of this favorite object, when we are informed that he alone possessed more books‡ than all the

* *Bibliomania*, ed. 2d, p. 247.

† Gutch's edition of Wood's *History of the University of Oxford*, vol. ii. p. 911.

‡ Warton, *History of English Poetry*, vol. i. pp. 147, 148, 8vo edition, has supplied this, among many delightful anecdotes and pleasing traits of De Bury, clothed in language so fascinating, and withal so agreeably contrasted with the grave character of his admirable work, that, although derived from well-known sources, it would be a species of literary ingratitude not to acknowledge our obligations to his writings.

* Vide Notes on the *Statuta de Cibariis utendis*, 10 Ed. iii. in *Obs. on Anc. Stat.*, p. 214.

† "Rex Edwardus III. erat verus haeres Franciae, jure matris Isabellae reginae, filia e regis Franciae et fororis tunc regis."—J. Rossi, Warwicensis, *Hist. Reg. Angliae*, ed. Hearne, p. 155; but vide R. de Avelbury, *Hist. Edw. III. ej. ed.*, pp. 27, 28.

bishops of England together; and besides the fixed libraries which he had formed in his several palaces, the floor of his common apartment* was so covered with books, that those who entered could not with due reverence approach his presence. He kept binders, illuminators, and writers, in his palaces;† and while Chancellor and Treasurer of England, instead of the usual presents and New-Year's gifts appertaining to these offices, he chose to receive the perquisites in books.‡

By the favor of Edward he gained access to the libraries of the most capital monasteries, where he shook off the dust from volumes preserved in chests and presses, which had not been opened for many ages. Not satisfied with this privilege, he extended his researches, by employing stationers and bookfellers, not only in England, but also in France, Germany, and Italy, regardless both of labor and expense; or, to use his own words,§ “pecuniam laeto corde diffusimus nec eos [sc. Librarios et Stationa-

rios] vllatenus impedit distantia, neque fvor maris absterruit, nec eis aes pro expensa deficit, quin ad nos optatos libros transmitterent vel afferent.* Sciebant enim pro certo, quod spes eorum in finv nostro reposita defraudari non poterat, sed restabat apud nos copiosa redemptio cum vsuris.”

Bishop Godwin† has preserved an interesting memorial of his habitual fondness for learning and scholars. The bishop himself avows, “extatico quodam librorum amore potenter se abreptum;” and in his *Philobiblion* we find similar expressions: “Quamvis enim ab adolescentia nostra semper socialem communionem cum viris literatis et librorum dilectoribus delectaremur habere.” “Amoris quippe nostri fama volatilis jam ubique percrebuit, tantumque librorum et maxime veterum ferebamur cupiditate langvescere.”—pp. 30, 31.

De Bury delighted in the society of his chaplains, whom he selected on account of their piety and erudition, and many of them afterward rose to the episcopal bench.‡

(To be continued.)

* Chambre varies slightly from Warton's account of this matter, but it is more expressive of the good bishop's bibliophilism. After a similar introduction, he observes, “So many books lay scattered in his sleeping-chamber [in camerâ quâ dormivit], that it was difficult for any person to enter and go out, or indeed to stand, without treading on some book [nisi librum aliquem pedibus conculcarent].”

† “Caeterum apud nos in nostris atriis multitudo non modica semper erat Antiquariorum, Scriptorum, Colligatorum, Correctorum, Illuminatorum, et generaliter omnium, qui poterant librorum, servitiis, utiliter inservire. Postremo omnis utriusque sexus, omnisque status vel dignitatis conditio, cuius cùm libris aliquale commercium, cordis nostris januas prorsus poterat aperire facillimo, et in nostro gremio commodosum reperire cubile. Sic omnes admittimus codices afferentes.”—*Philobiblion*, ed. Schmid, p. 36.

‡ *Philobiblion*, ed. Goldastus et Schmid. Vide *De Bibliothecis Nova Accessio Collectioni Maderianae adjuncta*. Helmstadt, 1703, pp. 30, 31.

§ *Philobiblion*, ed. ut supra, p. 36. The chapter (viii.) from which this extract is taken, treats de

multiplici opportunitate auctoris in colligendis libris circumquaque.

* James, in his edition, *Oxon.*, 1599, reads *afferent*; and in this the Editio Princeps, *Cologne*, 1473, and that printed by John and Conrad Hist, at Spire, in 1483, agree. Goldastus and Schmid, however, use *offerent*: we prefer the former, not on the authority of James, whose edition is very incorrect, but because it is sanctioned by the two earliest impressions of the *Philobiblion*, which are more likely to approach the genuine text of the original MS.

† See his *Catalogue of English Bishops*, 1601, pp. 524, 525.

‡ To this nursery, as it were, of genius and learning, we are indebted for some of the most eminent prelates and writers which England can boast. Among them may be mentioned, Thomas Bradwardyn, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury; Richard Fitz-Raufe, Archbishop of Armagh; Richard Benworth, Bishop of London; and Walter Segraffe, Bishop of Chester: also Walter Burley, John Maudyt, Robert Holcote, and Richard de Kilvington, all Doctors of Theology.

HYMN OF SAINT BONAVENTURA,

In Praise of the Cross.

I.

AMA crucem mundi lucem,
Et habebis Christum ducem,
Per æterna sæcula;
Illud pactum non sit fractum,
Crux præcedat omnem actum,
Ut succedant prospera.

II.

Cum tentatus et afflictus,
Derelictus quasi victus,
Et inter angustias;
Non sis piger neque lentus,
Sed sollicitè intentus,
Cruce frontem munias.

III.

Cum quiescis aut laboras,
Quando rides, quando ploras,
Doles, sive gaudeas,
Quando vadis, quando venis,
In solatiis, in penis,
Crucem corde teneas.

IV.

Crux est porta Paradisi,
In qua sancti sunt confisi
Qui vicerunt omnia;
Crux est vita beatorum,
Et thesaurus perfectorum,
Et decus, et gaudium.

V.

Quando sedes, stas, et jaces,
Quando loqueris et taces,
Fessus cum quieveris,
Christum quæras in quo speras,
Crucifixum corde geras,
Ubicumque fueris.

VI.

Recordare paupertatis,
Et extremæ vilitatis,
Et gravis supplicii;
Si es compos rationis,
Esto memor passionis,
Fellis et absinthii.

VII.

Bone frater, quidquid agas,
Crucifixi vide plagas,
Et sibi compatere.
Da dolorem quasi rorem,
Ut tu plores Redemptorem,
Christum qui te renovet.

TRANSLATION.

BY K. H. D.

I.

Love the Cross, the world which lighteth,
And 'tis Christ thy soul who righteth
While eternal ages shine;
Be not that agreement broken,
Be the cross in all thy token,
And prosperity is thine.

II.

When thou tempted art and troubled,
And thy trials are redoubled,
Narrow all thy way and dark,
Be not slothful and delaying;
But, solicitously praying,
With the cross thy forehead mark.

III.

When thou'rt still or in employment,
In affliction or enjoyment,
Grievest, or delighted art,
When thou goest, when thou comest,
Tapest comfort, or bemoanest,
Hold the cross within thy heart.

IV.

Paradise's gate the cross is;
Here the saints, amid their losses,
Placing trust have all subdued;
Hence the life is of the blessed;
All the treasure they've possessed,
Joy, and glory, is the Rood.

V.

When thou sittest, stand'st, and liest,
When thou'rt silent or repliest,
When fatigue has wearied thee,
Christ seek thou—in him confiding,
Be his Cross in triumph riding
O'er thy breast where'er thou be.

VI.

O his poverty forget not,
And his shame and torments let not
Ever from thy mem'ry fall;
Long as thou'rt possessed of reason,
Be thou mindful of his passion,
Of the wormwood and the gall.

VII.

O good brother mine, whate'er be
Now thy business, see that ne'er be
Far the Crucified's pains.
Give a shower of grief unfailing,
Fit for hearts Thee, Christ, bewailing,
As Thou thus renew'st Thy stains.

and the other of the same name, who in 1704 enlarged and published it with the following title: *Religio Bibliopola; the New Practice of Piety, writ in imitation of Dr. Browne's RELIGIO MEDICI; or the Christian Virtuoso, discovering the Right Way to Heaven between all Extreams, etc.* 12mo, pp. 76. Another edition appeared in 1705 (12mo), with a portrait of Dunton prefixed. Other editions were published in 1728 and 1756 (8vo).

November, 1862. **The Philobiblion.** Number 12.

Religio Bibliopola.
In Imitation of
DR. BROWNS
RELIGIO MEDICI.
WITH A
SUPPLEMENT TO IT.

By **BENJ. BRIGWATER (sic), Gent.**
LONDON,

Printed for P. Smart, and are to be sold at
the Raven in the Poultry. 1691.

[Small 8vo; pp. iv-404.]

The only account we have been able to find of Mr. "Benjamin Brigwater, Gent," the reputed author of this whimsical little treatise, has been preserved by the eccentric John Dunton, in his *Life and Errors*, page 177: "He was," says Dunton, "of Trinity College, Cambridge, and M. A. His genius was very rich, and ran much upon poetry, in which he excelled. He was in part author of *Religio Bibliopola*. But alas! wine and love were the ruin of this ingenious gentleman."

Such is Dunton's very brief notice of the "ingenious" Benjamin Bridgewater. The work has also been attributed to Dunton,

who in 1704 enlarged and published it with the following title: *Religio Bibliopola; the New Practice of Piety, writ in imitation of Dr. Browne's RELIGIO MEDICI; or the Christian Virtuoso, discovering the Right Way to Heaven between all Extreams, etc.* 12mo, pp. 76. Another edition appeared in 1705 (12mo), with a portrait of Dunton prefixed. Other editions were published in 1728 and 1756 (8vo).

Although the authorship of this rhapsodical little treatise is commonly attributed to the united labors of Bridgewater and Dunton, it would not be a very difficult undertaking to show, if the book were worth the trouble, that neither is entitled to much credit for his respective share in its composition. Several long passages are taken from Joseph Glanvill's exceedingly curious work, entitled, *Lux Orientalis, or an Enquiry into the Opinion of the Eastern Sages concerning the Pre-existence of Souls*, etc., first published in 1662, 8vo. John Norris, of Bemerton, and Robert Boyle, may also be considered plaintiffs in the case. The peculiar literary merit of the work is sufficiently exhibited in the following abridgment of the entire volume:

"Though Trades (as well as Nations) have Scandals fast'n'd upon them in the Lump, yet there are some in all Professions to whom the abusive Character is not due.

BOOKSELLERS in the Grofs are taken for no better than a Pack of Knaves and Atheiftes ; (tho' thanks to our few KINDRED among the Stars, 'tis only by prejudic'd men) yet among them there is a Retail of men who are no Strangers to *Religion and Honesty*. I, that am one of that Calling, am bold to challenge the Title of Christian, neither am I aſham'd to expoſe my *Morals*. I have no reaſon to tax my Education, or blame thoſe who had the Care of my Juvenile Years. My Tutors were Learned and Orthodox, and made it their Buſineſs to form my Mind, and ſquare my Soul by the beſt Precepts and pureſt Examples. I profeſs my ſelf an impartial Lover of all good men, and do preſume every man to be good till I find him otherwiſe. I have as little Zeal about things that are manifeſtly indifferent, (either *pro* or *con*) as any man in the World, for 'tis a Principle I received from my Education, that the real differences of good and intelligent People are not ſo wide as they ſeem, and that through prejudice and intereſt they do many times conteſt about words, whiſt they do heartily think the ſame thing.

"I am not fond of the Names which diſtinguiſh one Party from another in the Church. I eſteem not a man the better for being regimented in this *Communion*, rather than in that. And for ought (*ſic*) I know in the *Camp of God*, a *Reformade* may be as acceptable, as in thoſe of men.

"However a Mutineer in either is odious, and to raiſe *Factions* about Religion, is to adore *Mars* inſtead of *Chriſt*, and to commence a War for the ſake of Peace. I cannot approve of their bitter Zeal, who, if they cannot call down Fire from Heaven, will kindle it on the Earth againſt all that think not as they do. He is an ill Diſputant for Chriſtianity, who uſes no other Topicks than Gun-powder and Steel. The Logick of Mahomet becomes not a Diſciple of Jeſus ; and I ſhould make but an Hypo-

critical Convert, were I to be Dragoon'd into Religion by the Domineering Arguments of *Booted Apoſtles*. I do not value any mans Religion by his ſtarch'd looks or ſupercilious gravity. I hate to put on an unfociable Face, or ſcrew my ſelf into an ill-humoured Riddle ; I do not angle for the Character of a Saint, by magiſterially declaiming againſt the innocent Divertiſements of Humane Life, and ranking things indifferent among the greateſt crimes. Above all I cannot approve of thoſe who are prone to ſtaſten *Gods Judgments* on particular Occaſions, as if they alone cou'd unlock the Secrets of the Almighty, and were the Privy-Counſellors of Heaven. I have no ambition to become an Eagle in Divinity, neither do I emulate the towring Flights of ſuch as pretend to extraordinary Revelations. I had rather walk under the Piazzas of *Gods Church*, than on the Battlements of the *Devils Chappel*, leſt my head ſhould grow giddy with *Enthuſiaſms*, and I be blown off from thoſe Heights and Pinnacles with ſome wind of vain Doctrine. I look on all things to be govern'd by a fix'd Law and Eternal Deſtiny ; and therefore cou'd quietly ſit down with *George Withers*, and ſay, *Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo*.

"I have no Pannick Fears of Death upon me, neither am I ſolicitous, how or when I ſhall make my Exit from the Stage of this Life. Much leſs do I trouble my ſelf about the manner of my Burial, or to which of the Elements I ſhall commit my Carcaſs. I can be contented to undergo the tedious Converſation of Worms and Serpents, thoſe greedy Tenants of the Grave, who will never be ſatisfied till they have eat up the *Ground-Landlord*. I dare not with ſome of the *Jewiſh Rabbins* ſay that all ſhall not riſe at the great Day ; much leſs will I preſume with others to particularize ſo far as to exclude all thoſe who periſh'd in *Noah's Flood* ; or with a third fort to confine the Reſurrection to the Children of *Iſrael*, as if

ing for an equal number of Virgins, who should usher his Body to the Church.

"It will not, I hope, be an unpardonable transgression, if I *start back* from the melancholy horrors of Death, to the innocent Comforts of Humane Life, and from the Immortal Nuptials of this *Italian*, pass to the Mortal Emblem, the Rites of Matrimony, the Happiness of Female Society, and our Obligations to Women. 'Tis an uncourtly Virtue, which admits of no profecytes but men devoted to Celibacy, and he is a reproach to his Parents, who shuns the entertainments of Hymen, the Blissful Amours of the Fair Sex, without which he himself had not gain'd so much as the Rest of a *Cypher*, in the Numeration of Mankind, though he now makes a Figure too much in Nature's Arithmetick, since he would put a stop to the *Rule of Multiplication*. I wonder at the unnatural Phancy of such as could wish *we might procreate like Trees*, as if they were ashamed of an Act, without which they had never been capable of such an extravagant Thought. I hate the Gynical Flout of those who can afford Women no better Title than *Necessary Evils*; 'Tis an ungrateful return, thus to abuse that Gentle Sex, who are the Moulds in which all the Race of Adam are cast: As if they deserv'd no better treatment at our Hands, than we usually give to Saffron-Bags and Venetian Bottles, which are thrown into a Corner, when the Wine and Spice are taken out of them. The Pagan Poet was little better than a Murderer, who allow'd but two good Hours to a Woman,

Quam in Thalamo, alteram in Tumulo.

For my Part, I should esteem the World but a *Desert*, were it not for the Society of the Fair Sex; and the most Polished Part of mankind wou'd appear but like Hermets in a Masquerade, or a kind of *Civilized Satyr*, so imperfect and unaccomplish'd is

our Virility, without the Reunion of our *lost Rib*, that substantial and integral Part of our Selves. Those who are thus disjoyned from women, seem to inherit *Adam's Dreams*, out of which nothing can awake them, but the Embraces of their own living Image, the Fair Traduct, of the first Metamorphosis in the World, the *Bone converted into Flesh*. They are always in Slumbers and Trances, never separated from themselves, in a wild Pursuit of an intolerable Loss, nor can any thing fix their Volatile Desires, but the powerful Magnetism of some charming Daughter of Eve. I wou'd have our Commerce with Females as General as is their Number, that deserve it, whose Knowledge and Virtue will be a sufficient security from criminal familiarities, and from the Scandals of the World. 'Tis no small point of Discretion, I own, to regulate our Friendships with Women, and to walk evenly on the Borders and every Ridge of a Passion, whose next Step is a Precipice of Flames not kindled from the Altar of Virtue. However, 'tis not impossible, to conserve Innocency, on the Frontiers of Vice. I am of Opinion that Men can boast of no Endowments of the Mind, which Women possess not in as great, if not a greater Eminency. There have been Muses as well as Amazons, and no Age or Nation but has produced some Females Renowned for their Wisdom or Virtue. I have always been slow and cautious in contracting *Amities*, lest I should run the Risk of his Mistake, who while he thought he had an Angel by the Hand, held the Devil by the Foot. But where I have once pitch'd my Affection, I love without reserve or rule.

"I am confident nothing more betrays the Weakness and Infirmity of Humane Nature, than Impatience under our present Circumstances, and a busy Curiosity of prying into the Affairs of others. To do our own proper business, and to *know our-*

with other endowments in the same individual. Fourteen days after his death he was buried; "quodammodo honorifice; non tamen cum honore satis congruo," says Chambre, before the altar of the blessed Mary Magdalene, at the southern angle of the cathedral church of Durham.

Bale, in the brief notice he has given of Richard de Bury, attributes to him the following works: *Philobiblo*, *Libri*, *Thesaurus desiderabilis sapientie*, *Epistole Familiare*, *Libri*, *Richardus miseratione divina*.

Adding, *et alia scripta*. Be this as it may, we have not been so fortunate as to trace any other than the *Philobiblion*; nor do we believe them to be extant, certainly not in print: and it must be remembered that Bale is not particularly accurate, either in the collection or arrangement of his materials.

It is not our intention on the present occasion to analyze the scope of this treatise; chiefly because a new edition, with an English translation, has been published, which will enable every reader to judge of its contents.—B. R. POOLE.

The Testament of the Emperor Augustus.

Among the archaeological riches of the Museum of Napoleon III., which has been open to the public of Paris only during the past few months, is the *fac-simile* of what is called "The Testament of the Emperor Augustus." This *fac-simile* is due to the labor of M. Perrot, who discovered "the Testament" engraved upon the façade of a temple to Augustus, in Angora, in Asia

Though this valuable inscription is called a Testament, it hardly corresponds to any meaning which we ordinarily attach to that word. It is, in fact, an account, written by Augustus himself, a short time before his death, of the acts and honors of his life. This account was engraved upon two plates of bronze, which were placed in front of the tomb of Augustus.

The people of Angora, the modern Angora, having built a temple to the honor of Augustus, had this inscription engraved upon the façade of the edifice; and as it was in Latin, they placed there also its translation into Greek, since Latin was not universally understood among the learned of Asia Minor.

It was most fortunate for us that they bethought themselves of this translation; for, by the lapse of time, the injury of the weather, and the vandalism of the Turk, in whose possession the temple has been for some time, the inscription has greatly suffered: but, by a happy chance, those portions of the Latin text which have been destroyed are intact in the Greek, and *vice versa*; so that we now have for the first time the entire *résumé* of the life of Augustus as written by himself.

After M. Perrot, the thanks of the world for this result are due to the French government. The Turks, who care but little for matters of æsthetics, had built their houses against the temple, and covered the greater part of the inscription. To remove

these houses needed not only enough money to buy them, but enough authority to force their owners to sell them. Both of these means were furnished by the French government.

Before the entire original is published, together with the Greek translation, a notice of the principal facts recorded in the inscription may prove interesting to the readers of *The Philobiblion*. The heading is as follows:

RBRVM, GESTARVM, DIVI, AV-
GVSTI, QVIEVS, ORBEM TERRA
[here an injury] IMPERIO, POPVLI,
ROM [another] SVBIECIT, ET INPEN-
SARVM, QVAS, INREM, PVBLI-
CAM, POPVLYM QVER [another] VM
FECIT, INCISARVM, INDVABVS,
AHENIS, PILIS, QVAE, SVNT, RO-
MAE, POSITAE, EXEMPLAR, SVB-
ECTVM.

He commences with his entry into public life. "Aged nineteen, I raised, with the advice of no one but myself, and at my own expense, an army, with which I restored liberty to the Republic, oppressed by the tyranny of a faction."

Concerning the confiscations he says but little. In his old age it was not, most probably, a very agreeable subject for him to think of. "The people," he says, "having raised me to the consulship, and to the duties of a triumvir charged with the organization of the Republic, I punished with exile the conspirators who had killed my father, avenging their wicked attempt by legal judgments (*legitimis iudicis ultus*)."

Appian has preserved the manifesto issued by the triumvirs during their march on Rome. The words and the deeds of treason prompted by ambition are in every age but repetitions of each other, and differ only in the degrees of effrontery, hypocrisy, and cruelty, which they exhibit. For these qualities, however, this historical document stands almost unequalled. It should be read as a commentary upon this statement by Augustus.

Next comes the list of honors and dignities heaped upon him: two ovations, three triumphs, fifty-five supplications (what in modern Catholic countries has been replaced by the *Te Deum*), thirteen times consul, thirty-seven times tribune. This title made him inviolable. He also says that he was offered the absolute power, and

was disinterested enough to refuse it. He was contented to be twenty-one times *Imperator*, and tribune of the people, and prince of the Senate, augur and grand pontiff during his life.

Three times he had a general census taken. The first time there were 4,063,000 Roman citizens; the second time, 4,233,000; the third time, 4,937,000. The empire extended from Cadiz and Lisbon to the Euphrates, and from the mouth of the Rhine to Sahara.

He speaks of his disinterestedness in waiting until Lepidus was dead, before taking the office of sovereign pontiff; and boasts, with perhaps more reason, of having three times closed the gates of the Temple of Janus.

He forgets none of his largesses; and mentions the scrupulous fidelity with which he executed the provisions of his father's will. All the plebeians lived upon the Emperor's purse; and he or the state (for it was about the same thing) nourished and supported some three or four millions of persons who did nothing except be proud of their name of *Roman citizen*. What a singular view this presents of the state of the government!

All the details of the transformation by which he changed Rome from a city of bricks into a city of marble, are mentioned in the inscription. Temples, theatres, roads, aqueducts—he built or repaired them all. He tells also of his public amusements: "I have given in my own name a combat of gladiators, and five in the names of my son and grandson; and on these different occasions about *ten thousand* men have fought. Twice in my own name, and once in the name of my grandsons, I have given the extraordinary spectacle of a combat between the *athletes* called by me from all quarters. I have celebrated games four times in my own name, and twenty-three times in the names of magistrates, either absent, or inci-

pable, by the insufficiency of their fortune, to sustain the expense. Twenty-six combats of wild beasts brought from Africa, have been offered by me to the people, in my own name, or in the name of my sons and grandsons, and about three thousand five hundred beasts have been killed in them."

He mentions that there were about eighty statues of himself in Rome, and that he had them melted and made into offerings for the Temple of Apollo.

After having cleared the seas of pirates, he sent back to their masters, "in order that they might make them undergo the deserved punishment," about thirty thousand fugitive slaves.

He ends with a long enumeration of all the military and diplomatic triumphs gained during his reign, and adds: "After having, in my sixth and seventh consulate, put down the civil wars, I returned to the hands of the Senate and the people the power which the consent of all had given me over the Republic. In return, the Senate decreed to me the name of *Augustus*, and wished that the jambs of the door of my house should be decorated with laurels, and that over the entrance should be placed a civic crown of oak, reminding all the citizens that I had saved them.

"A buckler of gold was placed in the *curia Julia*, by the Senate and the people, to attest, by the inscription which accompanies it, my virtue, my clemency, my justice, and my piety. . . During my thirteenth consulship, the Senate, the knights, and all the people, called me the Father of the country, and wished that this title should be inscribed upon the vestibule of my house, in the *curia*, and in the forum *Augustus*, above a quadrangle which had been consecrated to me by virtue of a *Senatus consultus*.

"When I wrote this, I was in the sixty-sixth year of my age."

ANALYSE DES TRAVAUX DE LA SOCIÉTÉ DES PHILOBIBLON DE LONDRES.

PAR OCTAVE DELEPIERRE.

Londres, 1862. 8vo.

THE Philobiblon Society is composed of a select number of bibliophiles in London. The late Prince Albert was its first president. Since his death, the Duc d'Aumale (the fourth son of Louis Philippe, and one of the Bourbon heirs to the throne of France, now resident in London, but more honorably known as an intelligent bibliophile, and the generous possessor of a valuable library) has been elected its president. The circulation of the Philobiblon Society's publications is confined to its members, none of the copies being for sale. These publications already comprise six volumes.

The members of the society have also the right to publish, with the types of the society, and upon the same paper, any original works, inedited manuscripts, or repressions of scarce books. This right has been exercised three times.

The work whose title heads this article, is an analysis, by M. Delepierre, of the society's publications. M. Delepierre is well known to the bibliographical world by his *Maccaroneana*, the most complete essay upon maccaronic verse which we have; also by his *Histoire Littéraire des Fous*, and other works. M. Delepierre has divided his analysis into four parts—*Bibliography*, *History*, *Biography*, and *Literary Miscellanies*. From this analysis we learn that, among other studies, the following are comprised in the Philobiblon Society's publications: the Duc d'Aumale has contributed *Notes sur Deux Petites Bibliothèques Françaises du Quatrième Siècle*, which contains notices of the fifty-three works which formed the collections of Antoine de Chourfes and Jean du Mas, two bibliophiles of that period.

M. Curzon has communicated a notice

upon some Italian libraries. In the course of his article, he mentions one Pamphile Castaldi, born in 1398, who died in 1490, and for whom he claims the honor of having invented the art of printing with movable types, and of having thus printed at Venice, in 1426, various broadsides, or single leaves.

Dr. Waagen, of Berlin, whose work upon the *Art Treasures of Great Britain* shows him to be at once an amateur as well as a critical connoisseur of art, contributes an article upon the study of the *Miniatures in the Old Manuscripts*, as a record of the character and progress of art from the ninth to the fifteenth century. Dr. Waagen also announces his intention of publishing a *History of the Art of Miniature-Painting during the Middle Ages*, illustrated with fac-similes from the finest manuscripts of Europe.

Mr. W. Stirling communicates a notice upon the first edition of the *Adagia* of Erasmus (Paris, 1500), which, from its rarity, has never been accurately described before.

The Duc d'Aumale contributes likewise *Notes et Documents relatifs à Jean, Roi de France, et à sa captivité en Angleterre*.

Mr. Stirling also contributes *Extracts from the Dispatches of Federigo Badoer*, the ambassador of Venice, written in 1555-56, and which are useful as containing information concerning the reign of Charles V., which is not in Gachard's *Retraite et Mort de Charles Quint*, or in Mr. Stirling's own book, *The Cloister-Life of Charles V.*

Monckton Milnes occupies sixty-two pages with an examination of the various contemporary apologies for the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, which are now exceedingly rare. Those who doubt that the progress of civilization is a progress in public decency and humanity, might with profit consider these pieces, which treat the mas-

sacre as a special intervention of Providence, resulting in a national deliverance.

M. Van de Weyer contributes some letters upon a curious specialty in bibliography, to which he has devoted some attention—namely, a collection of the works of Englishmen who have written in French. Thomas Hales, a writer (principally for the theatre) of the time of Louis XV., who was known in French circles under the name of *Dhall* or *D'Hele*, is the subject of an extremely interesting study. In volume iv., part iii., of Grimm's *Correspondence*, will be found one of his stories, entitled, *Le Roman de mon Oncle*.

Mr. Danby Seymour describes a collection of outlines for the discourse pronounced before the *Etats Généraux* by Louis XVI., which is in his possession. Each of the ministers presented a form of address, from which the king drew up an outline himself, which was reviewed by Marie Antoinette; and, after two other revisions, the address, as pronounced, was drawn up.

The three works published by members of the Society are—a *History of the Expedition in 1627 by the English against the Island of Rhé*, printed from a manuscript by Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury; the *Inventaire des Meubles du Cardinal de Mazarin*, drawn up in 1653 by Colbert, and which occupies four hundred and four pages (this manuscript formed part of the archives of the house of Condé, and is published with an introduction and notes by the Duc d'Aumale); and *Memoirs of the Court of Spain under the Reign of Charles II.* (1678-82), edited by Mr. Stirling from the manuscript of the Marquis of Villars, ambassador at the court.

This sketch will show the nature of the labors of the Philobiblon Society. At some future time I may return to the subject—reproducing, perhaps, some of their publications, for the readers of **The Philobiblon**.

THE DEATH AND CHARACTER
OF THE
Ever-Memorable Mr. John Cotton.

FROM HIS LIFE BY COTTON MATHER.

(Boston, 1695. 12mo.)

THE following curious account of the "ever-memorable Mr. John Cotton" is taken from an exceedingly rare and interesting little volume, written by Cotton Mather, entitled, "*Johannes in Eremo*. Memoirs, Relating to the LIVES, of the Ever-Memorable, Mr. JOHN COTTON, who Dyed, 23. d. 10. m. 1652. Mr. JOHN NORTON, who Dyed, 5. d. 2. m. 1663. Mr. JOHN WILSON, who Dyed, 7. d. 6. m. 1667. Mr. JOHN DAVENPORT, who Dyed, 15. d. 1. m. 1670. Reverend and Renowned Ministers of the Gospel, *All*, in the more Immediate Service of ONE CHURCH, in *Boston*; And Mr. THOMAS HOOKER, who Dyed, 7. d. 5. m. 1647. Pastor of the Church at *Hartford*; NEW-ENGLAND. Printed for and Sold by *Michael Perry*, at his Shop, under the West End of the Town-House [*Boston*], 1695."

"At Length, upon Desire, Going to Preach a Sermon at *Cambridge*, (which he did, on Isa. 54. 13. *Thy Children shall be all Taught of the Lord*; and from thence gave many Excellent Counsils, unto the Students of the Colledge there) he took Wet, in his Passage over the Ferry; but he presently felt the Effect of it, by the failing of his *Voice* in Sermon time; which ever until *now*, had been a clear, neat, audible Voice, and easily-heard in the most Capacious Auditory. Being found *So Doing*, as it had often been his Declared-Will, *That he might not out-live his Work!* his Illness went on to an Inflammation in his *Lungs*; from whence he grew somewhat *Asthmatical*; but there was a Complication of other *Scorbutic Affects*, which put him under many Symptoms of his ap-

proaching End. On the Eighteenth of *November*, he took in Course for his Text, the Four Last Verses of the Second Epistle to *Timothy*, giving this Reason for his Insisting on so many Verses at once, *Because else* (he said) *I shall not Live to make an End of this Epistle*; but he chiefly Insisted on those Words, *Grace be with you all*. Upon the Lords-Day following, he Preached his Last Sermon, on Joh. I. 14. About that *Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ*; from the *Faith* to the *Sight* whereof, he was now Hastening. After this in that *Study* which had been *Perfumed* with many such *Days* before, he now spent a Day in Secret Humiliations and Supplications, before the Lord; seeking the Special Afflictions of the Holy Spirit, for the Great Work of *Dying*, that was now before him. What *Glorious* Transactions might one have Heard passing between the Lord Jesus Christ, and an Excellent Servant of His, now coming unto Him, if he could have had an *Hearing Place* behind the Hangings of the Chamber, in such a Day! But having finished the Duties of the Day, he took his Leave of his Beloved *Study*, saying to his Comfort, *I shall Go into that Room no more!* And he had all along *Presages* in his Heart, that God would by his Present Sickness, give him an *Entrance into the Everlasting Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ*. Wherefore, *Setting his House in Order*, he was now so far from unwilling to Receive the *Mercy-Stroke of Death*, as that he was Desirous to be with Him, *With whom to be, is, by far, the Best of All*. And although the chief Ground of his Readiness to be Gone, was from the unutterably Sweet and Rich *Entertainments*, which he did by *Fore-tast*, as well as by Promise, know that the Lord had Reserved in the Heavenly Regions for him, yet he said, it contributed unto this Readiness in him, when he consider'd the *Saints*, whose Company and Communion he was Going

unto; Particularly *Perkins, Ames, Preston, Hilder sham, Dod,* and others, which had been peculiarly Dear unto himself; besides the Rest, in that *General Assembly*. While he thus Lay Sick, the *Magistrates, the Ministers,* of the Country, and Christians of all Sorts, Resorted unto him, as unto a *Publick Father*, full of sad Apprehensions, at the withdraw of such a *Publick Blessing*, and the *Gracious Words, that Proceeded out of his Mouth*, while he had Strength to utter the profitable Conceptions of his Mind, caused them to Reckon these their Visits, the *Gainfullest* that ever they had made. Among others, the then President of the *Collage*, with many Tears, desired of Mr. *Cotton*, before his Departure, to bestow his Blessing on him; saying, *I know in my Heart, they whom you Bless, shall be Blessed*. And not long before his Death, he sent for the Elders of the Church, whereof, he himself was also an Elder; who, having, according to the Apostolical Direction, Pray'd over him, he Exhorted them to *Feed the Flock over which they were Overseers*, and encrease their *Watch* against those *Declensions*, which he saw the *Professors* of Religion Falling into: Adding, *I have now, through Grace, been more than Forty years a Servant unto the Lord Jesus Christ, and have ever found Him a good Master*. When his *Colleague*, Mr. *Wilson*, took his Leave of him, with a Wish, that God would Lift up the *Light of His Countenance* upon him, he instantly Replied, *God hath done it already, Brother!* He then called for his Children, with whom he left the *Gracious Covenant* of God, as their never Failing-Portion; and now desired, that he might be left *Private*, the Rest of his Minutes, for the more Freedom of his Applications unto the Lord. So, Lying *Speechless* a few Hours, he Breathed his Blessed Soul into the Hands of his Heavenly Lord; on the Twenty third of *December* 1652, Entering on the

Sixty Eighth year of his own Age; And on the Day, yea, at the Hour, of his constant Weekly Labours in the *Lecture*, wherein, he had been so long Serviceble, even to all the Churches of *New-England*. Upon Tuesday the Twenty eighth of *December*, he was most Honourably Interred, with a most Numerous Concourse of People, and the most Grievous and Solemn *Funeral*, that was ever known perhaps upon the *American Strand*; and the Lectures in his Church, the whole Winter following, performed by the Neighbouring Ministers, were but so many *Funeral-Sermons*, upon the Death and Worth of this Extraordinary *Person*; Among which the First, I think, was Preached by Mr. *Richard Mather*, who gave unto the bereaved Church at *Boston*, this great Character of their Incomparable COTTON, *Let us Pray, that God would Raise up some Eleazer to succeed this Aaron; But you can hardly Expect, that so large a Portion of the Spirit of God should dwell in any one, as dwelt in this Blessed man!* And generally in the other Churches through the Country, the Expiration of this *General Blessing* to them all, did produce *Funeral-Sermons* full of Honour and Sorrow; even as many Miles above an Hundred, as *New-haven* was distant from the *Massachusetts-Bay*, when the Tidings of Mr. *Cotton's* Decease arrived there, Mr. *Davenport*, with many Tears bewailed it, in a Publick Discourse on that in 2 Sam. 1, 26. *I am Distressed for thee; my Brother Jonathan, very Pleasant hast thou been unto me*. Yea, They speak of Mr. *Cotton* in their Lamentations to this Day!

"How vast a Treasure of Learning was laid in the Grave, which was opened on this Occasion, can Scarce Credibly and sufficiently be related. Mr. *Cotton* was indeed, a most Universal Scholar, and a Living System of the Liberal Arts, and a Walking Library. It would be endless to recite all his particular Accomplishments, but only Three Articles of Observation shall be offered. First, for

his *Grammar*, he had a very singular skill in those Three Languages the knowledge whereof was by the Inscription on the Cross of our Saviour, proposed unto the perpetual use of his Church. The *Hebrew* he understood so exactly, and so readily that he was able to *Discourse* in it. In the *Greek*, he was a Critick, so Accurate, and so Well Versed, that he needed not like *Austin*, to have studied it in his reduced Age. Thus, if many of the *Ancients* committed Gross mistakes in their Interpretations of the Scriptures, through their want of skill in the Originals, Mr. Cotton, was better qualified for an *Interpreter*. He both Wrote and Spoke *Latin* also with great facility, and with a most *Ciceronian* Elegancy, Exemplified in one Published Composure. Next, for his *Logic* he was compleatly furnished therewith to Encounter the Subtlest Adversary of the Truth. But although he had been Educated in the *Peripatetick* way, yet like the other Puritans of those times, he rather affected the *Ramæan* Discipline; and chose to follow the methods of that Excellent *Ramus*, who like *Justin* of old, was not only a Philosopher, but a Christian, and a Martyr also, rather than the more Empty, Trifling, Altercative Notions, to which the Works of the Pagan *Aristotle* derived unto us, through the Mangling Hands of the Apostate *Porphyrus*, have Disposed his Disciples. Lastly, for his *Theologie*, there 'twas that he had his Greatest *Extraordinariness*, and most of all, his *Textual Divinity*. His Abilities to Expound the Scriptures, caused him to be Admired by the Ablest of his Hearers. Although his Incomparable Modesty would not permit him to speak any more than the Least of Himself, yet unto a private Friend he hath said, *That he knew not of any Difficult Place in all the whole Bible, which he had not weighed somewhat unto Satisfaction*. And hence, though he Ordinarily bestowed much pains upon his *Publick Sermons*, yet he hath sometimes Preached most Admirably, without any Warning at all; and a *New Note* upon a Text before him, occurring to his mind, but just as he was going into the Assembly, has taken up his Discourse for that Hour, so Pertinently and Judiciously, that the most Critical of his Auditors, imagined nothing. *Extemporaneous*. Indeed, his *Library* was vast, and vast was his *Acquaintance* with it; but although amongst his Readings, he had given a Special Room unto the Fathers, and unto the School-men, yet, at last, he prefer'd one Calvin among them all. If *Erasmus*, when offered a Bishoprick to write against *Luther*, could answer, *There was more Divinity in a Page of Luther, than in all Thomas Aquinas*. 'Tis no wonder that *Salmasius* could so Venerate

Calvin, as to say, *That he had rather be the Author of that One Book, THE INSTITUTIONS written by Calvin, than have written all that was ever done by Grotius*. Even such a Calvinist was our Cotton! Said he, *I have read the Fathers and the Schoolmen, and Calvin too; but I find, that he that has Calvin, has 'em all*. And being asked why in his Latter Dayes, he Indulged *Nocturnal Studies*, more than formerly, he pleasantly Replied, *Because I Love to Sweeten my mouth with a piece of CALVIN, before I go to sleep*.

"He was even from his Youth to his Age, an *Indefatigable Student*, under the Conscience of the Apostolical Precept. *Be not Sloathful in Business; but Ferwent in Spirit Serving the Lord*. He was careful to Redeem his Hours, as well as Dayes; and might lay claim to that Character of the Blessed Martyr, *Sparing of Sleep, more Sparing of Words, but most Sparing of Time*. If any came to visit him, he would be very Civil to 'em, having learn'd it as his Duty, *To use Gentleness towards all Men*: and yet he would often say with some Regret, after the Departure of a Visitant, *I had rather have given this Man an Handfull of Money, than have been kept thus long out of my Study*: Reckoning with Pliny, The Time not spent in Study for the most part, *Sweel'd away*. For which cause, he went not much Abroad; but he judged Ordinarily that more Benefit was obtain'd, according to the Advice of the Wise King, by conversing with the Dead in Books than with the Living in Talks, and that Needless Visits do commonly Unframe our Spirits, and perhaps disturb our Comforts. He was an early Riser, taking the Morning for the Muses; and in his Latter Dayes forbearing a Supper, he turn'd his former Supping-time, into a Reading, a Thinking, a Praying-Time. Twelve-Hours in a Day he commonly Studied, and would call that, *A Scholars-Day*, resolving to wear out rather with *Using*, than with *Rusting*.

"He was One so Clothed with Humility, that according to the Emphasis of the Apostolical Direction, by this *Livery* his Relation as a Disciple to the Lowly Jesus was notably discovered, and hence he was *Patient and Peaceable*, even to a Proverb. One would have thought the Ingenuity of such a Spirit should have broke the Hearts of Men, that had indeed, the Hearts of Men in them, yea, that the hardest Flints would have been broken, as is usual, upon such a Soft Bag of Cotton! But alas! he found it otherwise, even among Some who pretended unto High Attainments in Christianity. Once particularly, an Humourous and Imperious Brother, following Mr. Cotton home to his House, after his Publick Labours, instead of

the Grateful Respects with which those Holy Labours, were to have been encouraged, Rudely told him, that his Ministry was become Generally, either *Dark* or *Flat*; whereto this Meek man, very mildly and gravely, made only this Answer, *Both, Brother; it may be, both. Let me have your Prayers that it may be otherwise!* But it is Remarkable, that the Man Sick thus of *Wanton Singularities*, afterwards *Dyed* of those *Damnable Heresies*, for which he was deservedly Excommunicated. Another time, when Mr. Cotton had modestly Replied unto one that would much Talk and Crack of his Insight into the *Revelations*; Brother, *I must confess my self, to want Light in those Mysteries*; the man went home, and sent him *A Pound of Candles*: upon which Action, this Good Man bestowed only a Silent Smile; he would not set the *Bacon* of his Great Soul on Fire at the Landing of such a Little Cock-boat.

"He also Read constantly a Portion of the Scripture alone, and he Prayed over what he Read, *Pray'd* I say, for he was very much in Prayer, a very Man of Prayer: he would rarely sit down to Study; without a Prayer over it: It was the Advice of the Ancient, *Si vis esse Semper cum Deo, Semper Ora, Semper Lege*; and agreeably hereunto, Mr. Cotton might say with David, *Lord, I am still with Thee!* The Sabbath he began the Evening before; for which keeping of the Sabbath from Evening to Evening, he wrote Arguments before his coming to New-England; and I Suppose, 'twas from his Reason and Practice, that the Christians of New-England have Generally done so, too.

"The Reader, that is Inquisitive after the *Protopography* of this Great Man, may be Informed, That he was of a Clear, Fair, Sanguine Complexion, and like David of a Ruddy Countenance. He was rather Low than Tall, and rather Fat than Lean, but of a Becoming *Mediocrity*. In his Younger years, his Hair was Brown, but in his latter years, as White, as the Driven Snow. In his Countenance there was an Inexpressible sort of Majesty, which Commanded Reverence from all that approached him. This Cotton was indeed, the *Cato* of his Age, for his Gravity, but had a Glory with it which *Cato* had not. But the Exact Picture of him, is to be taken from his Printed Works, whereof there are many, that Praise him in the Gates; though few of them were Printed with his own Knowledge or Consent. The Children of New-England are to this Day most usually Fed with his Excellent *Catechism*, which is Intituled, *Milk for Babies*.

"What more he was, Let these Lines, taking no License but from the Real Truth, Delineate."

"Upon the Tomb of the most Reverend Mr. John Cotton, Late Teacher of the Church of Boston in New-England."

HERE lies Magnanimous Humility;
Majesty, Meekness; Christian Apathy
On soft Affections; Liberty in Thrall;
A Noble Spirit, Servant unto All;
Learnings Great Master-piece, who yet would fit
As a Disciple, at his Scholars Feet:
A Simple Serpent, or Serpentine Dove,
Made up of Wisdom, Innocence, and Love;
Neatness Embroider'd with It self alone,
And Civils Canonized in a Gown;
Embracing Old and Young, and Low and High,
Ethics Imbodyed in Divinity;
Ambitious to be Lowest, and to Raise
His Brethrens Honour on his own Decays;
(Thus doth the Sun Retire into his Bed,
That being Gone the Stars may chew their Head)
Could Wound at Argument without Division,
Cut to the Quick, and yet make no Incision;
Ready to Sacrifice Domestick Notions
To Churches Peace, and Ministers Devotions;
Himself, indeed (and Singular in That)
Whom All Admired He Admired not:
Liv'd Like an Angel of a Mortal Birth,
Conver'd in Heaven while he was on Earth:
Though not, as Moses, Radiant with Light
Whose Glory Dazzl'd the Beholders Sight,
Yet so Divinely Beautifi'd, you'd Count
He had been Born, and Bred upon the Mount:
A Living Breathing Bible; Tables where
Both Covenants, at Large, engraven were;
Gospel and Law in's Heart, had Each it's Columne;
His Head an Index to the Sacred Volumn;
His very Name a Title-Page; and next,
His Life a Commentary on the Text.
O, what a Monument of Glorious Worth,
When, in a New Edition, he comes forth,
Without Errata's, may we think he'l be
In Leaves and Covers of Eternity!
A Man of Might, at Heavenly Eloquence,
To Fix the Ear, and Charm the Conscience;
As if *Apollo* were Reviv'd in Him,
Or he had Learned of a *Seraphim*;
Spake Many Tongues in One; One Voice and Sense
Wrought, Joy and Sorrow, Fear and Confidence;
Rocks Rent before him, Blind Receiv'd their Sight;
Souls Levell'd to the Dunghill, stood Uprights;

Infernal Furies, Burst with Rage to see
 Their Prisoners Captiv'd into *Libertie*;
 A Star that, in our Eastern England, Rose,
 Thence Hurry'd by the Blast of Stupid Foes,
 Whose Foggy Darknes, and Benumbed Senses,
 Brookt not his Daz'ling Fervent Influences;
 Thus did he move on Earth, from East to West;
 There he went down, and up to Heaven for Rest.
 Nor from himself, whilst Living, doth he vary,
 His Death hath made him an *Ubiquitary*;
 Where is his *Sepulchre* is Hard to say,
 Who, in a *Thousand Sepulchres*, doth lay
 (Their Hearts, I mean, whom he hath Left Behind,
 In Them) his Sacred Reliques, now, Enschrin'd.
 But Let his Mourning Flock be Comforted,
 Though *Moses* be, yet *Josbua* is not Dead;
 I mean Renowned NORTON; worthy he,
 Successor to our *Moses*, is to be.
 O Happy *Israel* in AMERICA,
 In such a MOSES, such a JOSHUA!

B. Woodbridge.

Shelley's "Laon and Cythna."

IN the last volume of *Notes and Queries* (Third Series, vol. i. p. 283), there is an article on SHELLEY'S *Revolt of Islam*, written by D. F. Mac Carthy, whom I take to be Dennis Florence Mac Carthy, a young Irish poet, of considerable local reputation, who has recently translated some of the dramas of Calderon. I said Mr. Mac Carthy's article was about *The Revolt of Islam*, but I ought in strict truth to have said it was about *Laon and Cythna*, which, the readers of Shelley may remember, was the name first bestowed by him upon the poem, and under which he intended to have published it. *Laon and Cythna*, his biographers tell us, was suppressed, and *The Revolt of Islam* brought out in its stead. This is all they seem to know about the matter.

In the course of his article Mr. Mac Carthy quotes a paragraph from one of Mr. T. L. Peacock's Shelley Papers in *Fraser's Magazine* (January, 1860), in which the latter speaks of the poem, and the circumstances which attended its suppression, or

rather alteration, for the poem was in no sense suppressed. "In this poem," says Mr. Peacock, "he had carried the expression of his opinions, moral, political, and theological, beyond the bounds of discretion. The terror which, in those days of persecution of the press, the perusal of the book inspired in Mr. Ollier, the publisher, induced him to solicit the alteration of many passages which he had marked. Shelley was for some time inflexible; but Mr. Ollier's refusal to publish the poem as it was, backed by the advice of all his friends, induced him to submit to the required changes. Many leaves were cancelled, and it was finally published as *The Revolt of Islam*. Of *Laon and Cythna* only three copies had gone forth. One of these found its way to the *Quarterly Review*, and the opportunity was readily seized of pouring out in it one of the most malignant effusions of the *odium theologicum* that ever appeared even in those days, and in that periodical."

Mr. Mac Carthy comments upon this paragraph, especially in reference to the "three copies" mentioned in it, tracing the two not accounted for—one to the possession of Thomas Moore, the poet, and one to Shelley's father-in-law, William Godwin. He proves that more than three copies were made up, from the fact that copies which can not be these, occasionally steal into the market, he himself having two. The impression conveyed by what he and Mr. Peacock write is, that the poem was not published, i. e. as *Laon and Cythna*. Shelley, however, had a different opinion, as may be seen by a long letter from him to Ollier, in the "Shelley Memorials" (American edition, pp. 91-94). "You do your best," he wrote, "to condemn my book before it is given forth, because you publish it, and then withdraw; so that no other bookseller will publish it, because one has already rejected it."—"But now it is first published," he adds a little farther on, "and

then the publisher, as if the author had deceived him as to the contents of the work—and as if the inevitable consequence of its publication would be ignominy—as if none should dare to touch it or look at it—retracts, at a period when nothing but the most extraordinary and unforeseen circumstances can justify his retraction.” The question naturally occurs here, “When did Mr. Ollier first object to *Laon and Cythna*?” That he had read it in MS., before it was printed, or in proof, when it was being “set up,” is extremely probable, from what Shelley wrote in the letter just alluded to: “The instances of abuse and menace, which you cite, were such as you expected, and were, as I conceived, prepared for. If not, it would have been just to me to have given them their due weight and consideration before. You foresaw, you foreknew, all that these people would say.”

But it is not of this part of the subject, which is involved in considerable mystery, that I intended to write; but rather of the passages which were considered objectionable in *Laon and Cythna*, and which were changed before the poem was brought out as *The Revolt of Islam*. They are many and curious—so curious, indeed, in a moral point of view, that I cannot understand how they could have been passed over in silence, as they are by Mr. Mac Carthy (I doubt whether Mr. Peacock ever saw the volume), who merely indicates the stanzas in which they occur. Having in my possession a copy of *Laon and Cythna*, I have collated it with *The Revolt of Islam*, with what result you will see.

For the volume itself: it is an octavo, of 302 pages, 270 of which are taken up with the poem, and 32 with the Preface and the Proem, “To Mary ———” (Mrs. Shelley). It is printed on rather dingy paper, and is bound in boards; the price was 10s. 6d. The title-page is as follows:

Laon and Cythna;
OR,
THE REVOLUTION
OF
THE GOLDEN CITY:
A Vision of the Nineteenth Century.
IN THE STANZA OF SPENSER.
—
BY
PERCY B. SHELLEY.

ΔΟΣ ΠΟΤ ΣΤΩ ΚΑΙ ΚΟΣΜΟΝ ΚΙ-
ΝΗΣΩ.

ARCHIMEDES.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND C. AND J. OL-
LIER, WELBECK-STREET:

By B. M'Millan, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden.
1818.

The most important of the changes, to which I have referred, relate to the hero and heroine, who were not merely *lovers*, as in *The Revolt of Islam*, but *brother and sister*! The remainder are chiefly substitutions for the name of the Deity, such as are generally observed on the stage, where “Heaven” is the synonym for “God.” The first lines in the extracts are from *The Revolt of Islam*; the italicized lines are from *Laon and Cythna*:

CANTO II.

STANZA XXI.

An orphan with my parents lived, whose eyes.
I had a little sister, whose fair eyes.

XXV.

To love in human life—this playmate sweet.
To love in human life—this sister sweet.

CANTO III.

What thoughts had sway o'er Cythna's lonely
slumber.

What thoughts had sway over my sister's slumber.

CANTO IV.

And left it vacant—'twas her lover's face.

And left it vacant—'twas her brother's face.

CANTO V.

I had a dear friend once, but he is dead!

I had a brother once, but he is dead!

CANTO VI.

My own sweet Cythna looked.

My own sweet sister looked.

The blood itself which ran within our frames.
The common blood which ran within our frames.

With such close sympathies, for they had sprung
From linked youth, and from the gentle might
Of earliest love, delayed and cherished long,
Which common hopes and fears, made like a tem-
pest, strong.

*With such close sympathies, for to each other
Had high and solemn hopes, the gentle might
Of earliest love, and all the thoughts which smother
Cold Evil's power, now linked a sister and a brother.*

And such is Nature's law divine, that those.
And such is Nature's modesty, that those.

CANTO VIII.

Dream ye some Power thus builds for man in soli-
tude?

Dream ye that God thus builds for man in solitude?

What is that Power? Ye mock yourselves, and
give.

What then is God? ye mock yourselves, and give.

What is that Power?
And that men say, that Power has chosen Death
On all who scorn its laws, to wreak immortal
wrath.

*What then is God?
And that men say, God has appointed Death
On all who scorn his will to wreak immortal wrath.*

Men say that they themselves have heard and
seen,
Or known from others who have known such
things,
A Shade, a Form, which Earth and Heaven be-
tween
Wields an invisible rod,
*Men say they have seen God, and heard from God,
Or known from others who have known such things,
And that his will is all our law, a rod
To scourge us into slaves.*

And it is said this Power . . .
And deepest hell and deathless snakes among.
*And it is said that God . . .
And his red hell's undying snakes among.*

CANTO IX.

And faith itself, which in the heart of man
Gives shape, voice, name, to spectral Terrors,
knew

Its downfall, as the altars lonelier grew,
Till the Priests stood alone within the fane.
*And Hell, and Awe which in the heart of man
Is God itself; the Priests its downfall knew,
As day by day their altars lonelier grew,
Till they were left alone within the fane.*

CANTO X.

On fire! the avenging Power his hell on earth
has spread.
*On fire! Almighty God his hell on earth has
spread.*

to the high fane
The many-tongued and endless armies wind.
to the high fane
Of their Almighty God the armies wind.

O King of Glory!
O God Almighty!

And Osomaze, Joshua, and Mahomet.
And Oromaze, and Christ, and Mahomet.

'Twas an Iberian Priest . . .
To quell the unbelievers . . .
To wreak his fear of Heaven.
*It was a Christian Priest . . .
To quell the rebel Atheists . . .
To wreak his fear of God.*

xxxiv.

... those who did despise
The expiation, and the sacrifice,
That, though detested, Islam's kindred creed
Might crush for him those deadlier enemies.

... *Those who did despise*
His cradled Idol, and the sacrifice
Of God to God's own wrath,—that Islam's creed
Might crush for him those deadlier enemies.

xxxix.

... the withering ire
Of Heaven may be appeased.

... *The withering ire*
Of God may be appeased.

xl.

... where, on a throne
Sitt' found with storms and shadows, sat alone
The King and Judge.

... *where, on a throne*
With storms and shadows girt, sat God, alone,
Their King and Judge.

xliv.

Come they yet? Just Heaven! thine hour is
near.

Come they yet? God, God, thine hour is near.

CANTO XI.

xvi.

Ye turn to Heaven for aid.
Ye turn to God for aid.

xxv.

Swear by the Power ye dread!
Swear by your dreadful God.

CANTO XII.

x.

Thus thought the Iberian Priest indeed,
Thus thought that Christian Priest indeed.

xii.

... at the Judgment Day
Will I stand up before the golden throne
Of Heaven, and cry, to thee I did betray
An infidel!

... *at the Judgment Day*
Will I stand up before God's golden throne,
And cry, O Lord, to thee did I betray
An Atheist.

xxix.

In pain and fire have unbelievers gone.
In torment and in fire have Atheists gone.

xxx.

How those who love, yet fear not, dare to die.
How Atheists and Republicans can die.

2M

With the exception of these changes, and the correction of one or two printer's blunders in the pages where they occur, the poems are "one and indivisible." The last paragraph of the original preface is cancelled; and, as it seems to glance at the consanguinity and love of Laon and Cythna, I will copy it:

"In the personal conduct of my Hero and Heroine, there is one circumstance which was intended to startle the reader from the trance of ordinary life. It was my object to break through the crust of those outworn opinions on which established institutions depend. I have appealed therefore to the most universal of all feelings, and have endeavoured to strengthen the moral sense, by forbidding it to waste its energies in seeking to avoid actions which are only crimes of convention. It is because there is so great a multitude of artificial vices, that there are so few real virtues. Those feelings alone which are benevolent or malevolent, are essentially good or bad. The circumstance of which I speak, was introduced, however, merely to accustom men to that charity and toleration which the exhibition of a practice widely differing from their own, has a tendency to promote.* Nothing indeed can be more mischievous, than many actions innocent in themselves, which might bring down upon individuals the bigoted contempt and rage of the multitude."

The article in the *Quarterly* of which I have spoken may be found in the number for April, 1819. Both titles of the poem stand at the head of the paper, which is a rare specimen of evangelical pity and hatred; the only allusion in it to Laon and Cythna's being originally brother and sister, is toward the close, where the poet is said to recommend incest—an enigmatical circumstance to the readers of *The Revolt of Islam*. Shelley thought Southey the author of the article, but he was mistaken: it was written by the Rev. H. H. Milman, a voluminous rhymester, called by courtesy a poet.

Ollier, the publisher, was a friend of

* "The sentiments connected with and characteristic of this circumstance, have no personal reference to the Writer."

Leigh Hunts, who recommended him to Shelley in his bookfelling capacity. He published Keats's first volume of verse (not *Endymion*, but the little volume of juvenilities beginning, "I stood tip-toe upon a little hill"), and is spoken of by Hunt as being a poet himself. "*Leontus*" mentions two of Ollier's productions, *Ferrets* and *Ingilla*; and Shelley, in one of his letters, speaks of a third, *Altham*. R. H. Bell

Miscellaneous Items.

A CONCLUSION OF MORALL DOCUMENTS, CONCERNING THE DUTIES OF EVERY ESTATE, from The English Jurist, a Treatise wherein all Estates may behold the *Conquests of Envy*: By GEORGE WHEATSTONE; Gent. London, 1586. Sm. 4to, pp. 247.

Duties due to God. These rites men owe to thee O God, which in the heavens art, Reuerence, honor, glory, prayfe, and prayer from the heart.

Virtues of a good Prince. The gracious Prince a father is, where subiects liue in awe, The good regarding with rewards, the lewde with scourge of lawe.

Hommage of subiectes. The subiect true vnto his Prince, this homage heere doth owe, A faithfull heart, a feare through loud, an inward Zeale in shewe.

Duties of Judges. The reuerent Iudge freedom right, whom no regard may fraine, Must Aristotles blames forsake, loue, hate, and priuate gaine.

Obedience of the inferior. The inferiour sort must reuerence giue, vnto the higher power, Obay, and listen to their lore, let fortune laugh, or lowre.

Offices of a friend. These speciall vertues from a freend, still should, or do proceede, Adulst, assistance, faithfull loue, and constancy in neede.

Conscience of Landlords. The Landlord should so let his land, as his poore Tennant may Both pay his rent, sustayne his house, And for his Landlord pray.

Duties of Tenants.

All Tennants slaues, and bondmen were, of youre records do shew, Though now not so, yet to their Lords, they Zeale and fealtie owe.

Claims of neighborhood.

The neighborhood of the neighbor good, this neighbor doth claime Good fill for good, in casuall harme, a charitable blame.

Charge of Parents.

The Wise man sayeth the child is spilt, where parents spare the rod, But cherishment with chastment Ioyne, and see, they honor God.

Obedience of Children.

You children that long life do seeke, vnto Gods lawe giue care, Honor Parents, sustaine their age, that for your youth did care.

Office of Maysters.

You that a faithfull seruant seeke, regard this charge as lawe, His wages pay, his seruice aske, and keepe him still in awe.

Duties of Seruants.

Sometime the Romaines by their lawe their seruant lewde might slay, And by all lawes the maisters will the seruant must obay.

Warning for yong Men.

Fresh youth, whose iudgement is but greene, aboue each other vice, Forsake these three vndoing euils, women, wine, and dice.

Vertues in a Virgin.

These properties (regard them well) to you faire maydes belong, A bashfull grace, a modest eye, ioynd with a silent toong.

Rules for the riche.

You that haue wealth, think others want, & thus impart your store, Lend, giue, releue, as neede requires, for to sustayne the poore.

Item for the poore.

You that are poore, abase your thoughts, for naught agreeth worse Than this foule fault, a prowde conceipt, ioynd with a beggers purse.

Counsell for Citizens.

In euery trade an honest gaine well gotten good men bight, And God will surely blesse the hand, that wayes and measures right.

Target for Soldiers.

You souldyers both by land and sea, Gods wonders still escrie, Live: you to dye, for fearfull death is alwayes in your eye.

Caveat for Atheists. Affure yourselves you Atheists, vile,
that make of him a fise, that God in vengeance is at hand,
where he is farre with grace.

Conclusion to the Cleargie. As I began, so I conclude,
let all men, feare the Lord,
And Preachers see that godly
workes, with holy words accord.

THE LIFE, DEATH, AND LITERARY REMAINS, OF—NOBODY.

THOUGH the reader of the foregoing title has heard from his infancy a great deal of work accredited to Nobody, it was never of a literary kind, his place in that department being filled by that prolific author—the wonder of his boyhood—Mr. Anonymous. We give notice, therefore, at the outset, that we propose to tell all that is known of the genuine Mr. Nobody—once a more impalpable personage than Pope Joan or Prester John, but now discovered and self-confessed; and we quote as authority the *Dictionnaire Historique, ou Biographie Universelle Classique, par M. le Général Beauvais et par un Société de Gens de Lettres, revue et augmentée, pour la partie bibliographique, par M. Barbier* (Paris, 1826, thick 8vo), where the narrative, literally translated, is as follows:

“Nobody (C***), a young poet, born in the environs of Beauvais in 1766; he is only known as the author of a piece of erotic verse, entitled *La Messe de Gude*, Paris, year 2 of the Republic (1793), in 24mo, of 35 pages. He killed himself with a pistol-shot, in 1787, at Paris.”

From this accurate though somewhat meagre history, Nobody appears to have died on attaining manhood, an age when, for most readers, the belief in his existence has long ago departed. The works commonly attributed to Nobody are such as no other body is willing to avow, and this opinion seems to be as just as it is general; for when he announces himself, his only

admitted work is an erotic poem. As he was then not incapable of passion, and a young poet besides, his suicide, for what we know to the contrary, may have been prompted by love. His mistress, we may believe, cared for Nobody, and Nobody cared for her; and if the narrative says, nothing of his children, it is doubtless for good reasons: if any existed, they were Nobody's children—in fact, and perhaps in law, *Nullius filii*.

His work was posthumous, of course. No publisher would admit that he was Nobody's friend, and published Nobody's works; and, on the other hand, as the character of the work reflects no credit on the author, it may have been published by Nobody's enemy. Nobody, being dead, could throw no light on this subject; and is there anybody now able to give more definite information?

Those who sneer at the painful labors of the bibliographer, because they rescue from a merited oblivion the useless works of insignificant authors, may certainly believe the mania to have reached its climax when it seeks to record all that can be learned of the erotic poem of Nobody. But the genuine bibliographer finds his reward in the labor itself, and draws his own moral from the story. If Nobody is an entity, what are we all? And certainly the most neglected young poet of the day may cherish fresh hopes of fame, from the career of our hero; for it is an obvious reflection, that anybody may hope for a partial immortality, where a Nobody has not entirely failed; and while time tends to destroy the works and words of the wisest, and bury every body in a common oblivion, some future *Biographie Universelle* may place our young poet with the other Nobodies, all in their proper alphabetical position, where their chance for an immortality coeval with the *Dictionnaire* will be as good as that of anybody else.

A FEW SENTENCES ABOUT BOOKS,

Selected from Wit's Academy, 1635.

"As those precious stones are more to be esteemed, which not onely doe delight the eyes with a variety of colours, and the more with a sweet scent, but are also effectually for medicine; so those bookes are most to be regarded, which have not only the exornations of speech, but also doe free the minde from vices by wholesome precepts."

"As they that are wise, doe not forthwith drinke of every fountaine, because some bring health, some bring a seemely countenance, and others bring destruction; so it is not safe to read every booke, because as out of some thou maist sucke a good disposition of minde, so out of others, lust: out of others ambition is drawn."

"As that worke is most laudable wherein the arte commendeth the matter, the matter commendeth the arte; so that is the best booke, wherein the profitableness of the argument commendeth the eloquence, and the eloquence of the author commendeth the argument."

"As gold is tryed by the touch, so good bookes by their worth."

"As in sweete oyles, ointment and wines; so in bookes, antiquity doth adde estimation and price."

"Bees abstaine from withered flowers; so we should abstaine from corrupt, vicious, and obscene bookes."

"As in meates we doe not onely looke for pleasantness, but for wholesomeness; so in hearing and reading of authors."

"As we see ourselves in other men's eyes; so in other men's writings wee may see what becometh us, and what becometh us not."

"As a field too much dunged becometh parched, but if it have no compost, it waxeth barren; so by moderate reading the wit groweth and is brought to good liking, for the mind is no lesse fattened by reading, than the ground by manuring."

"As meate eaten greedily, hath neither profit nor pleasure; so authors read over too hastily."

"As little bees from every place bring home that which is profitable; so a student doth except from every author that which suits his purpose."

"Bees out of divers flowers draw divers juices, but they temper and digest them by their own vertue, otherwise they would make no hony; so all authors are to be turned over, and what thou readest is to be transposed to thine own use."

"One tall tree is not wondered at where the whole wood mounteth aloft; so one sentence is not marked, where all the whole booke is full of wisdom."

"Out of herbs and plants the best things are to bee extracted; so the best sayings are to be gathered out of authors."

NUMBER OF THE CHILDREN OF JOHN ROGERS, THE MARTYR.

In a rare work by Thomas Mall, one of the ejected ministers, entitled, *The History of the Martyrs epitomized, A Cloud of Witnesses, or the Sufferers Mirrour*, etc. (vol. ii. p. 127, Boston edition, 1747), I find the following remark in relation to the number of the children of John Rogers, the martyr:

"His Wife and Children being eleven in number (ten that could go and one Sucking at the Breast) met him by the Way; but this Sight, greivous indeed to Flesh and Blood, could nothing move him."

E. K., JR., Boston.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir Edgerton Brydges. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows:

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each.

100 on large paper, at 4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies. Messrs. Philes & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of old English poetry. The next volume in the series will be "ENGLAND'S HELICON."

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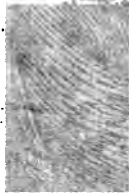
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“Ὡς περ γὰρ τὴν μέλιτταν ὁρῶμεν ἐφ’ ἅπαντα μὲν τὰ βλαστήματα
καθιζάνουσαν, ἀφ’ ἑκάστου δὲ τὰ χρήσιμα λαμβάνουσαν· οὕτω καὶ
τοὺς παιδείας ὀρεγομένους, μηδενὸς μὲν ἀπείρως ἔχειν, πανταχόθεν δὲ
τὰ χρήσιμα συλλέγειν.”—ΙΣΟΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ ΠΡΟΣ ΔΗΜΟΝΙΚΟΝ.

*“For as we see the industrious, prudent bee light on every fragrant blossom, and extract
what is useful from it, so it becomes the true lovers of learning to be ignorant of nothing that
is profitable, but gather goodness and discretion from all writers.”*

DINSDALE'S TRANSLATION.



C. A. ALVORD, 1887.

GEORGE P. L. H. ...
LONDON: ...

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January, 1863.]

The Philobiblion.

[Number 13.]

The Books printed by the Philobiblion Society of London.

Our publications by the Philobiblion Society of London (if the word publications can be properly applied to books purposely made quite inaccessible to the public) comprise much that is there printed for the first time, and possess a permanent bibliographical value. M. Delepierre, in his *Analyse des Travaux de la Société des Philobiblion de Londres*, briefly noticed in our last number,* enumerates them all to the year 1862, and we therefore add the list complete, as taken from his book, at the end of this article. He describes each work so briefly as to do little more than provoke curiosity, which was probably his intention. Nevertheless, he has incorporated, under some of the notices, occasional valuable literary and bibliographical information of general interest, which we reproduce for our readers, with the titles of the works upon whose authority the statements are made:

Bibliotheca Membranacea Britannica, or Notices of Early English Books, by Beriah Botfield. This is part of a catalogue of English books printed on vellum, in which it is stated that Caxton printed but one book on this material.

* It is there stated that Prince Albert was, and that the Duc d'Aumale is, the president of the society; it should be *patron*. M. Van de Weyer is the president.

History of Printing in China and Europe, by the Hon. Robert Curzon.

It appears that when Lord Elgin was sent to China by his government, in 1857, he was requested by Mr. Curzon to procure for him some information upon those inventions which are supposed to have been introduced in that empire centuries before their appearance in Europe. Mr. Thomas Taylor Meadows, writing from Ningpo to Lord Elgin, dates the invention of printing there in the year 860 of our era. In his work, Mr. Curzon adopts this date, and advances the opinion that the art of printing is older among us than is generally supposed. He repeats his claim (made in a previous work, called *A Short Account of some of the most celebrated Libraries of Italy*) for PAMPHILO CASTALDI as the first printer, and tells the following curious story: Castaldi understood xylographic printing, and practised it about the end of the fourteenth century. He, however, did not invent it; but the idea was suggested to him by certain blocks which had been used for printing Chinese books in China, and had been brought from there to Venice by the celebrated traveller Marco Polo. Gutenberg, who married into the Venetian family of the Contarini, saw these printing blocks, and improved upon them by degrees, until he arrived at the art of printing, which thus comes to us direct from China, through Marco Polo.

Doute Historique, par Octave Delepierre. This essay collects all that has been said upon the possibility that Joan of Arc was not burnt at Rouen, but that, so far from it, she even married later in life, and had several children.

The Book of the Prophet Moses and the History of the Prophet Moses. By the Honorable Robert Curzon. This "Book" is a translation of an apocryphal manuscript work in the Arabic language (probably itself a translation from an earlier Coptic book), and contains the secret conversation between Moses and God on Mount Sinai, to which the "History" is an appendix, containing oral traditions among the Coptic Christians of Egypt and the Bedouin Arabs of Mount Sinai. The volume from which they are taken was bought of a Coptic priest in Cairo, in 1837, and contains several other works. Among them are—

Typical Proofs of the Trinity (thus, the names of Adam and Eve are spelled in Arabic with three letters each, the three patriarchs, etc.);

The History of Solomon and Asika, Wife of Jesus the Son of Sirach;

Upon the Customs of girding the loins in prayer, making the sign of the cross with one finger, carrying a staff in prayer, and of the introduction of pictures and images in churches, &c., &c.

Le Canard de la Bibliothèque d'Alexandrie, par Octave Delepierre. History attributes to the Caliph Omar the burning of the books in the library of Alexandria, in 650. The first library, begun by Ptolemy Soter, contained, it is said, 700,000 volumes, when it was destroyed by Julius Cæsar. The second one was destroyed in 390, under Theodorus. From that time to 640, when the Arabs took possession of Alexandria, there is no mention of the formation of a third library. In fact, it is not till six centuries after the alleged event, that the burning of the third library was invent-

ed by two Arab historians, who died, one in 1231 and the other in 1286.*

Correspondence relating to William Penn. Communicated by Lord Ellesmere. These letters relate to the quarrels and dissensions among the authorities of the various colonies, and serve to show the nature of the accusations brought by and against Penn, who at that time was living in England.

Fables of Thomson and David Mallet. Communicated by Mr. Peter Cunningham, and consisting of eight letters from the poet Thomson to the author of the ballad of *William and Margaret.*

Essai Biographique sur l'Histoire Littéraire des Fous, par Octave Delepierre.

The author of this biographical essay on the Literary History of Fools has not attempted, of course, to cover the whole ground, and include all such who have rushed into the ranks of literary men. The resources of the Philobiblion Society would have proved unequal to the work, if the author could have hoped to live long enough to complete it. To escape this difficulty, and also the invidious task of drawing the line between learning and folly, he has wisely confined himself to those who have been inmates of asylums, or otherwise manifested decided mental derangement. Even within these narrow limits of admitted insanity are comprised a sufficient number to warrant a subdivision into four classes, viz.: the fool theological, the fool literary in the

* See, on this subject, Bonamy, *Dissertation Historique sur la Bibliothèque d'Alexandrie, dans les Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, tome ix.

C. D. Beok, *Specimen Bibliothecarum Alexandrinarum*, Lipsiæ, 1779, 4to.

G. Doëgel, *Historia Critica Bibliothecarum Alexandrinarum*, Lugd. Batav., 1823, 4to.

Sainte Croix, *Recherches sur les Anciennes Bibliothèques d'Alexandrie*, *Magazin Encyclopédique*, 1799, tome iv.

Reinhard, *Ueber das Schicksal, etc.* (On the Fate of the Library of Alexandria), Göttingen, 1792, 8vo.

strict sense of the word, the fool philosophical, and the fool political. This essay contains a series of thirty-eight notices upon literary madmen of England, France, Germany, Belgium, and Spain, illustrated with extracts from their writings.

De la Littérature Macaronique et de quelques Raretés Bibliographiques de ce genre: par M. Octave Delepierre. Among the rarities alluded to are—I. *Frosteidos*, contained in an English pamphlet, entitled, “*The University Snow-Drop*, an Appendix to the Great Trial, containing a Selection of Squibs old and new, descriptive of the Wars of the Quadrangle and the Consequences thereof.” Edinburgh, Richard Weston, 1838. II. *An Anacreontic Ode, in two Strophes*, on Professor Monro, which may be found in the second volume of *The University Magazine*, Edinburgh, 1838.

Boswelliana, by Mr. Monckton Milnes, is a collection of anecdotes of Boswell, from a manuscript volume in the possession of Mr. Milnes. “A few copies,” says M. Delepierre, “were struck off for bibliophiles, with a supplement, containing several piquant anecdotes, which were considered rather too choice for general circulation.” As M. Delepierre has given a sample of these anecdotes, we venture to extract one or two of them, for the special benefit of American bibliophiles: “A lady asked Crawford, who had a red nose and very white hands, ‘Pray, sir, what do you do to make your hands so white?’—‘Madam,’ says he, ‘I keep them in my breeches.’—‘I wish then, sir,’ says she, ‘that you would keep your nose there.’ A country girl complained to Lady Johnston that she was big with child. ‘Well, my dear,’ said the lady, ‘it is nothing so very atrocious; but who is the father?’—‘An’t please your ladyship, two or three lads upon our water-side.’”

Unpublished Poems of Donne. Communicated by Sir John Simeon. These

are seventeen poems, taken from three different manuscripts, in which they are attributed to Donne.

Another Version of Keats’s Hyperion. Communicated by Mr. Monckton Milnes. Mr. Milnes is unable to decide whether this version, hitherto unpublished, is the original draught of the poem, or a remodelling of the one given to the public.

Unpublished Letters of Laurence Sterne. Communicated by Mr. John Murray.—These love-letters, thirteen in number, introduce the scandal-loving public to another of Mr. Yorick’s tender companions in his *Sentimental Journey* through the world, one Catherine Fourmantel, a lady who has hitherto escaped the observation of all the prying biographers of Sterne, and might have hoped by this time (but for the antiquarians) to rest secure in a decent oblivion. The letters were written in 1760—when their author had been a married man for twenty years—five are dated from York, where both parties resided; and the others from London, where Sterne had gone shortly after the appearance of the first volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, and where Catherine went and joined him. They confirm our previous information of the attentions and flatteries which he received from the fashionable world of both sexes; and give glimpses of the dissipations in which he was then plunged. His published letters are not many, and these are a valuable addition to the number.*

Le Marquis de Sy et M. Poupar. Par M. Van de Weyer, Ministre de Belgique. This article exposes a singular case of plagiarism, or rather literary theft, following the distinction made by Nodier in his *Questions de Littérature Légale*. A metrical translation of Horace’s *Art of Po-*

* Thackeray, in his lectures on *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*, quotes from a collection of *Seven Letters by Sterne and his Friends*, printed for private circulation in 1844.

stry and another poem appeared simultaneously in London (published by Dulau) and in Paris (by Frères de Bure), in the year 1816, as the work of the Marquis de Sy, marshal under Louis XVIII. Twelve years after (in 1828), Rivoire published at Lyons a new translation of the *Art of Poetry*, by J. B. Poupar, member of the Academy of Sciences, Letters, and Arts, of Lyons; which new translation was, with the exception of about thirty verses, the same, *verbatim et literatim*, with that of the Marquis de Sy. The theft was obvious enough, but not so the thief; and, as both suspected persons were dead—the marquis in 1821 and Poupar in 1827—their friends took sides at once. The dispute grew warm, and every circumstance that could throw any light on the subject, or be perverted to either side, was zealously seized upon by the contending partisans, and is recorded for posterity in a pamphlet of seventy-eight pages, published by Barret at Lyons, and entitled, *Nouvelle petite guerre, ou lettres sur une traduction en vers de l'Art Poétique d'Horace*.

Mr. Van de Weyer sustains the claims of the marquis, and is of opinion that Poupar, knowing the translation not to be his, was too honest or too discreet to publish it himself, but not honest enough not to present it to the Academy of Lyons as his own work; and that, after his death, his nephew caused it to be published.

A Discourse on Witchcraft, as it was acted in the Family of Mr. Edward Fairfax, of Fyflone, in the County of York, in the Year 1621. Communicated by Mr. Monckton Milnes. This long manuscript, by the translator of Tasso, is here printed entire for the first time, and fills 304 pages of the Society's publications. After a long introduction, it contains a daily journal of the experiences, at the hands of witches, of his two daughters—Miss Helen Fairfax, aged twenty-one, and her sister Elizabeth,

aged seven—as well as those of a young girl of twelve, named Maud Jeffray. A fact exhibited by this manuscript, of still greater interest than the sufferings of these young ladies, is their ignorance, and we may presume that of their neighborhood; for Fairfax was a scholar himself, and probably had his daughters as well educated as their equals. They were, nevertheless, not only victims of witchcraft, but one could hardly write her name, and the other made the mark of a cross in the parish register, in lieu of a signature.

A Complete List

OF THE VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS OF THE PHILOBIBLION SOCIETY OF LONDON, FROM ITS ORGANIZATION, IN 1853, TO THE YEAR 1862, FORMING TOGETHER SIX VOLUMES 8vo. (Only 80 copies of each printed.)

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

1. *Notes sur deux petites Bibliothèques Françaises du XV^{ème} Siècle*, by Duc d'Aumale. pp. 64.
2. *A Short Account of Some of the most celebrated Libraries of Italy*, by Hon. Robert Curzon. pp. 59.
3. *Some Remarks on the Prefaces to the First Editions of the Classics*, by Beriah Botfield, Esq. pp. 24.
4. *On the Importance of Manuscripts with Miniatures in the History of Art*, by Dr. G. T. [F. P.] Waagen. pp. 11.
5. *On the First Edition of the Adagia of Erasmus*, by William Stirling, Esq. pp. 5.
6. *Letter of Dr. John Dee to Sir William Cecil, 1562.* Communicated by R. W. Grey. pp. 16.
7. *A Short Dozen of Books relating to British History, in the Possession of the Earl of Gosford.* pp. 5.
8. *The Private Printing-Press at Stonor, 1581*, by Thomas Edward Stonor. pp. 4.
9. *Notes on Libraries*, by Beriah Botfield. pp. 17.
10. *Some Account of a Rare Greek Manuscript, communicated by the Rev. Walter Sneyd.* pp. 11.
11. *Catalogue of the Books of Richard de Gravesend, Bishop of London in 1303*, by H. H. Milman. pp. 10.
12. *Some Account of the First English Bible [Coverdale's]*, by Beriah Botfield. pp. 44.

13. *Bibliotheca Membranacea Britannica, or Notices of Early English Books*, by Beriah Botfield. pp. 28.

14. *The Origin and Progress of Printing*, by Henry Bohn. pp. 108.

15. *History of Printing in China and Europe*, by the Hon. Robert Curzon. pp. 34.

16. *The First Printers of Belgium and England*, by Oélave Delepierre. pp. 22.

17. *Notices on Libraries*, by Beriah Botfield. pp. 96.

HISTORY.

18. *Private Letters from the Earl of Strafford to his Third Wife*. By R. Monckton Milnes. pp. 24.

19. *Memoir of Chief Justice Heath*. Communicated by Evelyn P. Shirley. pp. 24.

20. *Lettre Autographe de Guillaume III.* Communicated by Duc d'Aumale.

21. *The Connock Papers, Italian Letter from Queen Elizabeth to the Emperor, 1567.* Communicated by H. Belwood Ray. pp. 28.

22. *Avvisi di Londra.* Communicated by M. Rawdon. pp. 12.

23. *Doute Historique*, par Oélave Delepierre. pp. 20.

24. *Lettre de Giacomo Soranzo à ses deux fils*, 1588. Communicated by Rev. W. Sneyd. pp. 7.

25. *Lettre du Cardinal Bembo à Lorenzo Loredano, Doge de Venise.* Communicated by Rev. W. Sneyd. pp. 16.

26. *The Book of the Prophet Moses, and the History of the Prophet Moses*, by Hon. Robert Curzon. pp. 54.

27. *Notes et Documents relatifs à Jean, Roi de France, et à sa Captivité en Angleterre*, par Duc d'Aumale. pp. 190.

28. *Notice concernant Jean Cabot et son fils Sébastien.* Communicated by M. Edouard Cheney. pp. 26.

29. *Notices of the Emperor Charles V. in 1555 and 1556, selected from the Despatches of Federigo Badoer, Venetian Ambassador at the Court of Bruxelles*, by William Stirling. pp. 58.

30. *Eyre Papers.* Communicated by Henry Belwood Ray. pp. 75.

31. *On the Apologies for the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew*, by Monckton Milnes. pp. 72.

32. *Contemporaneous Narrative of the Trial and Execution of the Cenci*, by Sir John Simeon. pp. 72.

33. *Nouveaux Documents relatifs à Jean, Roi de France.* Communicated by Léon Lacabane. pp. 5.

34. *L'Abbaye de Melrose et les Ouvriers Flamands*, par Oélave Delepierre. pp. 22.

35. *Les Belges, Restaurateurs de l'Art Musical en Europe*, par Oélave Delepierre. pp. 28.

36. *Le Canard de la Bibliothèque d'Alexandrie*, par Oélave Delepierre. pp. 13.

37. *The Execution of Cardinal Caraffa*, by Edward Cheney. pp. 23.

38. *Letter of Beatrice Cenci, with Remarks on her Portrait by Guido.* Communicated by Edward Cheney. pp. 8.

39. *Supplement to the Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard III. With Remarks on some Answers that have been made to that Work*, by Dr. Hawtrey. pp. 115. (From a MS. of Walpole.)

40. *Correspondence relating to William Penn.* Communicated by le Comte d'Ellesmere. pp. 26.

41. *Letters of the Dutchess of Atholl and Lady Catherine Stewart.* Communicated by Sir George Grey. pp. 20.

BIOGRAPHY.

42. *L'Historia di Casa Orsini*, di Francesco Sanfovino. Communicated by Edward Cheney. pp. 7.

43. *Unpublished Letters of Laurence Sterne.* Communicated by John Murray. pp. 20.

44. *Michael Scott almost an Irish Archbishop*, by Rev. H. H. Milman. pp. 8.

45. *Lettre de Jean, Roi de France, à son Fils Charles.* Communicated by Mr. O'Callaghan. pp. 6.

46. *Notice of Anquetil du Perron and the Fire-Worshippers in India*, by Sir Erskine Perry. pp. 28.

47. *James Thomson and David Mallet.* Communicated by Peter Cunningham. pp. 43.

48. *Letters by Titian, respecting some Pictures completed by him at the Age of Ninety-One*, by Sir Charles Eastlake. pp. 28.

49. *Essai Biographique sur l'Histoire Littéraire des Fous*, par Oélave Delepierre. pp. 132.

MISCELLANEOUS.

50. *Lettres sur les Anglais qui ont écrit en Français*, par M. Van De Weyer. pp. 99.

51. *Construction of the Speech addressed by Louis XVI. to the Etats Généraux, from Documents in the Possession of H. Danby Seymour.* pp. 33.

* Printed also in the Appendix to *Memorie intorno alle pubbliche fabbriche hui insigni della Città di Brescia, raccolte da Baltrassara Zamboni.* Brescia, 1778.

52. *A Few Spanish Proverbs about Friars*, by William Stirling. pp. 7.

53. *Inedited Poems of Daniel*. Communicated by Sir John Simeon. pp. 12.*

54. *De la Littérature Macaronique et de quelques Raretés Bibliographiques de ce genre*, par Orlave Delepierre. pp. 79.

55. *Boswelliana*, by Monckton Milnes. pp. 27.

56. *Unpublished Poems of Donne*. Communicated by Sir John Simeon. pp. 9.

57. *Another Version of Keats's Hyperion*. Communicated by Monckton Milnes. pp. 24.

58. *Two Letters of Charles the First*. Communicated by Thomas Edward Stonor. pp. 4.

59. *Etudes Bio-Bibliographiques sur les Fous Littéraires*, par Orlave Delepierre. pp. 79.

60. *Le Marquis de Sy et M. Poupard*, par M. Van De Weyer. pp. 70.

61. *A Discourse on Witchcraft, as it was acted in the Family of Mr. Edward Fairfax, of Fyffstone, in the County of York, in the Year 1621*. Communicated by Monckton Milnes. pp. 304.

62. *John Gutenberg, first Master Printer, his Acts and most Remarkable Discourses, and his Death: from the German of F. Dinglestedt*, by Orlave Delepierre. pp. 144.

63. *Nouvelle plaisantes Recherches d'un Homme grave sur quel. Farceurs*, par Orlave Delepierre. pp. 40.

64. *Original Letters of Dr. Johnson to Dr. Taylor*. Communicated by Sir John Simeon. pp. 43.

65. *A Funeral Oration, spoken over the Grave of the Lady Countess of Essex, by her Husband, Mr. Higgins, at her Interment in the Cathedral Church of Winchester, Sept. 16th, 1656*. Communicated by Sir David Dundas. pp. 23.

66. *Inventaire de tous les Meubles du Cardinal Mazarin, dressé en 1653, et publié d'après l'Original Conserve dans les Archives de Condé*. Londres, Whittingham et Wilkins, 1861. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 404. Communicated by Duc d'Aumale.

67. *The Expedition to the Isle of Rhé, by Edward Lord Herbert of Chisbury, K. B.* London, Whittingham and Wilkins, 1860. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 287. Edited by Lord Powis.

68. *Mémoire de la Cour d'Espagne sous le Règne de Charles II., 1678-1682, par le Marquis de Vilars*. London, Whittingham, 1861. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 380. (Published before in Paris, chez Jean Fr. Josté, Rue St. Jacques, 1733. 1 vol. pet. 8vo.)

* These are two poems of Ben Jonson—attributed to Daniel by inadvertence.

POEMS.

By GEORGE BANCROFT.

CAMBRIDGE:

From the University Press.

HILLIARD AND METCALF.

1823.

[1 vol. 12mo, pp. 77.]

To the great majority of readers, English as well as American, the name of GEORGE BANCROFT is famous for its association with the Muse of History. So entirely, indeed, has that name become identified with the graver art of Herodotus and Gibbon, that the lustre early shed upon it by the sister-Muse of Poesy has long been obscured. Mr. Bancroft as an Historian has eclipsed Mr. Bancroft as a Poet. This should not be. It is an unjust prejudice of the world that would withhold from honored brows that admixture of laurels which properly belongs to success achieved in different pursuits. We think, therefore, that Mr. Bancroft's peculiarities as a poet ought to be recognized; and, as his poetical works now belong to the Curiosities of American Literature, it is appropriate that they should be commemorated in these pages.

The volume containing Mr. Bancroft's poems is an extremely rare one. It is briefly noticed in Kettell's *Specimens of American Poetry*, and in Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature*. Messrs. Duyckinck, with characteristic inaccuracy, state that it was published at Boston. Their note is as follows: "A thin volume of poems, published at Boston, in 1823, witnesses to his poetical enthusiasm for the arts and nature, as he traversed the ruins of Italy and the sublime scenery of Switzerland."

The book was, in fact, published at Cambridge, Massachusetts; but that it "witness-

ses" to the writer's "poetical enthusiasm" we should be loath to deny, considering the fervent passages herein quoted. It contains nineteen poems, and is dedicated as follows:

"TO THE
PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
THE AUTHOR'S EARLY BENEFACITOR AND FRIEND,
These Poems
ARE DEDICATED WITH RESPECT AND AFFECTION.
"Northampton, Sept., 1823.

The recipient of this distinguished honor was the venerable John Thornton Kirkland.

We pass to a consideration of the contents of the volume. It begins with a poem on "Expectation," wherein is presented the touching picture of a youth of tender age just setting forth on the grand tour. Laura Matilda, in her best mood, has certainly never surpassed the interesting simplicity of these verses:

'Twas in the season, when the sun
More darkly tinges Spring's fair brow,
And laughing fields had just begun
The summer's golden hues to show;
Earth still with flowers was richly dight,
And the last rose in gardens glowed;
In heaven's blue tent the sun was bright,
And Western winds with fragrance flowed;
'Twas then a youth bade home Adieu;
And Hope was young, and life was new,
When first he seized the pilgrim's wand,
To roam the far, the foreign land.

By parents' prayers and counsels blest,
That well might guard his path from harm,
The youth received, with anxious breast,
Their last embrace, sincere and warm.
And friends affection's tokens brought,
A song, a book, the pansy's flower,
Those cherished gifts, that wake the thought
Of home, at evening's pensive hour.
They bade him keep, on life's wide waste,
His heart like lily's whiteness chaste;
Their parting words the pilgrim hears,
And weeps; but Hope rebukes his tears.

As the young forest tree in spring
Swell with new life, to heaven aspires,
And o'er the earth its boughs would fling,
So proudly upwards his desires

Ascend, so swells his boyish heart;
O'er the broad world his wishes roam;
Nor fears he, flushed with hope, to part
From friends, his country, and his home.
And fast away the tear he brushed,
That down his cheeks too freely gushed,
As swiftly from his native shore
The vessel hurrying breezes bore.

(pp. 1, 2.)

After this, who can fail to watch his course with interest? Purged of tears, the youthful bard departed:

"Full tow'rd's the East the swift bark flies,
Full tow'rd's the land of rising day."

and, in the month of June, 1821, he arrived safely in Paris. From France, in the following September, he proceeded to Switzerland, where, of course, he visited the Vale of Chamouni; on which theme, of course, he reared a massive structure of poetry. That Mr. Bancroft possesses a vivid imagination, is asserted by many persons who have read his historical publications. Let them judge to how great an extent their opinion is fortified by his verses on

CHAMOUNY.

The Genius of the Arveyan speaks.

Where the monarch of hills rears his head to the
skies,
And around him his ministers emulous rise;
Where the pine on the precipice laughs at the
wind,
And Dru's haughty peak leaves the eagle behind;

There the deep seas of ice hide in azure my source,
And there in the bosom of earth is my course;
Through the workshop of nature unhinder'd I flow,
Mid her crystals of rock, and her crystals of snow.

'Tis there I have founded my castle's bright halls;
Its roof is of ice, and of ice its blue walls;
The Lawine hath lent me his sheets for my doors;
With crystals and agates inlaid are my floors.

Though my roof melts away in the sun's summer
blaze,
On the halls of my palace shall man never gaze;
For I call on the mountains to hide where I dwell,
And the avalanche tumbles and covers me well.

The towers of my castle of lawines are made;
On chambers of ice their foundations are laid;
Like loftiest pyramids rising in air,
O! who but confesses my turrets are fair!

How splendid they glisten at noonday in white!
How sweetly the moonbeams play round them at night!

And fairer than rose-light on beauty's young cheeks,
Are the soft rosy hues, thrown by eve o'er their
snowy peaks.

And an arch through the ice have I hewn in my
might,

Its bow is of azure, and fearful its height;
The floods of the mountains, all lashed into foam,
Bend their heads as beneath it they burst from
their home.

I gather the streams, from my glaciers that gush,
And downwards I bid them all rapidly rush;
With gladness they bound to obey my commands;
As they spring o'er the rocks, how they clap their
white hands!

But far from my glaciers I never will stray,
Nor sluggishly wind through the valleys my way;
I haste in Arve's bosom my waters to pour,
And return to my home on the mountains once
more. (pp. 9-11.)

Coleridge, as the reader will remember, has also treated this subject in verse; but the most astute critic will fail to detect the slightest resemblance between the two poems. Mr. Bancroft's originality, therefore, remains unimpeached.

The poems which follow *Chamouny* are of a miscellaneous character, though of a kindred quality. We read, without strong emotion, *The Valley above Inden* (pp. 12, 13); *At Kandersteg* (pp. 14, 15); *The Fairy of the Wengern Alp* (pp. 16-25); *Midnight at Megringen* (p. 26); *The Simplon*, etc., etc. It appears that, even at an early age, Mr. Bancroft was able to do a large business in the landscape line. But his pictures of landscapes affect us very little in comparison with his picture of himself, as seen at the interesting period of early manhood. This we find in the subjoined *Farewell to Switzerland*:

O Earth, I cried, thou kindest nurse, still turns
To thee the heart, that withered like the leaf
In autumn's blast, and bruised by anguish, mourns
Departed happiness: There is relief

Upon thy bosom; from thee fountains gush
To cool the heated brow, with purest wave;
And when distress the struggling soul would crush,
Thy tranquil mien hath power to heal, and save

From wasting grief. My spirit too was fear,
As is the last grey leaf, that lingers yet
On oaken branch, although my twentieth year
Upon my youthful head no mark had set.

To thee, in hope and confidence, I came;
And thou didst lend thine air a soothing balm;
Didst teach me sorrow's fearful power to tame,
And be, though pensive, cheerful, pleased, and calm.

My heart was chilled; age stole upon my mind,
In hour untimely, spring from life to wrest;
I wandered far, my long-lost youth to find,
And I regain it, Nature, on thy breast.

(pp. 28, 29.)

It would be sad to think that the "spirit" of Mr. Bancroft was as "fear as a grey leaf," when Mr. Bancroft was only twenty years of age, but for the knowledge, subsequently vouchsafed, that he regained his youth upon the breast of Nature. That youth he seems ever since to have retained. Clio has crowned him in maturity; and now that his fellowship with Apollo is remembered, we trust that he will long continue to wear the mingled laurels, and, in his own expressive language—

"Be, though pensive, cheerful, pleased, and calm."

—o—

LE

Quadragesimal Spirituel;

C'est-à-savoir, la Salade, les Febves frites, les Poys, la Purée, la Lamproye, le Saffran, les Oranges, la Violette de Mars, les Pruneaux, les Figues, le Miel, le Pain, les Eschaudés, le Vin blanc et rouge, l'Hypocras, les Invites au dîner, les Cuisiniers, les Serviteurs à table, les Chambrières, Servant de blanches nappes, Serviettes, Poys et

Vaiffelles. . . . Imprimé à Paris, par la veufue Michel Le Noir (1521). 4to, pp. 28.

THIS thin quarto volume, written both in prose and verse, is one of the most remarkable and singular specimens of allegorical writing that has ever come to our notice. Frater Conradus Dollenkopius, one of the distinguished heroes of the *Epistola Obscurorum Virorum*—who boasted, in one of his confidential epistles to Magister Ortuinus Gratius, “that, by the grace of God, he knew by heart all the fables in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, and could explain them in a fourfold manner, namely, naturally, literally, historically, and spiritually”—was a mere novice in learning beside the anonymous and pious author of the *Quadragesimal Spirituel*. The following analysis of this marvellous production is taken from the English translation of Henric Stephen’s *Apologie pour Hérodote*, etc., one of the most amusing and popular works published in the sixteenth century. M. de Sallengre states, in his entertaining *Mémoires de Littérature* (tome i. p. 43), that twelve editions of it were published in a period of little more than forty years. The title of the English translation is as follows:

A WORLD OF WONDERS:

Or an Introduction to a Treatise touching the Conformitie of ancient and moderne wonders: or a Preparative Treatise to the Apologie for HERODOTVS. The Argument whereof is taken from the Apologie for HERODOTVS written in Latine by HENRIC STEPHEN, and continued here by the Author himselfe. Translated out of the best corrected French copie. Plutarck. in Sympof. Ο ζητῶν ἐν ἐκάστῳ τὸ εὐλογον, ἐκ πάντων ἀναιρεῖ τὸ θαυμάσιον. LONDON, Imprinted for IOHN NORTON. 1607. folio.

According to William Chaldecott, the peculiar phraseology of Shakespeare is better illustrated by this work than by any

other book existing;” a fact, we believe, not generally known to collectors of Shakespeareana. The analysis of the *Quadragesimal Spirituel*, or, as it may be freely translated into English, *Spiritual Diet during Lent*, will be found in chapter xxxvii. pp. 295–299:

“The author therefore speaking in his first Chapter of the Sallad which is eaten in Lent at the first service, saith, that by the sallad which is made of diuers herbes, and procureth a good appetite, we may vnderstand in a mysticall sense the word of God, which should giue vs both appetite and strength. And a little after, by the sweetnesse of the oyle and sharpnesse of the vinegar equally mixed together, we are to vnderstand the mercy and iustice of God.

“Chap. 2. After the sallad we eat fyled beanes, by which we vnderstand confession. When we would haue beanes well sodden, we lay them in steepe, for otherwise they will neuer seeth kindly. Therefore if we purpose to amend our faults, it is not sufficient barely to confesse them at all aduenture (as some do) but we must let our confession lie in steepe in the water of meditation, in distinguishing and rightly discerning all our offences in particular. And a little after: We do not use to seeth ten or twelue beanes together, but as many as we meane to eat: no more must we steepe, that is, meditate vpon ten or twelue finnes onely, neither for ten or twelue dayes, but vpon all the finnes that euer we committed, even from our birth, if it were possible to remember them.

“Chap. 3. Strained pease (Madames) are not to be forgotten. You know how to handle them so well, that they will be delicate and pleasant to the tast. By these strained pease our allegorizing stile pipeth nothing else but true contrition of heart, which is one part of penance. Note this further, that pease neuer seeth kindly in well water nor conduit water, but only in river water, which mystically signifieth that true repentance cannot seeth rightly, that is, cannot be made perfect with well water or conduit water, by which are meant teares of attrition: but he that would haue them to seeth well, must of necessitie take river water, that is, true contrition. For by well water which runneth not, is vnderstood attrition, and by river water contrition. And so the doctors say, that there is great difference betwixt them: for attrition is vncertaine, so that spirituall pease cannot seeth well in it, but contrition is certain, and maketh good decoction for the pease of penance. Ruer

water which continually moveth, runneth and floweth, is very good for the seething of pease. We must (I say) haue contrition for our sins, and take the running water, that is, the teares of the heart, which must runne and come euen into the eyes.

"Chap. 4. The broth of pease is also greatly to be commended, for it furnissheth Lent dinners very well. By the iuyce of pease strained through a strainer, is vnderstood a purpose and resolution to abstaine from sinne.

"Chap. 5. When the Lamprey is eaten, men fall to their other fish. I find that the Lamprey of all other fish is most nourishing, and therefore I compare restitution ynto it. Some (perhaps) will say, they haue not mony enough to buy this Lamprey; indeed, I must needs say that Lampreys are commonly deare, but yet this is true withall, that as they are deare, so they are very excellent meate. If you will eate of this noble Lamprey, which is the remission of your sinnes, viz. the loue of God; you ought to buy it, were it neuer so deare. You must not thinke to buy it for a shilling or two, or halfe a crowne, no nor yet for a crowne: but you must restore all the mony, goods, and what else you vnjustly detain from your neighbors; you must emptie your purses of it, therewith to make restitution. And further, you must emptie your hearts of all rancor and malice, otherwise you shall neuer eate worthily of this Lamprey, together with his blood, wherewith that excellent sawce is made, which is the merit of the passion.

"Chap. 6. By Saffron which is put into all broths, sawces, and Lent meates, I vnderstand the ioyes of heauen, which we must thinke vpon, yea (as it were) smell, relish and ruminate of in all our actions; for without Saffron we shall neuer haue good iuyce of pease, good strayned pease, nor yet good sawce. Neither can we without thinking vpon the ioyes of heauen, haue good spirituall broths.

"Chap. 7. Orenge also are right good in Lent (as Physicians say). By the orenge I vnderstand the loue which we ought to haue towards God, which is well noted by the colour of the Orenge, & the kernels within it; being of a punick colour, that is, yellow drawing to a red, which in the holy Scripture signifieth charitie or loue which we owe to God, in louing him with all our hearts, without which all our actions should be vnprofitable and vaine. *Si linguis hominum loquar & Angelorum, charitate autem non habeo, nihil sum.* And by the kernels inclosed in the orenge, I vnderstand sinnes giuen in secret. And a litle after; The kernels in the Orenge do shew and shadow out vnto vs the apple of loue. Wherefore I say (and that

truly) that God loueth this noble fruite exceeding well, the colour thereof pleaseth him: see therefore that you present him therewith; he loueth the tast thereof, wherefore let him feed vpon it in this thy spirituall dinner.

"Cap. 8. You know (Madames) that a woman cannot haue a pleasanter thing in her hand, then a goodly faire posy. This moneth of March yeeldeth a iolly forwardnesse of trimme posies: for in March groweth the sweet Violet of an heavenly colour, azure, and blew. Will you therefore carry this Lent and at all other times, a faire and pleasant posy in your hands, which shall alwayes giue a sweet smell? Then take the Violet in March, which is the vertue of humilitie; for I assure you, it is a vertue highly pleasing God, & profitable for the soule. The March Violet &c.

"Chap. 9. Prunes also are necessary to furnish out a dinner, and therefore they must be had. By these Prunes which are black and full of good iuyce, is vnderstood abstinence from sinne, mortification of the flesh, and bodily fasts.

"Chap. 10. After this they set Figs on the table for a second seruice, which are both good and wholesome, getting a man a good stomacke and a sweet breath: By these figs may be vnderstood the memory of the holy passion of Christ, which strengtheneth the stomacke, and makes it able to digest tribulations, temptations, griefes, labours, melancholike passions, and yeeldeth a sweet and pleasant smell.

"Chap. 11. Yet this is not all, for if we would feed more liberally, we must haue Almonds also. Physitians say that the bitter Almond is wholesomer then the sweete, and therefore I will speake of them: I say then, that we must not forbear to eate these Almonds, albeit they be bitter. Some there are who take the sweete and leaue the bitter: and yet they are not so wholesome. For that which is distastfull and vnpleasant to the palate, may do the heart good. By these bitter Almonds I vnderstand the remembrance of death, of the last iudgement, and of the paines of hell, which must accompany our Lent dinner.

"Chap. 12. The hony which we eate in Lent is a precious thing, and chiefly for the dames. The Philosopher saith, that hony is like gold. By hony I vnderstand nothing else but a heavenly life and conuersation: for the life and conuersation which we ought to leade, especially in this holy time of Lent, must proceed and distill from heauen as good and precious hony.

"Chap. 13. After our fine white manchet we may not forget simnels and wine: for they are the best part of the diener. By bread and wine we

vnderstand the obtaining of the ioyes of heauen; and by the sinnells faith, which we ought to haue in one God, Creator of heauen and earth, distinguished into three persons. This appeareth plainly in the sinnell which hath 3. horns or corners, all which are but one and the same thing by essence of nature. Further, there are sinnells made of another fashion, viz. like the halfe Moone, hauing only two hornes, signifying the two natures of Christ, his diuinitie and humanitie. Now all this we must constantly beleue vpon paine of damnation: Besides, parents are to teach it their children, Preachers the people, and schoolmasters their schollers, especially in the holy time of Lent, according as sinnells are then giuen children to eate. And a litle after, there are two kindes of wine, white and red: the white signifieth the hope which is in Christ Iesus; and the red, the loue which he hath shewed vs in purchasing of the foresaid glory. The bread whereof we speake, is baked in the oven of this loue which is his precious side wholly inflamed with the loue of mankind. Concerning the wine and the nature thereof (to omit his two colours) it is strong, and tasteth well. By the strength of it, we may vnderstand the loue which God hath borne vs, in laying downe his life for vs: and by the tast, the hope which he hath giuen vs to ascend to heauen, if we wil be careful to performe good works and exercise our selues therein. And a litle after; This wine is of two colours, white and red: therefore it is said, *Dilectus meus candidus & rubicundus, electus ex milibus*. The white teacheth vs the way to heauen, for it giueth good courage to a man, legs of wine and boldnesse of ioy. The red sharpeneth the wit and vnderstanding, and helps the memory, to remember that the precious blood of Christ gushed out of his side for our saluation. This wine is chiefe of choise among all liquors *electus ex milibus*.

"Chap. 14. Of the foresaid wine is made good and odoriferous Hypocras, cleare and wel spiced. King Salomon doth make of it and selleth it, as it is said in the Canticles, *Dabo tibi vinum conditum*. The merchant and factor for these Aromaticke drugs, spices and confections, is my Lord Saint Paul, who like a painefull merchant brought them out of a farre countrey, viz. out of heauen. By these drugges, spices and precious confections, as Sugar, Cassia, Lignea, Grains of Paradise, Cinnamon and such like daintie delicacies, we vnderstand infinite diuersitie of glory in heauen, which S. Paul brought with him from thence, when he was rapt vp into the third heauen; and that in such abundance, that it could not be contained in the shop of mans

heart, as it is said; *Vidit arcana quæ non licet homini loqui. Nec in cor hominis ascendit quæ præparauit Deus diligentibus se*. My Lord S. Paul saw the ioyes of heauen and the glory thereof in a vision, and that in such variety, state and magnificence, as the heart of man cannot by meditation conceiue or vnderstand. These celestiall ioyes the Apostle sold to King Salomon, a true Apothecary, that is, to a man of peace, of an humble heart, and contemplative life.

"Chap. 16. If a man wold haue good broths and meates wel and finely dressed, he must look to prouide good cooks, for Gentlemen, Lords and great Merchants. The good cooks which should dresse and season our meates in Lent, are the admonitions, inspirations, and perswasions of our good Angels, which we must beleue rather in this holy time of penance then any other; for they inspire more good motions into our minds at this time then at any other: because the diuell doth then more maliciously tempt vs. We commonly feed vpon more dishes in Lent then in any time of the yeare besides: and therefore we ought to eate, vse, and learne more heauenly admonitions at that time, &c.

"Chap. 17. The seruitors which should serue vs at the table in Lent, are the examples of the holy Martyrs, which haue suffered great affliction and mysery in aspiring to glory: all which serue vs in their course and place. Saint Laurence serueth in fish and herrings broyled on the gredyron. Saint Iohn the Euangelist boyled sea fish. Saint Denny and Saint Cosme, baked pasties out of the oven: for they were cast into fornaces. Sundry others there be which serue in fryed fish; & they are such as were boyled in great coppers and caldrons, for the name of Christ.

"Chap. 18. In Lent all the vessell is scoured and made cleane, pots, glasses, and caldrons. The table is also couered with a fayre white cloth, and cleane napkins laid thereon; which duty belongs to young girles, women seruants, and waiting maids: therefore in imitation of the Virgins of heauen, we ought to cleanse our vessells (as pots, glasses, and caldrons) that is, our hearts. For doubtlesse we seeth carnall desires in our flesh. Wherefore chastity and cleanness ought to bring in the white table cloth and couer the table.

"Chap. 19. When a man hath fed well of all these dishes, I suppose he hath had a competent refection: so that there remains nothing but to say grace. But in stead of giuing thanks, they make the dice trowle vpon the tables: one desires to play at dice, or cards: another takes a lute and playes wanton & lasciuious songs, rounds, and horae

pyper. And so in stead of saying grace and giuing thanks to God; they honor & serue the diuell the inuentor of all those games and sports. Do you know what the tables signifie whereat you play? By the tables which you open after you are well refreshed with bodily food (not with spirituall) is vnderstood hell, which shall be set wide open for you when you are satiate with your sinnes, and then shall the tablemen be turned, tumbled, and tossed one vpon another: that is, the soules shall be tormented with diuers and sundry torments, specified by the sundry points of the tables, and the often removing of the tablemen from one point to another. *Transibunt ab aquis viuium ad calorem nimium.* For the paines of hell are diuerse, &c.

“Chap. 20. And as for those which play vpon the Lute, and sing ribaldry and bawdy songs, in stead of saying grace; doubtlesse they much forget themselves; seeing we are all bound to giue God thanks for the benefites we receiue at our repast from his liberall and bountifull hand. And here I will shew those that loue to play vpon the Lute and other instruments, vpon what Lute they ought to play. Marke then, as a Lute hath seuen strings, so it is hollow: By the seuen strings are meant the seuen petitions of the *Pater noster*, with which we must giue God thanks. For the *Pater noster* is the best forme of prayer that euer was seene: for therein is contained whatsoeuer is necessary for vs. Likewise the seuen strings signifie these seuen vertues; Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, Iustice, Faith, Hope, and Charity, (which we ought to haue and to pray that God wold giue vs:) or they signifie the 7. vertues opposite to the seauen deadly sinnes, viz. Humilitie, Charity, Abstinence, Diligence, Liberality, Chastity, and Patience. These are the seuen strings which we ought to strike and play vpon before God, rendering him thanks and praise, all the Lent long. The hollownesse of the Lute signifieth that our hearts should be emptyed of all things, saue onely of the refoanding of godly thoughts, and heavenly prayes. The Lute is hollow, hauing nothing in it but the sounding of the strings when they are stricken: so ought our hearts to be emptyed of all earthly things, and to haue no other resonance but of good thoughts and such heavenly meditations as are formerly mentioned. The melody of the strings of the Lute, &c.

“Chap. 21. As I was about to take my pen from the paper, purposing to shut my booke, one of my nephewes said vnto me; O vncke, you haue spoken of all saue sweet meates and banquetting dishes which you haue forgotten. Indeed (quoth I) thou saist true my boy. Whereupon I tooke my pen againe and writ as followeth. None can

be ignorant that sweete meates are eaten at night, vpon fasting dayes, in stead of a supper: we ought in the time of fasting to be spirituallly exercised, and therefore I think it good when we are disposed to fast, to eate sweete meates at night, which I will here giue you. By spirituall confests, I vnderstand perseverance in a good course. He cannot be said to fast all Lent, that breaketh off his fast for two or three dayes: but he must fast full fortie dayes: that is, it is not enough for him to abstaine from sinne certaine dayes onely, but he must continue, and perseuere in well doing. *Qui perseverauerit usque ad finem, saluus erit; qui vero non, condemnabitur.* And because perseverance in obedience is so necessary, I may (in my poore opinion) not vnfitly compare it to the round confest; for roundnes signifieth perseverance; seeing that a round figure hath neither beginning nor end; as this letter O made in forme of a confest.”

Bibliographical Notice

OF THE

“MÉNAGIANA.”

“THE illustrious friends of MÉNAGE, says Bayle, have erected a very glorious monument to him, in the collection entitled, *Ménagiana*. Those who judge of things right will confess that this collection is very proper to show the extent of genius and learning, which was the character of Ménage. And I may be bold to say, that the excellent works he published will not distinguish him from other learned men so advantageously as this. To publish books of great learning, to make Greek and Latin verses exceedingly well turned, is not a common talent, I own; neither is it extremely rare. It is incomparably more difficult to find men who can furnish discourse about an infinite number of things, and who can diversify them a hundred ways. How many authors are there who are admired for their works, on account of the vast learning that is displayed in them, who are not able to sustain a conversation! Those who know Ménage only by his

books, might think he resembled those learned men; but if you show the *Ménagiana*, you distinguish him from them, and make him known by a talent which is given to very few learned men. There it appears that he was a man who spoke off-hand a thousand good things. His memory extended to what was ancient and modern: to the court and to the city; to the dead and to the living languages; to things serious and things jocose; in a word, to a thousand sorts of subjects. That which appeared a trifle to some readers of the *Ménagiana*, who did not consider circumstances, caused admiration in other readers, who minded the difference between what a man speaks without preparation and that which he prepares for the press. And, therefore, we cannot sufficiently commend the care which his illustrious friends took to erect a monument so capable of giving him immortal glory. They were not obliged to rectify what they had heard him say; for, in so doing, they had not been faithful historians of his conversation."

The *Ménagiana* was first published in a single volume 12mo, and entitled—

Ménagiana, sive excerptæ ex ore Aegidii Menagii, à Paris, chez Florentin et Pierre Delaulne. 1693.

The authors or compilers were Baudelot, Galland, Delaunay, Mondin, Pinffon, Boivin, Valois, Dubos, and Boudeville. M. Galland was the principal editor, and the volume was announced in his name. François Bernier, a physician, who was rather roughly treated in the *Ménagiana*, published the same year a volume with the following title:

Anti-Ménagiana, où l'on cherche ces Bons Mots, cette morale, ces pensées judicieuses, et tout ce que l'Affiche du Ménagiana nous a promis. Paris, Laurent d'Houry, Simon Langronne et Charles Osmont. 1693. 12mo.

In the preface to this volume, Bernier

says that *one little M. Goulley* was the editor of the first edition of the *Ménagiana*.

The second edition of the work was published in 1694, and was entitled—

Ménagiana, ou les Bons Mots, les Pensées Critiques, Historiques, Morales et d'Erudition, de M. Ménage. Recueillies (sic) par ses Amis, Seconde édition augmentée. Paris, 1694. 2 vols. 12mo.

This edition was edited by the Abbé Faydit, who made some curious additions to it. He suppressed, however, several piquant articles which appeared in the first edition.

The *Ménagiana* was reprinted in Holland in 1713 (2 vols. 12mo), under the title of "third edition with additions."

In 1715, M. de la Monnoye published his edition of the *Ménagiana*, which, although much superior to any of the preceding editions, does not entirely supersede them. The title of La Monnoye's edition is as follows:

Ménagiana, ou les Bons Mots et Remarques Critiques, Historiques, Morales et d'Erudition, de M. Ménage. Recueillies (sic) par ses Amis. Troisième édition, plus ample de moitié, et plus correcte que les précédentes. Paris, chez Florentin Delaulne, 1715. 4 vols. 12mo.

M. de Sallengre says, in his *Mémoires de Littérature* (tome 1. second part, p. 228), that some serious men, having examined La Monnoye's additions, condemned them in various places, and that the editor was therefore obliged to substitute cancels for all the articles or passages declared licentious by his censors. The number of pages changed, in consequence of these cancels, amount to thirty-six, namely, *fourteen* in the first volume, *seven* in the second, *seven* in the third, and *eight* in the fourth. M. de Sallengre has reprinted these cancels in his *Mémoires de Littérature* (tome 1. second part, pp. 228–275).

The editions of the *Ménagiana*, Paris,

Zachary. And we read that *Abraham* speak of the Bear of *Daunia*, nor of the the Father of the Elect rode oneiy upon Buil of *Tarentum*, both tam'd by *Pythagoras*. But that which surpasseth all repeated among the Vulgar, is not spoken in vain, *That the Ass carries Myseries*. Wherefore I would hereby advertise the famous Professors of Sciences, that if the unprofitable burthen of Humane Knowledge be not laid aside, and that Lions borrowed skin put off, (not that off the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, but off the Lion that goes about roaring, and seeking whom he may devour) whereby ye shall be turned into meer and bare Asses, that ye will be utterly and altogether unfit to carry the Myseries of Divine wisdom. Neither had *Apuleius* of *Megara's* Ass been admitted to the holy Myseries of *Isis*, if he had not been turn'd out of a Philosopher into an Ass. We read Miraculous actions of divers Beasts; as, that an Elephant writ the Greek letters: and *Plutarch* relateth a Story of one, that being a Rival with *Aristophanes* the Granimarian, lov'd a young Maid named *Stephanopolides*. And in the same Author we read of a Dragon that lov'd a Virgin of *Etholis*. The same also preserv'd his Nourisher, running to her assistance, as knowing her voice. In *Pliny* we finde that a Serpent call'd *Aspis* was accustomed to come daily to a certain mans Table, who perceiving the son of her Host to be slain by one of her young ones, she slew her young one in revenge of the broken law of Hospitality; nor would ever after for shame come to that house again. The same Gratitude is recorded of a Panther to a man, for helping her young ones out of a ditch; for which she conducted him out of the desert, till she brought him safe into the open Road. Histories also report that *Cyrus* was suckled by a Bitch, and the founder of the Roman Citie by a She-wolf. I pass over the Wonders related of Dolphins, and the Gratitude of Lions for benefites receiv'd. Nor will I

speake of the Bear of *Daunia*, nor of the Buil of *Tarentum*, both tam'd by *Pythagoras*. But that which surpasseth all admiration is this, That *Ammonius* of *Alexandria*, Master of *Origen* and *Porphyrus*, is said to have had an Ass one of the hearers of his Wisdom, a Fellow-scholar with the rest. We finde also in sacred Story, that an Ass was endued with the spirit of Prophecie: for when *Balaam* a wife man and a Prophet went to curse the people of *Israel*, he saw not the Angel of the Lord; but the Ass saw him, and with the voice of a man spake to *Balaam* that rode him. Thus, I say, sometimes the simple and rude Idiot sees those things oft-times, which a School-Doctor, blinded with the Traditions of men, cannot perceive. Did not *Sampson* with the jaw-bone of an Ass kill and slay the *Philistines*? and being thirsty, when he prayed to the Lord, the Lord loosned a tooth in the same jaw-bone, and clean water sprang out immediately; which when he had drank, his spirits were refreshed, and his strength recovered. Did not Christ by the mouth of his silly Asses and rude Idiots, the Apostles vanquish and put to silence all the Learned Philosophers of the Gentiles, and great Lawyers among the Jews; trampling under-foot all manner of worldly wisdom; drinking to us out of the Cheek-bone of his Asses the water of wisdom and everlasting life? By what has been already said, it is now as clear as the Sun, that there is no Beast so fit and proper to retain Divinity as the Ass; into which creature if ye be not transform'd, ye shall not be able to carry the Divine Myseries. It was a name common to the Christians among the Romans, to be call'd *Asinarii*; and they were wont to paint the Image of Christ with the ears of an Ass, as *Tertullian* witnesses. Wherefore let neither Popes repute it to their shame, if among those Giantlike Elephants of Sciences, there may be some Asses. Neither let Christians won-

der, if among those Prelates and expert Doctors, the better learned one is, the less he be esteemed: for the songs of Nightingales are not proper for the ears of Asses; and it is a Proverb, *That the untuneable braying of Asses is not agreeable to the Harp.* And yet the best Pipes are made of the bones of Asses, the marrow being taken out; which as they far exceed the harmony of the Harp, so these Religious Asses far surpass the Brangling and Braying of idle Sophisters. Thus several Philosophers coming to visit *Antony*, and to discourse with him, being by him answer'd in a few words, return'd with shame. We read also of a certain Idiot that convinc'd a most learned and subtil Heretick, and forc'd him to turn to the Faith, whom the best and most learned Bishops at the Council of *Nice* with a long and difficult Disputation could not convince. Who being afterwards demanded by his friends, how it came to pass that he yielded to the Fool, who had resisted and withstood so many and so great Learned Bishops, replied, *That he had easily given the Bishops words for words, but that he could not resist this Idiot, who spake not according to humane wisdom, but according to the Spirit.*—(VANITY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES. London, 1676. 8vo, pp. 360-364.)

Translation of a Letter

FROM M. E. RENAN TO M. GUEROULT, EDITOR OF THE "OPINION NATIONALE."

THE following letter from M. Renan to M. Gueroult, editor of the *Opinion Nationale*, in answer to certain questions asked him through the columns of that journal, is translated from its issue of the 4th of September, 1862. What the questions were, will sufficiently appear from the text of this reply. The letter, though perhaps hardly

within the scope of a bibliographical journal, is interesting and valuable, as showing the peculiar philosophical opinions held by one of the most distinguished scholars of the liberal school of modern scientific philosophers.

"CHALIFERT, NEAR LAGNY, }
August 27, 1862. }

"Coming from you, the delicate questions which you address to me in your issue of the 23d, cannot remain without an answer. Far from me be the pretension to solve, in a page, problems the solution of which humanity has sought for nearly four thousand years; but I owe you some explanations upon the phrase which you quoted from me, and which, taken by itself, might cause some misunderstanding.

"You are right in saying that man is not absolutely free. There is in him a considerable element of fatality, arising from the fact that, by a part of his being, he forms a part of Nature. His body obeys the laws of bodies with weight; the chemical operations which take place in his organs, know neither remission nor pity. But I cannot, on the other hand, admit any liberty in Nature.

"For an Omniscient Being, every thing would be calculable in the movements of this world; if man had not the power, by his free will, of introducing a spontaneous force in the regular course of events, and thus changing the results. The weather of to-day has not been forewritten from all eternity, because the state of the atmosphere has been modified, in a certain measure, by the work of man. It has not been written from all eternity that such a forest should be cut down, or such a marsh drained. But in a world which should contain no living beings, every thing would take place according to the laws of an absolute inflexibility, and every thing could be foretold by any one who was wise enough to do so. In other terms, every thing would be math-

ematical; no unforeseen element would exist.

"You admit that science cannot prove the existence of a Free Being, superior to man, interfering in Nature for the purpose of changing its course. But, you add, can science prove that such a Being does not exist? I do not inquire whether it can, in a metaphysical and *à priori* way. But the experimental proof is sufficient. Such a Being has never revealed himself in a scientifically-proved manner. When he shall reveal himself, we will believe in him. It is not for us to demonstrate the impossibility of a miracle; it is for the miracle to demonstrate itself. What proof have we that sirens and centaurs do not exist, except that they have never been seen? What has banished from the civilized world a faith in the old demonology, except the observation that all the deeds formerly attributed to demons are well enough explained without their agency? A being who does not reveal himself by any act, is, for science, a being without existence."

"I know that people are often led to distinguish the simple intervention of a superior will, in the ordinary course of things, in view of a certain end, from what is, properly speaking, a miracle. It is, however, a distinction which fades away before a rigorous analysis. In fact, what means such intervention? It means that the things of this world may take, in consequence of a supernatural force, acting in a given moment, a different course from what they would have otherwise taken. A miracle is nothing else. The flagrant violation of the accustomed order, which constitutes a miracle in the eyes of men, implies only a greater degree of difficulty; but the words *easy* and *difficult* have no meaning when we are speaking of an all-powerful being. For God, it is no more of a miracle to resuscitate the dead, to make a river flow back to its source, than to change the di-

rection of the wind during some day of battle, to stay a sickness which might prove mortal, to sustain an empire which might fall, or to violate the liberty of human resolve. In the one case, the violence done to natural laws is most evident; in the other it is hidden. For God there is no difference. Bashful miracles (*miracles honteux*), seeking to conceal themselves, are none the less miracles. Providence, then—understanding the word in its vulgar acceptation—is a synonym for thaumaturgy. The whole question is, to know whether God emits particular acts. For myself, I believe that the true Providence is not distinct from the order, so constant, divine, perfectly wise, just, and good, which reigns in the laws of the universe.

"You seem to believe, my dear sir, that such a doctrine is synonymous with atheism. Here I strongly protest. Such a doctrine is the exclusion of a capricious God, thaumaturgic, acting by fits and starts; allowing the clouds generally to follow their course, but making them deviate when he is prayed to do so; leaving such a lung or intestine to decompose up to a certain point, but staying the decomposition when a vow is made to him; changing his mind, in a word, according to his views of interest. Such a God, I am free to say, is unscientific. We do not believe in him; and should the saddest consequences result from this fact, the absolute sincerity of which we make profession obliges us to say so.

"But, in removing so gross an idea of the Divinity, we believe that we combat superstition, and not real religion. Malebranche has admirably demonstrated this before us, in his *Méditations Chrétiennes*: 'God does not act by individual wishes' (*Dieu n'agit pas par des volontés particulières*). This profound orator, bolder than we are, established this thesis *à priori*, from the consideration of the Divine perfections. We establish the same thesis by the

absence of facts proving the contrary; and we grant it is not thus. There has never been shown, in Nature or in history, any fact which manifested by an individual will superior to that of mankind. When this observation shall be overthrown by a single proved fact, we shall hasten to modify the theory which we believe ourselves justified in deducing from it.

"As to the true God of the human conscience, he is an invincible fact. He has his right to be an invincible fact, and not in a more or less ingenious process of reasoning. Nature is in itself, the sun is in itself, down upon the earth, the cry of the soul, which but veiling himself, he has smiled upon the world of crimes. But in this, the conscience is a fact, a fact which speaks to man of quite another world, the world of the ideal, the world of truth, of goodness, of justice. If there existed nothing but Nature, we might ask ourselves if God is necessary. But since first there existed an infinite man, God has been proved. It is in this world of the ideal, and therefore, that the various faiths of natural religion have their legitimate origin. But I cannot repeat it too often, it is the ideal which really is, and the feeling of reality (which only seems) is false. The just soul which sees through the earthly falsity of this world, this pure ideal, this God, from time and space, is the who of the feeling for him, whom shall demonstrate his life to the gods; the true; and the beautiful will be the best-advised. This is the living God who is felt, but does not prove himself. I need no miracle to believe in him; I need only in him be shaken to the imperative revelation of my own heart. Thus, the men who have had a really fruitful sentiment of God, have never put these questions in a contradictory way. They have been neither Deists, after the manner of the French school, nor Pantheists. They have never lost themselves in those subtle questions where their genius

would have vainly consumed itself. They have powerfully felt God; they have lived in him; they have not defined him. Jesus occupies an exceptional rank in this Divine philosophy; he recognized himself as the Son of God; in authorizing men to call God their Father, in overthrowing the duped notions of the ancient worship by his beautiful theory of prayer (Matthew, chap. vi), and spiritual adoption (John, chap. vi), in giving the example of a life entirely consecrated to the works of his Father, he has realized the highest consciousness of God which has probably ever existed in humanity. For this reason, the truly religious man of all ages would be his disciple, even though they should disagree with almost all the opinions of faith which the Churches issuing from him have developed under his name. I believe as you do, or I do not. Besides Nature and Man, there is something; you ask me nothing of it. There is everything, I would answer. Nature is only an appearance, man is only a phenomenon. There is the eternal foundation; there is the infinite, the substance, the absolute, the ideal; there is, according to the fact, Muhammad saying, *that which endures*; there is, according to the fact, Jesus saying, *that which is*. This is the Father from whose bosom all things issue, and to whose bosom all things return. Let us take away from the Divine life every notion belonging to our feeble existence, only this Absolute Being, free, in his consciousness, to the conscious person, which returns to him, preserve his consciousness. You and I are equally inapplicable to these sorts of questions. They imply an absolutely incurable delusion, the tendency to transport the conditions of our finite existence into the infinite existence. As you do not admit this, I do not conceive of existence except under the form of a being. I can not order to represent to himself an existing God; it was inevitable that man should make him

in his own image; that is to say, make him also a limited I. But who does not see that such a conception is self-contradictory? the infinite being presented as a finite—the pure spirit endowed with the attributes which presuppose organs! In order to be consistent, they should push anthropomorphism to its last results. For—let us not deceive ourselves in this matter—all the faculties which the vulgar Deism attributes to God have never existed without a brain. There has never been memory, foresight, perception of exterior objects, consciousness, finally, without a nervous system. The human vocabulary applied to Divinity shocks us at every instant. Why attempt to express the Infinite by words and phrases which are essentially limited? Why wish to reason concerning that which we recognize as ineffable? With an immense variety of formulæ, and to enormously different degrees of simplicity or refinement, humanity will adore to all eternity that *single substance with many names* (*Æschylus, Prometheus*, v. 218), that common Father of all those who seek the good and the true. Every one creates his own theology according to his needs, and all violent attempts to change quickly the received ideas upon this matter are full of danger. But we do no violence to the opinion of any one, in expressing what we believe. The listener or the reader remains free before the doctrine which is exposed to him. He will agree to it if it suits his degree of culture; he will not agree to it, if it is either premature or too backward for him.

“Besides, who is deceived here, and what comedy is human life, if it is composed of some millions of thinking beings occupied in simulating with each other faiths which they do not hold! It is not by hypocritical reticence that a faith which has run its course, can be made to live a day longer. Every opinion, freely conceived, is good and moral for him who has

conceived it. From all sides we come to sum up the exterior legislation on religion in a single word—liberty.

“Receive, my dear sir, the expression of my most distinguished sentiments.

“ERNEST RENAN.”

Miscellaneous Items.

The Cambridge Edition of Shakespeare.

THE first volume of the Cambridge edition of SHAKESPEARE, edited by W. G. Clark, fellow and tutor of Trinity College, and Mr. John Glover, librarian of Trinity College, will be published at the end of March, by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., and the whole will be completed in eight volumes, price half a guinea each, issued at intervals of four months. The work will be handsomely printed, in demi-octavo, at the University press, and these are the features which will distinguish it from previous editions: I. A text based on a thorough collation of the four folios, and all the quarto editions of the separate plays, and of subsequent editions and commentaries. II. All the results of this collation will be given in notes at the foot of the page, and to these will be added conjectural emendations collected and suggested by the editors, and furnished to them by their correspondents. The reader will thus have, in a compact form, a complete view of the critical materials out of which the text of Shakespeare is formed. III. In the cases where a quarto edition exists, differing from the received text to such a degree that the variations cannot be shown in the notes, the text of the quarto will be printed *literatim*, in a smaller type, after the received text. IV. The lines of each scene will be numbered separately. V. At the end of each play will be added a few critical notes upon such passages as require discussion. VI. The Poems, edited on a similar plan, will

follow the dramatic works. Uniform with this edition, Mr. W. Aldis Wright, M. A., is preparing *A Glossarial Index to the Plays and Poems of Shakespeare*, comprising explanations of the archaic words and usages of words, as well as of obscure allusions and constructions. Although specially adapted to the Cambridge edition, it will be fit for use with any other.

Selectæ e Profanis Scriptoris Historiæ, etc.
BY JAMES ROSS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The *Historical Magazine*, during the past year, has, for two or three months in succession, contained notices of JAMES ROSS, a once-noted teacher in Philadelphia. He does not seem to have been an historical character of sufficient importance to occupy so much space. The inquiries and replies concerning him must have been due to the affectionate remembrance of some of his old pupils. It is possible that the extent of his classical knowledge exists chiefly in the boyish wonder

"That one small head could carry all he knew."
I have before me two books, whose title-pages, respectively, are as follows:

Selectæ e Profanis Scriptoris Historiæ, etc.
BY JAMES ROSS, OF PHILADELPHIA.
Quibus admixta sunt
Varia honeste vivendi præcepta,
Ex iisdem scriptoribus deprompta.
Prioribus exemplar emendatius, quantitate syllabarum juxta plenius abstrahitur; atque in usum discipulorum melius accommodatum.

JA. ROSS, A. M. Professor
Humaniorum Literarum, nec non et Græcæ Linguae in Academia Phil. Professore.
Philadelphiam.
Printed for M. Carey & Son,
No. 126, Chestnut Street,
1859.

Selectæ e Profanis Scriptoris Historiæ, etc.
BY JAMES ROSS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Quibus admixta sunt varia honeste
vivendi præcepta, ex iisdem
scriptoribus deprompta.
Pars Prima.
ROMÆ, MDCCCLXI.
Typis S. Congr. De Propag. fide.
Superiorum facultate.

On the reverse side of the title-page is printed the certificate of copyright, in which Ross is recited to claim the right of authorship. In his preface, also, Ross claims to be the author, using the personal I in his description of the book, of its preparation, its contents, its object, and its merits.

I find this preface to be a translation into English of a part of the Latin preface to the older book, in which he constructs "*Sanctæ Ecclesiæ doctrinæ*" by the word "gospel"—a rendering somewhat more Protestant than correct.

In a sort of circular address to teachers, following the preface, Ross styles himself "Editor," but fails to give credit for the book to the real author. The older book is without the author's name. The preface speaks of the author's having lately published a book of selections from the Old Testament, for the use of schools. The older book is a duodecimo, in two parts, both bound in one volume, each part separately paged; the first part containing the first, second, and third books, and the second part the fourth and fifth. Ross's book is in one volume of 299 pages, divided into five books. The five books are divided into chapters, and each chapter has a title descriptive of its contents; and all the chapters are numbered and entitled alike in both volumes, except that in Ross's edition the heading of the last one is wrongly printed in the index, "*Potentia decor est, si salutaris, &c.*" while in the body of the book the right word, "*Potentia*," is used.

All there is original in the edition of Ross, is a part of the title-page, the address to teachers, and the marking of the quantity of all the penult and antepenult vowels (except those long by nature or position).

February, 1863.]

The Philobiblion.

[Number 14.]

CATO'S
MORAL
DISTICHES
Englished in Couplets.

PHILADELPHIA :

Printed and Sold by B. FRANKLIN, 1735.

[Small 4to, pp. vi. 23.]

THIS curious translation of the *Disticha de Moribus* of DIONYSIUS CATO, by the "Honourable and Learned Mr. Logan," is now, unquestionably, one of the rarest books printed by Franklin. It was published nine years earlier than Logan's well-known version of Cicero's *Cato Major*, which the printer (Franklin), in his address to the reader, states was the "first Translation of a *Classic* in this *Western World*." This statement, though highly creditable to Franklin's enterprise and energy as a printer, is rather remote from the truth. Nearly fifty years before the birth of Logan, and more than a century prior to the birth of Franklin, the traveller and poet, George Sandys, "an accomplished Gent., of a fluent and ready discourse and excellent com-

portment," connected with the government of the colony in Virginia, had "Englished" Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which was first published, in folio, at London, 1626, and again at Oxford, in 1632. Sandys's translation being now, comparatively, a common book in this country, it will be sufficient to refer the reader to his dedication of the work to Charles I., for further particulars concerning his version, and the circumstances under which it was made. It may not, perhaps, be irrelevant to mention here that precisely twenty-two years after the publication of the first edition of Sandys's Ovid, John Norton printed in London his *Resp. ad Guil. Apollonii Syllogem ad Componendas Controversias in Anglia*; "and it was, I suppose," says Cotton Mather, in his *Life of Norton* (Boston, 1695, 12mo, pp. 10), "*the first Latin Book that was ever Written in this Country.*"

Both these translations, by Logan, are noticed by Messrs. Duyckinck, in their *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, and, as a matter of course, with bibliographical inaccuracy. The *Cato Major* printed by Franklin is *not* a quarto, but an octavo volume, containing eight pages for the preliminary matter, and one hundred and fifty-nine pages for the body of the work. On the title-page, the words *Cato Major*, *Old-Age*, and *Philadelphia*, are printed in red ink. The type is large, clear, and beautiful, resembling that used by the celebrated

Baskerville. It is printed on thin but strong linen paper, the water-mark in which is a ring and a semicircle, surmounted with a cross: Altogether, the book is a very remarkable specimen of typographical elegance and beauty, and is also a good illustration of the excellent taste and artistic skill of the great man by whom it was printed. Twenty-five dollars would readily be given by an *amateur* collector of choice books, in this city, for an *uncut* copy of this masterpiece of Franklin's press.

The title of Logan's translation of Cato's *Moral Distichs*, as "penned" by Messrs. Duyckinck in their *Cyclopædia*, is as follows:

"A Translation of Cato's Distichs into English verse."

The size of the volume and the date of its publication are not mentioned, perhaps for the obvious and simple reason that those "painful and most researching writers" had never seen the "dainty little work"—the title of which, it will be observed, they have recorded with such scrupulous care and surprising bibliographical fidelity.

These bibliographical blunders of the Messrs. Duyckinck, though in themselves comparatively trivial, are noted here, merely as examples of the discreditable carelessness and inaccuracy with which they have recorded the titles and described the contents of a large proportion of the books noticed in their bewildering *Cyclopædia*. If, as some people say, to quote inaccurately be the sign of elegant culture, the Messrs. Duyckinck certainly deserve credit for general accomplishments.

Following the title-page—which stands literally as printed at the head of this article—is a characteristic address of the Printer to the Reader, occupying nearly one page and a half, and describing the circumstances that caused the translation to be made. This address, on account both of its information and of its novelty, we print entire, *verbatim et literatim*:

“THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

THE Manuscript Copy of this Translation of CATO'S MORAL DISTICHs, happened into my Hands some Time since, and being my self extremely pleased with it, I thought it might be no less acceptable to the Publick; and therefore determined to print it as soon as I should have convenient Leisure and Opportunity. It was done by a Gentleman amongst us (whose Name or Character I am strictly forbid to mention, tho' it might give some Advantage to my Edition) for the Use of his own Children; But in my Opinion, it is no unfit or unprofitable Entertainment for those of riper Years. For certainly, such excellent Precepts of Morality, contain'd in such short and easily-remember'd Sentences, may to Youth particularly be very serviceable in the Conduct of Life, since there can scarce happen any Affair of Importance to us, in which we may need Advice, but one or more of these Distichs suited to the Occasion, will seasonably occur to the Memory, if the Book has been read and studied with a proper Care and Attention.

When I obtained Leave to make this Publication, I procured also the following Account of the Author and his Work; for I thought something of the kind necessary to be prefix'd to it.

In most Places that I am acquainted with, so great is the present Corruption of Manners, that a Printer shall find much more Profit in such Things as flatter and encourage Vice, than in such as tend to promote its contrary. It would be thought a Piece of Hypocrisy and pharisaical Ostentation in me, if I should say, that I print these Distichs more with a View to the Good of others than my own private Advantage: And indeed I cannot say it; for I confess, I have so great Confidence in the common Virtue and Good Sense of the

People of this and the neighbouring Provinces, that I expect to sell a very good Impression."

The account of the author herein alluded to, follows the address, and occupies two closely-printed pages. It contains, however, nothing authentic or important—more modern researches having cleared up all mystery as to the authorship of the *Distichs*; and so rendered old speculations and conjectures entirely superfluous.

It would be curious to know how much of the aphoristic wisdom of *Richard Saunders, Philomath*, was due, in the mind of Franklin, to his intimate acquaintance with this translation of Cato's *Distichs*. He admits that this book came into his possession some time before its publication, in 1735, and that he waited for "Leisure and Opportunity" before printing it. *Poor Richard's Almanack* was commenced in 1732 (see Franklin's *Autobiography*, page 101, Philadelphia, 8vo, 1818), not in 1733, as stated by Messrs. Duyckinck, in their notice of Franklin; and it is not impossible that the sage may have gathered from these *Distichs* many hints for his popular Aphorisms. There is certainly a striking similarity in their tone and sentiment. We annex the First Book of the *Distichs*, as translated by Mr. Logan, and invite the reader to compare them with the wise saws of *Poor Richard*:

CATO'S MORAL DISTICHS.

IF God be Spirit, as old Texts assure,
Him chief o'er all with purest mind adore.
Be still industrious, too much sleep retain;
For Vice from Sloth does constant Succours gain.
Think the first Virtue's well to rule the Tongue;
He's godlike wife, who never employs it wrong.

VOL. II.—D

4.
Consistent, always with thy self be found;
Who thwarts himself, would thwart all Mankind round.

5.
If o'er Mens Lives and Deeds, thou cast an Eye,
While all spy Faults, free from them none thou'lt spy.

6.
The Charms of hurtful Joys, tho' sweet, refuse;
'Tis sometimes Gain ev'n Wealth itself to lose.

7.
Or grave or gay appear, to suit the Time;
The Wise may Manners change without a Crime.

8.
Let not your Wife's weak Humours Anger move;
Against a Servant you've just Cause to love.

9.
When thou reproves a Friend, tho' scarce he'll bear,
Tho' much be frown'd, continue still thy Care.

10.
Wage not with Men of Words, a noisy War;
Words all have got, Few Wisdom to their Share.

11.
So love thy Friends, and so thy Favours deal,
As that thy self their Want may never feel.

12.
Spread not Reports, lest they be thought thy own;
From Tatling Mischief Springs, from Silence none.

13.
Let not another's Promise thine engage
To plight thy Faith; 'tis now a faithless Age.

14.
When others praise thee, judge thy self alone;
Better thou'rt to thy self than others known.

15.
A Friend's good Offices should proclaim;
But thy good Deeds to others never name.

16.
While in Old-age you others Conduct tell,
Think whether in your Youth your own was well.

17.
What Men in private whisper, never mind;
The Guilty always think themselves design'd.

18.
While Fortune's smiling, bear a watchful Eye
On her Reverses; her Favours swiftly fly.

19. Since on 'so frail a Tenure Life is held,
'Thy Hópes on Death's Reversions never build.

20. The poor Man's Present from his scanty Store
With Thanks receive, as if its Worth were more.

21. Since Nature form'd thee naked in the Womb,
Grudge not at Want; it does thy State become.

22. Fear not the End of Life, it ends thy Care;
He present Life destroys, who Death does fear.

23. When to thy Merit, Friends ungrateful prove,
Accuse not Heaven, but with more Judgment love.

24. Spare but to spend, and Spending spare so well,
As neither *now* nor *after* Want to feel.

25. Promise not twice what may at once be done,
Lest thou be bounteous deem'd in *Words* alone.

26. Him, who is kind in *Words*, but false in *Heart*,
In his own Coin repay, with Art for Art,
[Yet with unblemish'd Honour *act* thy Part.]

27. No Strefs on smooth-tongu'd Mens Professions lay;
Sweet plays the Fowler's Pipe to gain his Prey.

28. If thou hast Children, but no Wealth to give,
Then teach them Arts, that they may learn to live.

29. Mean things as Great, great things as *Mean* esteem;
So neither *prodigal* nor *near* thou'lt seem.

30. Act not thy self what thou art worst to blame;
When Teachers slip themselves, 'tis double Shame.

31. Crave what is Just and Honest, nought beside;
'Tis vain to ask what may be well deny'd.

32. Th' unknown to what thou knows do not prefer;
For Judgment governs *here*, Chance only *there*.

33. Since Life's frail Course through certain Danger
lies,
Each new-come Day as a new Purchase prize.

34. Tho' in the right, yield sometimes to a Friend;
Friendship by kind Complaisance is maintain'd.

35. In quest of greater Matters, spare not small;
'Tis Profit that in Love unites us all.

36. With Intimates no trifling Quarrels move;
Wrath *Hate* begets, Concord increases Love.

37. When Servants Failings thy Resentments warm,
Thy Anger check, lest thou their Persons harm.

38. Your Friends o'ercome not always when you can;
For Patience often speaks the greater Man.

39. What thou hast gain'd with Toil, preserve with
Care;
Heavy's the Task past Losses to repair.

40. In Plenty let thy Friends thy Bounty share;
Yet make they (*fit*) self thy most peculiar Care.

RELIGIO MEDICI A LETTER TO A FRIEND CHRISTIAN MORALS URN-BURIAL AND OTHER PAPERS

BY

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, Kt. M.D.

BOSTON

TICKNOR AND FIELDS

1862

[12mo, pp. 348.]

THE familiar but significant anecdote of the student who wanted Dr. Parr to join him in writing a book, occurs to us as we examine the construction of this volume. "Put in all that I know," said the Doctor, "and all that you don't know, and it would

be a large one." Mr. James T. Fields, in editing a new edition of the *Religio Medici* of Sir THOMAS BROWNE, has proceeded upon much the same principle. He has put in all the intelligence furnished him by previous editors, and all the ignorance peculiar to himself; and the result is, a signal specimen of literary quackery. We turn these pages in vain to discover any features of excellence not possessed by former editions, any traces of such editorial labor as might redeem the work from the charge of being utterly superfluous. Several editions of the *Religio Medici* of Sir Thomas Browne—correct, convenient, and handsome—have long been before the public. There was no necessity for a new one, and certainly Mr. Fields was not competent to prepare it, even had such a necessity existed. A little shrewdness and a little taste may qualify a man for the business of trading in books, but something of scholarship is desirable in one who presumes to edit an English classic. Superficial readers may, perhaps, marvel at the erudition and the enterprise of Mr. Fields. His coterie of Boston admirers will doubtless be charmed with the learning of "Boston's favorite publisher." It is something to have discovered that the writings of Sir Thomas Browne are "eloquent writings," and that Sir Thomas himself was "an old English physician." But we are convinced that no scholar will examine this publication without a sentiment of mingled wonder and contempt at the effrontery which has inspired such a ridiculous specimen of book-making.

Life of Sir Thomas Browne by Mr. Fields.

"SIR THOMAS BROWNE was born in London, on the 19th of October, 1605, and died on his birthday, at Norwich, in 1682. His father came of an ancient Upton family, in Cheshire, and enjoyed a good name as an honest merchant.

"This excellent person dying when his

In the interests of literature it is worth while, now and then, to expose the method by which incompetent persons manage to acquire a reputation for scholarship and ability. The present is an instance in point. We shall illustrate this fact by a brief comment on the separate features of the work under consideration.

The first luxury to which we are treated by the munificent Mr. Fields is, a "Biographical Sketch of the Author." Forty-four sentences of this interesting production comprise the sum total of that gentleman's editorial labors. The remainder consists mainly of garbled extracts from Whitefoot's "Minutes." As to the authenticity and the style of this sketch, to say nothing of the care bestowed upon its preparation, the reader may judge by comparing it, in sections, with corresponding extracts from a life of Sir Thomas Browne by Dr. Johnson. It will be observed that Mr. Fields has adopted the errors made by Dr. Johnson, without materially deviating from the language of that biographer. By this means, he has certainly saved himself some trouble; but it is questionable whether the merit of his edition has thereby been commensurately increased. Mr. Fields admits that he has "largely consulted" other editors. Had he indeed done this, instead of copying from them without stint and without discretion, he might have ascertained, among other facts, that Dr. Johnson is not always a sure authority. Here is the contrast of extracts, however—a significant instance of editorial botching:

Life of Sir Thomas Browne by Dr. Johnson.

"SIR THOMAS BROWNE was born at London, in the parish of St. Michael in Cheap-side, on the 19th of October, 1605. His father was a merchant, of an ancient family at Upton in Cheshire.

"He lost his father very early; he was,

son Thomas was yet a lad, the boy was defrauded by one of his guardians, but found his way to the school of Winchester for his education.

"In 1623 he went to Oxford, entering as a gentleman-commoner, and graduated from the newly-named Pembroke College in 1626-7. Turning his attention to physic after taking his degree of Master of Arts, he practised in his profession some time in Oxfordshire.

"He afterwards travelled into France and Italy, visiting Montpellier and Padua, then celebrated schools of physic, and, returning home through Holland, was created Doctor of Medicine at Leyden. In 1634 he is supposed to have returned to London, and to have written his '*Religio Medici*' during the next year.

"This celebrated treatise was not printed till 1642, when, without his consent, the book was published. It at once attracted great attention, and was criticised in a volume by Sir Kenelm Digby.

"The '*Religio Medici*' was very soon translated into Latin, Italian, German, Dutch, and French.

"Dr. Browne settled in Norwich, where his practice became very extensive, many patients coming from a distance to consult for eminent a physician, now made more fa-

according to the common fate of orphans, defrauded by one of his guardians; he was placed for his education at the school of Winchester.

"He was removed in the beginning of the year 1623 from Winchester to Oxford, and entered a gentleman-commoner of Broadgate Hall, which was soon after endowed, and took the name of Pembroke College. . . . He was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, January 31, 1626-27. Having afterwards taken his degree of Master of Arts, he turned his studies to physic, and practised it for some time in Oxfordshire.

"He therefore passed into France and Italy; made some stay at Montpellier and Padua, which were then the celebrated schools of physic; and, returning home through Holland, procured himself to be created doctor of physic at Leyden. About the year 1634 he is supposed to have returned to London; and the next year to have written his celebrated treatise, called *Religio Medici*.

"He was not very diligent to obstruct his own praise by recalling his papers, but suffered them to wander from hand to hand, till at last, without his own consent, they were, in 1642, given to the printer. . . . The *Religio Medici* was no sooner published than it excited the attention of the publick. The Earl of Dorset recommended this book to the perusal of Sir Kenelm Digby, who returned his judgement upon it, not in a letter, but a book.

"A gentleman of Cambridge, whose name was Merryweather, turned it, not inelegantly, into Latin; and from his version it was again translated into Italian, German, Dutch, and French.

"At the time when this book was published, Dr. Browne resided at Norwich, where he had settled in 1626. It is recorded by Wood, that his practice was

mous by the publication of so admirable a very extensive; and that many patients resorted to him.

"In 1641 he married Mrs. Mileham, a most excellent lady, whose graces, both of mind and body, well fitted her to become the partner of her distinguished husband. They lived together forty-one years, and, with their ten children, formed a household singularly happy in all its relations.

"He married in 1641 Mrs. Mileham, a lady (says Whitefoot) of such symmetrical proportion to her worthy husband, both in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism. She lived happily with him one-and-forty years; and bore him ten children.

"So the good physician's days passed onward, filled with high reputation; and devoted to constant usefulness in his profession; till, in his seventy-sixth year, he fell ill and died. Submission to the will of God and fearlessness of death were among the expressions last on his lips."

"Thus he lived in high reputation, till in his seventy-sixth year he was seized with a colick, which after having tortured him about a week, put an end to his life, at Norwich, on his birth-day, October 19, 1682. Some of his last words were expressions of submission to the will of God, and fearlessness of death."

Two, at least, of these statements, copied by Mr. Fields from Dr. Johnson, are incorrect. Sir Thomas Browne, according to the pedigree, had eleven children; and we do not believe that any Italian translation of the *Religio Medici* is in existence. We have not succeeded in finding such an edition, though several bibliographers vaguely mention it; but it is safe to presume that the incurious Mr. Fields has not condescended to search it out.

But it is not alone in these respects that "the present editor," as he styles himself, has testified his homage for the authority of Dr. Johnson. In making extracts from Whitefoot's account of Sir Thomas, he quotes the same passages that are quoted in Johnson's Life—omitting, as Johnson did, paragraphs one, two, three, four, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen: and this he does, after expressing regret "that Mr. Whitefoot did not carry out his intention of writing an extended memoir of his well-known companion." If the "Minutes"

of the Rev. Mr. Whitefoot are so precious to the esteem of Mr. Fields, why has he not improved the opportunity to reprint

them all? Can it be possible, that he has never seen Mr. Whitefoot's entire sketch?

In one respect, however, Mr. Fields is original. He blunders according to a fashion of his own. Unlike the rolling Coryphæus of Bolt Court, he has no scruples as to tampering with anybody's text. In the fifteen paragraphs extracted from Whitefoot, he makes sixteen errors; and he omits, without mention, an important part of a sentence at the end of the twenty-first paragraph—which, in his arrangement, is the thirteenth.

Following the quotations from Whitefoot, comes, by way of novelty, a quotation from Johnson, embodying a eulogistic opinion as to Sir Thomas. The memoir is then concluded with a few ingenuous statements, by Mr. Fields, in reference to his method of "arranging this edition." These statements merit special consideration:

"The notes and readings adopted by other editors of Sir Thomas Browne's writings, have," says Mr. Fields, "been largely consulted." This is, indeed, good. To how great an extent they have been "con-

ing which is not expressly written in the Scripture. In neither the Old nor the New Testament do we find it said that women are of the human race; but we do find maledictions upon those who shall add any thing to the Word of God. If it is said that they are comprised under the name *mak*, can they then be called beings similar to men? No; for the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, have not called them expressly human creatures, although they were not ignorant that they could be called so implicitly. In Genesis it is said, "Let us make a helpmate for man, who shall be like him." From this it is argued to be clear that the first woman was created like the first man. But this specious argument is false, for God said, Let us make him a helpmate *femile sibi*, that is useful for him, not *femile illi*, or similar to him. This helpmate was given him to beget other men, so that he should not be alone. It follows, therefore, that Eve was not of the human race, since she was not created to remedy the loneliness of Adam, but only that by her he might engender companions to enliven his solitude. Eve herself acknowledges this, because when Cain was born she cried, "I have made a man according to the will of God." The Hebrew word is *kanath*; the Vulgate has *posseidi hominem per Deum*. Because she was made only to produce men, some doctors think she had male twins at first. The word *femile* is synonymous in Hebrew and Latin with *conveniens*; and Eve was intended as an instrument for Adam, so that the Hebrew word should be translated by *adjutorium*. Luther, and Castilio, a famous Hebrew scholar, translate it thus; the Arabic version agrees with this, and so do others.

Further, God foreknew that he would create both Adam and Eve: if he had intended Eve to be of the human race, he would not have said in the singular, Let us

make a human being; but, Let us make human beings. If it is asked whether a creature created in God's own image is not of the human race, we answer, Yes. But the woman was not made in God's image. St. Paul says positively, "*Man is the image and glory of God, but woman is the glory of man.*" St. Paul, therefore, refusing her the honor of being the image of God, she is not of the human race. In allowing that woman is like man, and is made in his image, does it therefore follow that she is of the human race? No. For should we conclude that because man was made in the image of God, therefore he is God? If Eve was of the same race as Adam, it would follow that two persons had sinned in Paradise; but the apostle says expressly that sin entered into the world by a *single man*. If it is said he meant to designate Eve, who was the first to sin, this is giving a new meaning to what he says. Two passages may be quoted against this theory. In Genesis it is said, "*God created them male and female*;" and elsewhere, "*These two persons shall be one flesh*." From the first of these passages, it is evident that God created them male and female; but does it follow that he made both of them of the human race? The other passage supports this theory; for they shall both become *one flesh*: that is to say, that the male and female shall be a single man, or a single being of the human species. It is no more difficult to believe that two persons in marriage make a single man, than that three persons in the Trinity make a single God. To the woman of Canaan who asked Christ to cast the devil from her daughter, Jesus made no answer. His silence could mean nothing, except that he had nothing to do with women, nor they with him. To his disciples who interceded for her, he said,

"I am not sent for her, but for the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Nor did he say this because she was a Canaanite; for men of that nation came to him, and he received them well. He said, further, that it was not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs. From this speech, women may see what Christ thought of their sex.

But if it is objected that Christ said afterwards to her, "Thy faith hath saved thee," we answer, he did not say that, but, *Be it as you wish*; or, as elsewhere reported, *Go on account of that saying*; that is to say, on account of her avowal that she was a dog. But with the women to whom he said, *Thy faith hath saved thee*, he did not accord more than they asked, that is, a cure of their physical diseases. For this reason, St. Luke has it, *has preserved thee*; and Matthew adds, *She was cured at the self-same hour*. It is evident, therefore, that it was only a cure for disease, and not the salvation of their souls, that he accorded them.

If it is objected that faith belongs only to a reasonable creature of the human species, we answer that the Scripture says, *The devils believe and tremble*; the devils have, therefore, faith.

There are two kinds of faith: the faith which justifies the soul, and of which the apostle says, there is only a single faith; and a purely historic faith, such as women and devils may have. The apostle says decidedly that woman is not saved by faith, but by the generation of men. If only human creatures had faith, then male infants would have it, which is absurd. The saying, "Thy faith hath saved thee," refers to the faith they had in his ability to cure; just as often an efficacious faith is had in a certain doctor or a certain drug.

But if it is said that the Messiah was sent for the posterity of Adam, it cannot be proved that women are the posterity of

Adam. The Old and New Testaments show clearly that the posterity of Adam were only men; and that among the Jews, women had no rights of birth, and were never counted as sustainers of the family.

If it is argued that women are human creatures, since we see in the New Testament that their sins were forgiven them, we answer, that the single case which may be cited does not settle the question; while, on the other hand, the command in the garden of Eden was given to man before the creation of woman, and was not even repeated to her—so that, after the fall, God called and rebuked Adam only for its violation. It is also written that we have all sinned in the person of Adam; and therefore, in the ancient law, only males were circumcised, since the original sin had to be removed only in the sex which had contracted it.

Therefore, the sins of women are like the faults committed by animals. If it is asked whether the sins of Magdalen, who was possessed by seven devils, were of this nature, we answer, that devils entered also into the swine, who had committed no sin. The apostle supports this when he says, "Sin entered the world by a single man;" nor is there a single case in Scripture of a woman damned.

Eve was wrong in saying to the serpent, "We must not eat, lest we should die;" for, if she was certain, why did she express it doubtfully? The result, too, shows that she did not die, nor were her eyes opened until Adam had eaten. Punishment was inflicted upon her as it was upon the serpent.

We do not see in Scripture that women ever received the sacrament. They have been baptized, but so have churches, bells, etc.; while Christ says distinctly, "*He* who believes and is baptized shall be saved." The pronoun *he* in Greek and Latin never refers to women.

Besides, baptism took the place of the rite of circumcision, and is therefore inapplicable to women.

Christ at his resurrection appeared to women first—most probably because, knowing them to be great talkers, he wished the fact of his resurrection to be known; but that small faith was put in their testimony, we see from the fact that the apostles were loath to believe it; and it is not much in woman's favor that one of them mistook him for a gardener, and that he forbade her to touch him.

If the fact of speech is brought forward in favor of women, we reply that Balaam's ass spoke; birds, too, do so every day; and that the talk of women is analogous, is shown by the fact that the apostle forbids their speaking in church, and the laws forbid their being either judges, magistrates, advocates, or lawyers.

Even granting that women have souls, it does not prove them to be of the human race; since both angels and devils, who are not of our race, have souls.

Thus, it is plainly demonstrated from Scripture that women are not of the human race; but the author ends with a hope that women will excuse his pleasantries, and not deny him their good graces if he has tried to show how the Scriptures can be used sophistically for the support of any ridiculous opinion.

NOTICE OF A

Turkish History of America.

THE following account of this singular book is translated from *De la Littérature des Turcs, par l'Abbé Toderini*; traduite de l'Italien en François, par l'Abbé de Cournaud. Paris, 1789. (3 vols. 8vo.)

The Abate Toderini resided at Constantinople, in the family of the Venetian ambassador (to whose son he was preceptor),

from 1781 to 1786, and availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded to him, to make extensive researches into the literature of the Turks.

"*Tarichi indi, garbi.* HISTORY OF THE WEST INDIES, OR AMERICA, IN TURKISH; ninety-one double pages, with four maps, one of which is astronomical, according to the system of Ptolemy, under which is this inscription, '*Made by the poor Ibrahim,*' with thirteen other plates of plants, men, and animals. The book is a small quarto, printed by Ibrahim Effendi, at Constantinople, in the year of the Hejira 1142.

"As the book has no author's name, some persons have believed that it was by *Kiatib Celebi*, or *Hagi Calfah*; but, besides being full of extravagant fables, which are far removed from the genius of this great writer, the life which Ibrahim Effendi has written of him, and in which he mentions the books that this scholar has composed or translated, says nothing of the *History of America*. And further, *Hagi Calfah*, speaking of this book in his library, expresses himself thus, at the word *Tarichi indi, gedi di garbi*: '*The History of the New West Indies*, so called by some moderns, is a translation from the French, and perhaps even from the Latin, to which have been added certain things taken from the book *Scerheut Tefchiere*, or *Commentary upon Memoirs*. It speaks of the New World, and tells its peculiarities; it relates how it was discovered by the moderns, the ancients having had no knowledge of it, owing to their inability to penetrate so far.' Thus *Hagi Calfah* expresses himself. He would not have failed to tell us that this work was his, as he does in speaking of other books, which he composed, made extracts from, or translated.

"At the commencement of the book is a discussion concerning some opinions of ancient geographers, the voyages and expeditions of the Spaniards into America; and

the author scatters through the entire work curious details concerning the animals and plants, but these details favor of romance. Among the plants, one of the first which is represented in the engravings is the large plant called *vac vac*, which is made to originate fabulously in an island of America, from the tree itself *vac vac*, which, he says, was the name of the plant. The fruit has naturally the shape of women hanging from the branches; when they are ripe, they fall to the ground, and, opening their mouths, cry, '*Vac vac!*' The inhabitants of this island run with transports of joy towards these *women-fruit*; but at the end of two days they fall to dust.

"A story of this kind, fit to be told by old grandmothers to children in the winter evenings, has taken such hold of the Turks, that in a *doualmâ* (where are the *fêtes* and public rejoicings) it was represented as we have it in the book. They planted a tree of ordinary size, with women made of painted pasteboard, which hung from the tree, and afterwards, detaching by some ingenious mechanism, fell, crying '*Vac vac!*'

"It is difficult to find the book complete and in good condition. After having had several copies, the plates of which were injured or wanting, I finally obtained a perfect one. D'Herbelot, at the word *Tarikh hend*, states that there is in Arabic and in Turkish a modern history (which has been translated from the Europeans), containing an account of the discovery of America, which the Orientals call the New World."

Guillelmi Saldeni De Libris,

VARIOQUE EORUM USU ET ABUSU LIBRI DUO, CUM INDICIUS NECESSARIIS. AMSTELODAMI, ex Officina Henrici et Viduæ Theodori Boom. 1688. (Sm. 8vo.)

THIS interesting little treatise *On the Use and Abuse of Books*, written by William Salden, of Utrecht, is characterized in

the following succinct manner by Struvius, in his *Introductio in Notitiam Rei Litterariæ et usum Bibliothecarum* (p. 695): "Elegantissimus liber est, quo scribendi pruritum tangit, prudentiam, soliditatem, breviter et perspicuitatem in scribendis libris commendat, justum legendorum librorum modum proponit diversa in scribendo vitia examinat, singulaque exemplis probe illustrat."

According to Jöcher, Salden first published this curious treatise under the pseudonyme *Christianus Liberius*, with this title: *Φιλοβιβλλον, sive de libris scribendis et legendis*, etc. (Ultrajecti, 1681, 12mo), and he adds that the plagiarist Jac. Thomæ copied the first book in his *Dissertatio de Plagio Litterario*.

The work is divided into Two Parts, and the First Part is subdivided into nine chapters. CHAPTER I. treats of the lovers of books, of certain persons who have written a great deal, and of a select class of individuals who have rendered themselves famous by their writings. The author then proceeds to describe the manner in which the ancients composed books, and the matter and form of the books themselves; he next shows that every age has produced some learned women, and that literary pursuits, under proper regulations, have contributed to the improvement and elevation of the female mind.

CHAPTER II. is devoted to a very interesting subject—the multitude of books—with a list of the most celebrated libraries, observations on the art of printing, etc. The author discusses the question how far the immense number of books distracts the mind. He then lays down rules to enable the reader to judge of ill-written books, such as those that are written in haste rather *pro fame* than *pro fama*. The style of a book, he says, ought to be modest and simple, sometimes elevated, according to the subject treated. In CHAPTER III. he shows

that order is the soul of a book, and that unmethodical writers are always extremely confused in the ideas which they advance. In CHAPTER IV. he discusses the solidity of a work, and in what it consists. CHAPTER V. treats of perspicuity, and CHAPTER VI. of brevity, and of the difference between plagiarists and those who make a judicious use of their erudition. CHAPTER VII. is devoted to reading in general, the immense importance of which he points out to those of the learned professions. CHAPTER VIII. treats of the choice of books, and the manner of reading the best writers to advantage. CHAPTER IX. contains an account of several celebrated libraries, and of different princes who have patronized science.

The Second Part is divided into five chapters: I. Of the indifference which many persons have shown for books, and its principal causes—idleness and avarice. II. Of the love of novelty, which insensibly supercedes all affection for works of antiquity. III. Of pride, and the foolish vanity of the learned who affect to despise and revile the merit of each other. IV. Of envy, that rankles in the breasts of the learned. V. Salden, in the last chapter, gives a list of those writers who have fallen a sacrifice to envy and malice.

(See Jöcher's *Allgemeines Gelehrten Lexicon* (Leipzig, 1751, 4to, vol. iv. pp. 49, 50). B. G. Struvius, *Introductio in Notitiam Rei Litterariæ et usum Bibliothecarum*, etc. (Francofurti et Lipsiæ, 1729, 8vo, p. 695). Delvenne, *Biographie des Pays-Bas, Ancienne et Moderne* (Mons, 1829, 8vo, tome ii. p. 367). [Cailleau], *Dictionnaire Bibliographique*, etc. (Paris, 1790, tome iii. pp. 481-484). Peignot, *Dictionnaire de Bibliologie* (Paris, 1802, 8vo, tome ii. p. 401). *The Polyanthea* (London, 1804, 8vo, vol. i. p. 201).

The Paradise

WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL MEN,
WITHOUT LABOR, BY POWERS OF
NATURE AND MACHINERY. AN AD-
DRESS TO ALL INTELLIGENT MEN,
By J. A. ETZLER.

*Toil and poverty will be no more among men;
Nature affords infinite powers and wealth;
Let us but observe and reason.
The wise man examines before he judges;
The fool judges before he examines.*

LONDON: JOHN BROOKS, 1836.

[12mo, pp. 216.]

THIS English edition is a reprint from the original, which appears, from the English publisher's address, to have been printed at Pittsburg, in 1833. The volume ends with copies of two addresses—

"To the Honorable the Senate and the Honorable the House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled;"

and

"To his Excellency, Andrew Jackson, President of the United States;"—

both of which are dated *Pittsburg, February 21, 1833.*

These addresses were each accompanied with a copy of the work, and petitioned for assistance in the development of the author's schemes.

The forces which Mr. Etzler proposes to use in order to abolish the necessity of manual labor, are, three: *wind, the tides, or the ocean*, and the *heat of the sun*; the first to be applied by a combination, as it were, of windmills; the second by means of large floating masses, which should rise and fall with the tide; and the third by a series of mirrors which should reflect the light and heat of the sun to a focus. By these means, immense elevated reservoirs should be filled with water, and serve for storehouses, as it were, of the power needed

to perform every operation necessary to supply the entire population with all the luxuries of civilization.

The adaptations of machinery by which all the necessary operations were to be performed, had been invented by Mr. Etzler, but were kept as his secret, to be disclosed when the opportunity was offered him for practically testing their applicability.

By the use of *wind* alone, he calculates that he will get a power "eighty thousand times greater than all men on earth could effect by the united exertions of their nerves!" By employing his series of mirrors, he gets not only greater degrees of heat than are now possible, but suggests an ingenious modification of the steam-engine, in which, by the great heat of his mirrors, small quantities of water should be instantly converted into steam, and thus great power be obtained at no expense of fuel, and with no danger of explosion.

Mr. Etzler proposed to raise a company for the purpose of carrying his schemes into operation; and also promises to tell us if he received any attention or aid from the government.

His schemes were vast, perhaps too much so for success; they were certainly too much so to induce many "prudent capitalists" to invest in them. Balzac, in his *Z. Marcas*, speaks of the class of men who are habitually prevented from realizing enormously profitable schemes by the paltry want of a five-franc piece. Perhaps our author belongs to that class; but no one who reads thoughtfully a page printed by a steam-power press should lightly doubt of any theory for a new mechanical adaptation of air, as yet, unused power.

Although naturally interested in the history of those men who fought by their lives to "leave this old world better than they found it," I have never before heard of Mr. Etzler or his book. Thinking that perhaps through the circle of readers of *The Phil-*

lobiblion I might find what I want, I have taken the liberty of describing this little volume, which certainly is "curious and rare," although it is not "ancient;" and asking if any one can give me any further information concerning Mr. Etzler's life or labors.

H.

Alphabet de l'Imperfection et Malice des Femmes.

DE MIL HOMMES J'EN Y A TREUVE UN | BON, ET DE TOUTES LES FEMMES PAS | JUNE. ECCL. 7. | Revue, corrigé et augmenté d'un friant Deffert, et de plusieurs Histoires en cette cinquième Edition, pour les Courtizans et partisans de la Femme Mondaine. Par JACQUES OLIVIER, *Licentier aux Loix, et en Droit Canon*. Dedié à la plus mauvaïse du Monde. A Lyon, chez JEAN GOY, en rue Noire, touchant la gueule du Lyon. M.DC.LXV. [12mo, pp. viii. 326.]

THIS little book is the culmination of the slanders against the sex, which began in the speech of the original father of the human race, "The woman whom thou gavest me, tempted me"—a saying which has been continued ever since, in the same spirit, by those who resemble their great progenitor in temper and character.

The first edition was printed in 1617, and occasioned a violent controversy, which has lasted even down to our own time.

The work opens with an *Epître Dedicatoire, à la plus mauvaïse du monde*, extracts from which will give the best idea of the spirit of the book:

"FEMME: Si ton esprit altier & volage pouvoit cognoistre le fort de ta misère & la vanité de ta condition, tu fuïrois la lumière du Soleil, chercherois les ténébres, entrerois dans les grottes & cavernes, maudirois ta fortune, regretterois ta naissance, & aurois horreur de toy-mesme: mais l'aveuglement extreme, qui t'oste ceste cognoissance, fait que tu demeures dans le monde, la plus imparfaicte créature de l'univers, l'escume de nature, le seminaire de malheurs, la source de querelles, le jouet des insensés, le fleau de sagesse, le tison d'Enfer, l'al-

lumette du vice, la sentine d'ordures, un monstre en nature, un mal nécessaire, une chimère multi-forme, un plaisir dommageable, l'hameçon du Diable, l'ennemi des Anges, & le momon de la Divinité."

Then follows a diatribe against their luxury, inventions, and artifices in drest, which *ne sont point ouvrages de Dieu : mais du Diable*. They are then compared to spiders, which spread webs to catch flies, since they spend a whole morning in adorning themselves *pour prendre & surprendre des hommes lâches & effemine*. The ancients and the Scriptures have painted them as they are. The learned Abulensis, writing *sur la Chronique d'Eusebe*, says that the ancients, wishing to show the whole of woman's imperfections, represented her as a harpie—

"portant visage de belles filles, un ventre puant & pourry, des mains crochues, infectant toutes choses par leurs attouchemens, deschirant les viandes des banquetans, des tetasses pendillantes, pleines de lait mortifere, succées par des chattons, vestue de plumes, paille de fain, avec des pieds de poules."

This picture, the author thinks, cannot be improved, and yet he occupies some pages in expatiating upon its appropriateness and explaining its various features. The following extract will show the style in which he does this :

"Les chattons suçans le lait mortifere de tes tetasses font entendre, que les effeminez chassant au parterre de tes mondanitez, la proie de leurs voluptez ; suçent en goustant la douceur, un lait empoisonné, si amer & si degoutant, que le repentir funeste t'ensuit fort promptement. . . . Car la volupté étant esteinte, le perçant aiguillon de repentance commence a poindre, & a faire son operation, a ce que dict Aristote : Omne animal post coitum tristatur, Exceptant seulement la femme & la jument. L'attouchement de ces Harpies ternissant toutes choses, donne a cognoître ta turpitude en tes menstres, qui non seulement ternissent les miroirs, & tournent les vins en cave.* Mais

* This should read *cuve*, the reservoir in which the wine is made, and left for its first fermentation. This tradition is in full force to this day

aussi touchant les plantes ; les bleds, concombres, melons & herbes, elles empêchent par leur attouchement l'avancement & la perfection de leurs fruits."

The Apocalypse and St. Paul are quoted as having given no good character to women, but the author claims for his Alphabet that it will be a—

"pedagogue pour redresser ton ignorance, maitre pour enseigner ta propre cognoissance, miroir pour voir tes impertinences, phare pour venir a bon port d'un saint amendement, guide pour te conduire en la voye de salut seurment, quadran pour regler les heures de tes passions, lumiere pour esclairer ton entendement, heraut pour crier contre tes vices a tout moment, ambassade pour t'annoncer les brigantins de ton honneur & de ton contentement, mors & camords pour reserrer tes folles affections, marteau pour briser & fracasser tes pernicious dessein, & tonnerre enfin, pour ébranler, effrayer & ecraser la pierre de ton endurcissement."

This *Epître*, which reads like that of a man who tried to revenge upon the entire sex some personal injury, for the receipt of which he felt he was not wholly blameless, ends with an assurance that nothing made him write this Alphabet, but—

"la honté que J'avois, & la peine que Je souffrois a cacher & couvrir la turpitude de tes infamies, & la difformité de tes actions, pour sauver l'honneur & le respect que Je porte aux sages & vertueuses de ton sexe, que Je prie Dieu de tenir," etc.

After a short address *au lecteur*, commences upon page 21 the Alphabet, such as it was printed in *The Philobiblion* for October, 1862, with the addition of two letters there omitted, viz. : *Xanxia Xerxis, Yurognesse eshoutée*.

Under each one of these heads comes a chapter of commentary, filled with references to the Bible, the Fathers, the Classics, and stories gathered from ancient and modern history, to illustrate the headings. There

in the wine-growing portions of France. I have never seen it in print, in any authority, but it is affirmed by the people.

is a good deal of reading, a good deal of ingenuity, and a good deal of ignorance, displayed in the book. An attempt to quote from it would be hopeless. It is like many works of its class to be found in the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It ends thus:

"Il est certain que Dieu les a créés pour l'ornement de l'humaine espèce, pour soulager notre humanité, pour adoucir les misères de la vie humaine, pour le contentement des hommes, & pour aider à peupler le Paradis, auquel nous conduise le Père, le Fils, & le Saint Esprit. Ainsi soit-il."

After an address *au critique censeur*, follows the *Reffentiment de la Malice des Femmes*, a piece in verse, occupying twelve pages. Then comes an *Advis de l'Auteur aux Vertueuses Femmes*, which seems to be devoid of the author's peculiar merit, as it is not in his scolding vein. The volume concludes with the *Pourtraict racourcy d'une Femme Mondaine pour le friant Dessert de ces Courtisans & Partisanes*.

This piece opens with an address *au lecteur*, in which the author attacks Vigoureux and the Chevalier de L'Escale, and their works, and returns to the subject of his work thus:

"Et afin de m'y mieux comporter, j'ay voulu suivre l'invention du docteur Des Portes, qui se va servant en son livre de certains epithetes qu'un Philosophe a rencontré autres fois, sur la description d'une femme mondaine, qui est proprement cette harpie que j'ai figurée en la taille douce de mon Alphabet. Voicy ses mesmes termes sans changer une seule syllabe. Mulier est Deus in Ecclesia, Angelus in via, Dæmon in domo, Bubo in fenestra, Pica in porta, Capra in horto, Factor in lecto."

The piece consists of a series of chapters, which are devoted, *seriatim*, to the explanation why—

"une Femme Mondaine" is well called "un Dieu dans l'Eglise, un Ange dans les rues, un Diable en la maison, un Hibou aux fenestres, une Pie a la porte, une Chevre dans un jardin, & dans le lit une puanteur intolérable."

These explanations are of a congenial character with the text of the *Alphabet*, and would undoubtedly be found amusing by some persons. That the work was found entertaining in its day, is proved by the fact of its numerous editions, this one being the fifth, and by the fact that it is very rare to find copies in good condition, they all being thumbbed and worn out by their diligent readers. As an evidence of the correctness of opinion upon such subjects among the bibliophiles of Paris, that centre of refined civilization, it may be said that the *Alphabet de la Perfection et de l'Excellence des Femmes, contre l'Infame Alphabet de leur Imperfection et Malice*, sold for twelve francs in Méon's sale; while a copy of Olivier's first edition, in the same collection, sold for only eleven.

Miscellaneous Items.

Concerning the Existence of Nobody.

To the Editor of THE PHILOBIBLION:

IN your number for November, 1862, I see you have an article upon Nobody. Though perhaps it may not interest anybody, I take the liberty of asking whether Nobody was ever anybody. It is true that the *Dictionnaire Historique* gives the account of him which you quote; but as everybody knows that it is difficult to get at the truth concerning the life of anybody, and as it is doubtful whether a work can justly be called a reliable Biographical Dictionary which gives the life of Nobody, I beg leave to doubt whether Nobody ever existed. Besides, there are other proofs, as follows: In the *Catalogue des livres rares et précieux de la bibliothèque de M. le Comte H. de Ch***, the sale of which commenced January 26, 1863, I found under No. 457 the following:

"*La Messe de Gnide, ouvrage posthume*

de C. Nobody (Labaume, suivi de fragments des Vêpres de Gnide, par le même, et de la Veillée de Venus). Genève, 1797. 24mo."

As it is true that catalogues are most valuable repositories of bibliographical hints, and as this one of costly books was made by M. Potier, one of the most competent libraires of Paris, I thought this offered a chance to ascertain if Nobody was really anybody.

Turning, therefore, to the same *Dictionnaire Historique*—which is really an excellent work, though it mentions Nobody as an author—under the name Labaume, I am referred as follows: Achards, Baume, Griffet.

Under the first name I find Eleazar, Fr. Achards de la Baume, who died in 1741.

Under the name Baume I find Fr. Antoine Melchior de la Baume, a deputy to the States-General in 1789, who died in 1794, and in whom the family ended.

Under the name Griffet I find Antoine Gilbert Griffet de la Baume, who died in 1805, and who translated *Evelina*, Sterne's *Sermons*, *The Children of the Abbey*, the first two volumes of the *Asiatic Researches*, and many other English and German books, and who also wrote a comedy in verse called *Galatée*. His brother, Charles Griffet de la Baume, who died in 1800, was also a literary man.

Here we have three persons who may, any one of them, be Nobody, although not one of them perhaps ever expected to assume that character before posterity. The *Nouvelle Biographie Générale* ascribes the piece to Antoine Gilbert Griffet de la Baume, and thus rescues the other two pretenders from being nobodies.

The mystery, however, which always hangs about the works of Nobody, is still visible here. You will notice that the name is spelt *Beaume* and *Baume*. Still, it is evident that Nobody is somebody.

But for the book itself, which I examined at the auction-room. It contained the same account of C. Nobody, the reputed author; and doubtless it was from this account, which seems to show on its face that it was intended as a piece of facetious deception, that the story of Nobody's life crept into the *Dictionnaire Historique*. The work itself is such as only Nobody would want to claim; it is *facetious*, and that is enough. Still, its small merit did not prevent its selling for over twenty-three francs, a price which I thought too high, although nobody at the sale seemed astonished at it. In justice, however, to the somebody who paid so much, I should add that the copy came from the library of Pixérécourt.

PARIS, January, 1863.

Description Historique et Bibliographique

DE LA COLLECTION DE FEU M. LE COMTE H. DE LA BEDOYERE, SUR LA REVOLUTION FRANCAISE, L'EMPIRE, ET LA RESTAURATION. Paris, chez France, Libraire Quai Voltaire, 9, 1862. [8vo, pp. 687.]

THIS catalogue embraces only a portion of the library of the Count de la Bedoyere—that portion relating to the French Revolution. The rest of his books were sold at auction in Paris—the first part in 1861, and the second in 1862. The first of these catalogues is distinguished for the fine condition of the books it contains; in the second, which seems to have been made up of those rejected from the first, they are almost all *broché*, or unbound. It was of this collector that it was said his library was always locked with a triple lock, of which he had lost the key.

This portion of the Count's library is offered for private sale; the price asked is 160,000 francs (\$32,000). It has been hoped that the *Bibliothèque Impériale* would buy the entire collection, and thus

prevent its loss to France. But the directors of that institution do not seem to be inclined to do so, for the following reason: The *Bibliothèque Impériale* has already many duplicates of the pieces in this collection; and if they should buy the collection, and sell their duplicates, the money thus received would pass from their hands into those of the state.

Matters have therefore remained in this condition during the last two years, since the death of the Count de la Bedoyere. The publication of the catalogue, so long promised, affords an opportunity to estimate the value of the collection.

To make a similar collection would be impossible. The Count commenced to make this fifty years ago, and, with an abundant fortune, enjoyed chances which will never occur again. The publications of the times of the Revolution, being almost entirely of an ephemeral character, are of course exceedingly rare, and are becoming more and more so every day. The Count met also with some "happy chances," of which he took advantage. An advocate of the court of Paris, M. Deschiens, who lived during the Revolution itself, formed his collection during those times, and thus obtained desirable copies. It was from his own collection that M. Deschiens obtained the material for his *Bibliographie des Journaux* (Paris, 1829, 8vo, pp. 680). At M. Deschiens's death, his collection was bought entire by the Count de la Bedoyere. This accession to his stock, together with others, less notable, and the constant additions made by purchase (for, being known as a collector, and a generous one, who followed Selden's rule of paying booksellers their prices, he met the reward which Selden promised, of having things offered to him that he would never otherwise have seen), have made his collection reach its enormous proportions. This catalogue contains notices of more than a hundred thousand

articles; among them nearly *six thousand* pamphlets, posters, and placards; nearly *four thousand* volumes of history, memoirs, almanacs, song-books, etc.; *two thousand* newspapers of the period; more than *four thousand* portraits and caricatures; with a quantity of autograph letters, etc., etc. Almost every man and every event of importance during the Revolution is here represented. It is an unexplored mine the value of which cannot be estimated; for the Count himself was rather a collector than a student, and, as we have seen, was as disinclined to allow others to make use of his materials as he was to use them himself; while the present catalogue is hardly more than an inventory—its editor, M. France, seeming to consider it only a happy chance for him to express his personal sympathies with the Bourbons, and his hatred of the entire Revolution. It is a pity that the preparation of the catalogue had not been given to some competent bibliographer who would have appreciated the opportunity it afforded for making an historical study of permanent value. If this collection is not retained in France, let us hope that perhaps it may be secured for America, either for the Congressional Library or for some one of our public institutions.

Satirical Poem on Booksellers.

[From *Pecunie Obediunt Omnia: Money Masters all Things; or Satyricall Poems shewing the Power and Influence of Money over all Men of what Profession or Trade shewer they be*, 8vo. Printed and Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster, 1698.]

THE bookseller, for ready cash will sell
For as much profit as other traders will;
But then you must take special care and look,
You no new title have to an old booke,
For they new title-pages often paste
Unto a booke, which purposely is placed,
Setting it forth to be th' Second Edition,
Or Third, or Fourth, with mendments and addition.

But when you come for to peruse and look,
You will not find one word in all the book,
Put either in or out, no, nor amended,
For that's a thing which never was intended
By th' author; but when a book begins to fail
This is their trick to quicken up the sale.
From all the old books they have, they then with
speed

And if a New Edition comes indeed,
The title-pages oft pluck out and tear,
And new ones in their places fixed are,
Then have the confidence to put to sale,
Such bookes for new, they know are old and stale;
And the buyer thus, if he does not descry,
Will have a cheat put on him purposely.
And when an author's book doth bravely sell,
And some deceased authors' works do well,
These traders then to gain a book a fame,
Will set it forth under such author's name;
Prefixing an epistle to such tract,
Declaring to the reader, matter of fact,
How and by whom, the fame was brought to light,
And who hath had the view thereof, and sight;
How worthy the same book is of the press;
And reasons why it's published in such dress,
With bantering stuff to make the copy sell,
Which fallacies they think, do wondrous well.
Such Bibliopollists are much to blame,
When a good author's dead, to abuse his name;
These tricks they play, and act without controul,
For money they'll apportion their soul.
If you vendible books cull out, by such
You may suppose you cannot then lose much;
But you're deceived, for if you come to try
And put them off, you'll find them very vile,
And nice; they'll say, tho' at first coming forth,
Such books sold well, yet now they're little
worth;

So money to disburse they have no mind,
Cause when to get it in they do not find:
But after much ado, you may contrive
For twenty pounds laid out to get in five,
And this they'll give you merely for to show
What favour and respect they have for you.
If you'll exchange for other books, say they,
We can afford you then some better pay;
Ten pounds in truck they will pretend is given,
Whereas the bookes you get will not yeild seven:
If to be bookly given be your fate,
You'd need to have a plentiful estate,
For when the itch of buying books grows strong,
Then you a prey to th' Bookseller e'er long
Become; he'll send you bookes and trust so much
Until you fall in keeping touch:
Then for his money he will call amain,
And if two parts you pay, he gets good gain,

His books are so high priced; but all or none,
That is the only string he plays upon;
He'll take no books again in part, O curse!
He must have ready money in his purse;
And thus by him you shall be kept in awe,
By constant dunning, and threats of the law.
And if an author to the Bookseller bring
A copy for the press, altho' the thing
He knows will sell, yet he'll pretend and say,
Paper is dear, and trading does decay,
Money is scarce, and licensing is dear;
So if he buy the copy, he's in fear
To lose by the bargain; yet at length he'll come,
And condescend to give you some small sum,
In part of which, a parcel you must have
Of books, at his own price, and thus you starve
Yourself, beating your brains, and taking pains,
And this same greedy leech sucks up the gains;
He's so in love with money, that he'd starve
Author and Printer too: if he can serve
But his own ends, and all the profit get,
He does not care how meanly they do sit:
Money's the she he courts, the only Misk,
In her does centre all his happiness.

WIZERS, PILLS, STRENGTHS and COUNSELLS.

[From BAULWIN's *Treatise of Morrell Philosophie*.
London, 1610. 16mo.]

PLUTARCH.

BEFORE thou goe from home, deuise with thy
self what thou wilt doe abroad: and when thou
art come home againe, remember what thou hast
done abroad.

PHILOSTR.

Neyther flatter, nor hide thy wisdom before
strangers.

Be not proud in prosperitie, neither despayre in
aduersitie.

Learn by others meanes vices, how filthy thine
owne are.

Do not that thy selfe, which thou dispraisest
in another.

ARISTOTLE.

Couet not to waxe rich through deceit.

Looke what thanks thou renderest to thy Pa-
rents, and looke for the like againe of thy children.

Rule not except thou hast first learned to obey.

Yeeld unto reason. Flye euill company.

Slander not them that be dead.

Prepare thee such riches, as when the ship is broken, may swim and escape with their maister.

PLATO.

"Learne such things while thou art a childe, as may profit thee when thou art a man.

Endeavour thy selfe to do so well, that others may enuy thee therefore.

Spend not too outrageously, nor be too niggardish: so shalt thou neither be needy, nor in bondage to thy riches.

HERMES.

Be patient in tribulation, & giue no man cause to speake euill of thee.

Looke wel to the safeguard of thine owne body.

SENECA.

Know thy selfe, so shall no flatterer beguile thee.

Be vertuous and liberall, so shalt thou eyther stop the slanderers mouth, or else the eares of them that heare them.

XENO.

Meddle not with that wherewith thou hast nought to doe.

If thou hast well done, thanke God: if otherwise repent and aske him forgiveness.

Desire God at the beginning of thy works, that thou maist by his helpe bring them to a good conclusion.

Walke not in the way of hatred.

ARISTOTLE.

Doe not that thou wouldest, but what thou shouldest.

Praise not a man, except he be praise worthy.

If thou wilt correct any man, doe it rather with gentleness, then with violent extremities.

SOCRATES.

Use measure in all things.

When thou talkest with a stranger, be not too full of communication, till thou knowst whether he be better learned than thou, and if thou be not, speake thou the bolder, else be quiet and learne of him.

Giue thy wife no power over thee, for if thou suffer her to day to tread upon thy foot, she will to morrow tread upon thy head.

Fixe thy will to doe lustily, and see thou sweare not.

ARISTOTLE.

Haunt not too much thy friends house, for that engendreth no great loue: nor be too long from thence, for that ingendreth hate, but vse a meane in all things.

SOCRATES.

Trouble not thyselfe with worldly carefulnes, but resemble the Birds of the ayre, which in the morning seeke their foode but onely for that day.

Doubt them whom thou knowest, and trust not them whom thou knowest not.

Wander not by night, nor by darke.

PLATO.

Labour not to enforme him, that is without reason, for so shalt thou make him thine enimie.

Use not womens company, except necessitie compell thee.

Esteeme him as much that teacheth thee one word of wisdom, as if he gaue thee gold.

SENECA.

Sweare not for any manner of aduantage.

Affirme nothing before thou knowest how to finish it.

Be not hasty, angry, nor wrathfull, for they be the conditions of a foole.

Refraine from vice, for vertue is a precious garment.

Measure thy pathes, and goe the right way, so shalt thou goe safely.

Refraine from couetousnesse, and thine estate shall prosper.

Use Justice, and thou shalt be both beloved and feared.

If thou wilt dispraise him whom thou hatest, shew not that thou art his enimie.

HERMES.

Take heede to the meate that a ialous woman giueth thee.

Let neither thy beauty, thy youth, nor thy health deceiue thee.

Breake not the lawes that are made for the wealth of thy country.

Apply thy minde to vertue, and thou shalt be faued.

Praise nothing that is not commendable: nor dispraise any thing that is praise worthy.

PLATO.

Trouaile not much for that which will lightly perish.

Enfue the vertues of thy good ancestours.

Array thy selfe with iustice, and cloth thee with chastitie: so shalt thou be happy, and thy works prosper.

Enforce thy selfe to get wisedome and science, by which thou maist direct both thy Soule and body.

PITHAGORAS.

Endeavour thy selfe to keepe the law, that God may be pleased with thee.

Couet not thy friends riches, lest thou be despised therefore.

HERMES.

Reproue not a man in his wrath, for then thou maist not rule him.

Reioyce not at another mans misfortune, but take heed by him that the like chance not to thee.

Stablish thy wit both on thy right hand, and on thy left, and thou shalt be free.

SOCRATES.

Giue to the good, and he will requite it, but giue to the euill disposed and hee will aske more.

Be not slack to recompence them that haue done for thee.

Thinke first, then speake, and last fulfill.

Accustome not thy selfe to be sodainely moued, for it will turn to thy displeasure.

PITHAGORAS.

If thou intendest to doe any good, tarry not till to morrow, for thou knowst not what may chance thee this night.

ARISTOTLE.

If thou feelest thy selfe more true to thy king then many other, and hast also lesse wages of him then they, yet complain not, for thine will continue and so will not theirs.

DIOGENES.

If any man enuy thee, or say euill of thee, set not thereby, and thou shalt disappoint him of his purpose.

Forget not to giue thanks to them that instruct thee in learning, nor challenge to thy selfe the praise of other mens inuentions.

SOCRATES.

Loue all men, and be subiect to all lawes, but obey God more then men.

PLATO.

If thou wilt be counted valiant, let neither chance nor grieve overcome thee.

Giue good eare to the aged, for he can teach thee of thy life to come.

Flye lecherous lusts as thou wouldest a furious Lord.

Attempt not two things at once, for the one will hinder the other.

ARISTOTLE.

Let no couetous man haue any rule over thee, nor yeeld thy selfe subiect to couetousnesse: for the couetous man will defraud thee of thy goods, and couetousnesse will defraud thee of thy soule.

Receiue not the gifts that an euill disposed man doth proffer.

PLATO.

Be sober and chaste among yong folke, that they may learne of thee, and among old that thou wilt learne of them.

SENECA.

Order thy wife as thou wouldest thy kinsfolk.

PLATO.

Apply thy selfe so now in vertue, that in the time to come thou maist therefore be praised.

Thinke that the weakest of thine enemies is stronger then thou.

Messrs. PHILES & CO. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1819, edited by Sir EDGERTON BRYDGES. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of the art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows:

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each;

100 on large paper, at \$4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of old English poetry. The next volume in the series will be "*England's Wellcon.*"

March, 1863.]

The Philobiblion.

[Number, 15.]

Of the Duties and Qualifications of a Librarian.

(Translated from the *Bulletin Du Bouquiniste*.)

THE short discourse of which we here offer to our readers a translation, has never received a great degree of publicity. Delivered in Latin, before a grave meeting of learned doctors, it was designed, undoubtedly, for none but the friendly ears of the venerable assembly to which it was addressed. A learned printer—of a class sufficiently numerous in times past, and of which we are fain to believe, without, however, venturing to affirm, there may even yet be found a few, *rari nantes*—a printer to the King, Monsieur Pierres, divined the merit of the tract, and was unwilling that so elegant a composition should be wholly condemned to forgetfulness: and in this he manifested both good taste and discernment. He therefore obtained the author's permission to print a few copies of it, solely for the use of those who were friendly to bibliographical studies. The number of these privileged amateurs was quite limited, and we are nearly certain that there are hardly more than twenty-five copies existing of this original edition of the *Discours de l'Abbé Cotton des Houffayes*. It makes a small octavo pamphlet of eight pages,

printed with great care on beautiful fine paper. The copy before us, which we have used for this translation, was presented to the celebrated Abbé de Saint-Léger by the publisher, whose *envoi* and signature it bears.

The author of this little almost unknown *chef-d'œuvre*, is scarcely known himself, except to the literary profession; since he belonged to the race, almost wholly extinct at this day, of modest and laborious scholars who cultivate learning for its own sake, and find more pleasure in adorning and strengthening their minds in the silence of the cabinet, than satisfaction in taking the universe into confidence in their smallest labors or their most insignificant discoveries. The Abbé Cotton des Houffayes was born near Rouen, November 17, 1727, and died at Paris, August 20, 1783. The greater part of his life was passed at Rouen, in the employment of teaching; and he was uniformly distinguished as one of the most active and enlightened members of the Academy of the Palinods.* He came to reside at Paris and the Sorbonne about the year 1776.

* Some particulars of Cotton des Houffayes may be found in a curious pamphlet, published a few years since at Rouen, entitled, *Notice Historique sur l'Académie des Palinods*, par M.-A. G. Bellin. Rouen: Nicéas Périaux. 1834.

The Abbé Cotton des Houffayes conceived the project of a grand bibliographical work, which was to appear under the title, *Histoire Littéraire Universelle*, or *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, the plan of which may be found in the *Année Littéraire* for 1780, and in the *Journal des Savants* for 1781; but the project was never executed. The Abbé has left behind him only some eulogies and a few poetical pieces, which are contained in the printed collections of the Academy of Rouen.

The following discourse is perhaps the most finished of his works. It seems, in fact, scarcely possible to bring together more happily so many thoughts in so limited a space, and not less difficult to present them with greater precision and elegance. We have endeavored to make our translation worthy of so perfect an original.

G. DUPLESSIS.

DISCOURSE ON THE QUALIFICATIONS AND DUTIES OF A LIBRARIAN: delivered in the General Assembly of Sorbonne, Dec. 23, 1780, by J.-B. Cotton des Houffayes. Translated from the Latin into French by a Bibliophile.

To receive a public testimony of esteem from an assembly of illustrious personages, whose merit places them above eulogium, has always appeared to me the highest and most glorious of distinctions. In learning that your suffrages had designated me as the guardian of your library, I experienced some difficulty, I must confess, in subduing a slight feeling of presumption; but reflection soon gave me to understand, that what you desired by this circumstance to honor and reward in me was not successes, which my labors had not obtained, but some feeble efforts which you had deigned to appreciate.

When I reflect, indeed, on the qualifications that should be united in your librarian, they present themselves to my mind in so great a number, and in such a char-

acter of perfection, that I distrust my ability not only to enumerate, but also to trace a true picture of them; for it cannot be denied, gentlemen, that the Society of the Sorbonne, so justly celebrated in all Europe, or, more properly, throughout the world, for the depth no less than for the extent of its erudition, ought not, as it has hitherto done, to present to the learned world, in the person of its librarian, one of those privileged men, capable of proving himself, upon occasion, instructed to the same degree in profane as in sacred learning—equally familiar with the researches of the highest erudition, as with the productions of a more ephemeral and less elevated literature. Your librarian, gentlemen, is in some sort your official representative. To him is remitted the deposit of your glory. To him is intrusted, as a duty, the important mission of maintaining, and even of increasing, if that be possible, and as far as his ability will admit,—of increasing, I repeat, your brilliant reputation whenever a stranger, illustrious by birth or his scientific merit, or doubly illustrious, perhaps, by both of these titles, comes to the Sorbonne with a curious, a learned, or even with a jealous eye, to examine the precious theological and literary treasures of your library, and to draw from it wherewith to increase his own riches. Thus, therefore, your librarian should be, above all, a learned and profound theologian; but to this qualification, which I shall call fundamental, should be united vast literary acquisitions, an exact and precise knowledge of all the arts and sciences, great facility of expression, and, lastly, that exquisite politeness which conciliates the affection of his visitors while his merit secures their esteem.

A librarian truly worthy of the name should, if I may be permitted the expression, have explored in advance every region of the empire of letters, to enable him afterwards to serve as a faithful guide to all who

may desire to survey it. And though it is by no means my intention to give the preference above all other sciences to the science of bibliography, which is nothing more than an exact and critical acquaintance with the productions of the intellect, it will nevertheless be permitted me to consider this science as the forerunner of all the others;—as their guide, who is to light them with his torch.*—nearly as a devoted and dutiful son precedes his father, to secure and facilitate his progress by throwing light upon his path. Thus the superintendent of a library, whatever be its character, should be no stranger to any department of learning: sacred and profane literature, the fine arts, the exact sciences, all should be familiar to him. A diligent and indefatigable student, ardently devoted to letters, his sole and abiding aim should be to make sure their advancement. Especially should the superintendent of such a library as yours,—which is not, by right, designed for the public,—if he desires to increase the reputation of the illustrious society which he represents,—if he also desires to give proofs of its devotion to learning—receive all its visitors, whether scholars or the simply curious, with an assiduous attention so polite and kindly, that his reception shall appear to each one the effect of a distinction purely personal. He will never seek to steal away from the notice of all into some solitary or unknown retreat. Neither cold nor heat, nor his multiplied occupations, will ever be to him a pretext for evading the obligation he has contracted to be a friendly and intelligent guide to

* *Notitia librorum est dimidium studiorum, et maxima eruditionis pars exactam librorum habere cognitionem.* "An acquaintance with books abridges by one-half the path of knowledge; and he is already well advanced in learning who knows with exactness the works that contain it."—(Gasp. Thurmann, quoted by the Abbé Rive, *Prospectus d'un ouvrage publié par souscription*, page 59, notes.)

all the scholars who may visit him. Forgetting himself, on the contrary, and laying aside all occupations, he will lead them forward with a cheerful interest, taking pleasure in introducing them to his library; he will examine with them all its parts and divisions; every thing precious or rare that it may contain he will himself put before them. Should a particular book appear to be an object of simple desire to one of his guests, he will quickly seize the occasion, and obligingly place it at his service; he will even, moreover, have the delicate attention to lay open before him all the books relating to the same subject, in order to make his researches easier and more complete. When parting from the stranger whom he has just received, he will not fail to thank him for his visit, and to assure him that the institution will always feel honored by the presence of a man whose labors cannot but contribute to its renown. The custodian of a literary deposit should especially guard himself against that unfortunate disposition which would render him, like the dragon in the fable, jealous of the treasures intrusted to his keeping, and lead him to conceal from the inspection of the public riches which had been brought together solely with the view of being placed at its disposition. What, moreover, would be the object of these precious collections, gathered at so great expense by fortune or by science, if they were not consecrated, according to the intention of their generous founders, to the advancement, the glory, and the perfection of science and literature.

But that a library may fully attain the end of its foundation,—that it may be in reality useful, and useful with equal certainty and facility,—it should be administered by a librarian distinguished for soundness of judgment no less than for the readiness and accuracy of his memory. Men would love to find in him, not that vain

but minute circumstances, which it would be out of place to examine here. This is a nice question, which I have raised more than once in my *Traité de la Folie des Animaux* (Paris, 1839, 2 vols. 8vo), of which I have always felt the importance, and which I have promised myself to approach and exhaust some day. This I have finally done, after long studies."

Well, upon the perusal of this exordium, our readers feel sufficient interest to accompany us in our analysis of this most singular of singular books; they will hear things as wonderful as

"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones."

M. Gembloux divides his work in the manner indicated in his title. In his first division (*Historical*), he quotes the Bible as proof that animals had, and have, the gift of speech. The serpent was cursed because he abused his eloquence in seducing Eve. He must, therefore, have spoken a human language. We are told that the Lord did not disdain to make an agreement with wild as well as domesticated animals. In the Jewish law, animals were treated like men. The weighty authorities, Plato, Flavius Josephus, Saint Basil the Great, Silvain Bailly, and the traditional history of all people, as preserved in their fables, show that animals used to converse in a manner intelligible to men. At what epoch, then, did the difference of idioms become an insurmountable barrier of separation, not only between human families, but also between them and zoological families?

When did it please God to divide into mutually unintelligible tongues the primitive languages? When occurred the calamitous philological cataclysm which separated humanity into inimical hordes without fraternal relations, and in which men alone were involved—as though the Eternal had wished to console the animals who had perished in a previous cataclysm, from which men alone

had escaped, as is attested by the Bible and geology?

The Bible is silent upon this point, but M. Gembloux thinks it was probably at the date of the building of the Tower of Babel. "Thus," he continues, "I am not far from supposing that the primitive language, gradually perfected by man until the phonetic disaster of Babel, was intelligible for all beings endowed with intelligence and with vocal apparatus (in complete harmony of relation with the needs of this intelligence), up to the moment when God rendered the language of men so multifarious, that they were unable to understand each other. Since that day they have not ceased to dispute without agreeing, and the *beasts even* no longer comprehend each other." This primitive language, "which must have consisted at first of monosyllables, or at most of trisyllables," was daily modified by men; while "all the other links of the zoological chain (*anneaux de l'échelle zoologique*), remaining strangers to the great phonetic cataclysm, have preserved their primitive and simple idiom intact." This progress on the one hand, and conservatism on the other, are among the inevitable accidents "which successively multiply the insurmountable difficulties we meet to-day whenever we try to put ourselves in intellectual connection with animals by means of speech alone;" and here is one of the punishments for the original sin.

After an examination of what has been written upon this subject, the author continues: "The question of the language of beasts should, then, like so many others, occupy the attention of philosophers." He is cautious of confounding it with the question of the intelligence of beasts, though "it must be allowed that there is really between these two great and wonderful facts an inseparable connection, in the whole zoological chain; yet they would deceive themselves who should conclude that intelligence

Does not exist where the voice is never heard; and if, as is inevitable, Anatomy and Physiology are called upon to declare that thought is everywhere concomitant with the existence of cerebral organs, they show also inevitably that speech is the immediate and necessary product of vocal organs, and secondarily of acoustic organs."

The second part treats of his subject in its anatomical and physiological bearings. The author thinks "that, in general, all that constitutes, I will not say the physiology of the voice, but the physiology of language, remains to be known."

No one will deny that the male of the frog (*Rana esculenta*) has a certain vocal power, or that many animals can pronounce words. That they can do so only in a partial manner is nothing in the argument; for we find many human beings in the same condition; and perhaps in both cases "the absence of such or such a sound, or such or such an intonation, may be explained by the native weakness, or original inactivity, although imperceptible in its anatomical or physiological cause, of some material portion of the three phonetic tubes."

After showing that the mammiferæ, birds, etc., possess in reality vocal apparatus, anatomically and physiologically resembling, more or less perfectly, that of man, but constantly in connection with the extent of individual intelligence, the author ends this section of his work as follows:

"Can any one persuade himself, now, that wise and foreseeing Nature has endowed animals with the useless and derogatory luxury of a complete apparatus of phonation; while depriving them of the natural and necessary functions of this very apparatus? No, certainly; for Nature makes nothing absolutely useless, and as a general rule there is no organic apparatus without functions, and no functions without special organic apparatus; but the inevitable func-

tion, single and necessary, of the vocal apparatus being speech, all animals having a vocal apparatus are incontestably endowed with speech, for the existence of organs naturally involves that of their functions."

In the third part of his work, M. Gomboulx examines this natural language, which, according to Thomas Reid, consists—first, in modulations of the voice; second, in gestures; third, in the features and expression. As to the first of these modes of expression, this phonetic language of the passions or affections is naturally created in all animals who have a vocal apparatus in harmony with their moral needs; and this language is probably the same in men and animals. Animals, we see, use it; and men would probably do so, if they were entirely free from association; and independent simply upon instinct, which directs and produces these sounds. "For," says the author, "instinct is, if I may express myself thus, the speech of the organs, very different, I hope, from the speech of the thoughts. This is the whole mystery. In fact, the name which expresses it exactly is *splanchnic* instinct; and, under this head, M. Dujès-Belle perhaps the first who saw the truth. Thus the domain of instinct, in man as in the animals, extends to all the physical or material needs; but intelligence is the domain of thought. M. Dujès felt it perfectly when he said that *splanchnic* instinct showed itself in all its purity, in man as in all the mammiferæ and birds, by the noises or cries of appeal caused by hunger; and here is shown an indirect relation between the voice and the digestion."

This involuntary language all animals have; but they learn other sounds. The dog does not bark naturally, but has learned that noise from his intercourse with man; Columbus, on his second voyage to America, learned from the natives the use of the word *Traité de Physiologie Comparée de l'Homme et des Animaux*, Montpellier, 1838, 8vo.

ica, found that the dogs he had left there on his first voyage did not bark any more. At what period dogs first learned this sound is unknown, though they had the habit in the time of Pericles. This language of animals is made use of by hunters, who imitate the cry of the female, in order to attract the male. Birds are attracted by the same means; the hostler keeps his horse quiet by a peculiar noise; dogs are excited to fight by a sort of hissing; in these cases, men use a language known by animals. We would cite another instance, come to light too late to be quoted by our author. In his romance of *The Marble Faun*, Mr. Hawthorne makes one of his characters acquainted with the peculiar idioms of all the various birds. Our author speaks of a dog belonging to the director of the opera at Paris, which could sing a *morceau* from Mozart, and of another which could sing the gamut; and Leibnitz knew a dog which could say thirty words besides the alphabet, with the exception of M, N, and X.

Hence we may conclude—

“1. That the existence of a vocal organ presupposes necessarily a voice and speech; when the brain exists in a normal condition.”

“2. That if the extent of intelligence explains always the richness and variety of the idiom spoken, we may equally determine *a priori* the extent and quality of the voice by the simple anatomical appreciation of the phonetic organs.”

“3. That the intelligence varies as much as the art of speech, not only in the same human family, but also in the same zoological family.”

“4. That in man, as in the animals, the pathetic portion of the general idiomology being in some way genuine mimologisms, it is impossible that the same sentiment should not lead to the production of the same sound, and inevitably also upon the same

point of the vocal organ for all beings, and consequently perfectly alike, always excepting the necessary and numerous modifications which may be given them by the accessory organs of the phonetic apparatus of each zoological family.”

“5. Finally, that the same influence, interior or exterior, act equally upon the vocal organ and upon its functions, as well with men as with animals.”

The fourth part of the work is devoted to the vocabulary and syntax of the language of animals.

M. Gembloux, while justly proud of the many new truths he has displayed in the science of Zoological Idiomology, confesses his inability to furnish any thing like a complete dictionary of the various idioms of the language of animals. “It is evident,” he says, “that to properly perform such a task, it would be indispensably necessary to have the results of all the observations of many scholars; for a single man could never either see every thing or collect every thing, and particularly in Zoological Idiomology, since nothing has as yet been done in this matter. Thus, finally, to hazard nothing, we will be short upon this point; and the Mezzofanti of Zoological Idiomology will deserve our admiration only when the new philology shall have arrived at the point to which human philology has at present attained.”

From the author's reflections upon this subject we select the following: The song of the canary “resembles in a measure the idiom of the Italian peninsula, created by Dante, or some of the indigenous idioms of America;” the song of the nightingale has “some sort of family resemblance with the sonorous, full, majestic, and musical syllables of Spanish;” the song of the warbler (*fauvette*) is like Portuguese, which combines the sweetness of Italian with the majesty of Spanish; the crow seems to speak

German; while the swallow, or sparrow, said to consist of *interjections* and *verbal substantives*.

With animals, as with men, thought is anterior and superior to speech, just as speech is to writing.

With animals, as with the Chinese, the idioms appear to be wanting in forms, and to do without grammatical connections. As these special conditions have not varied with the Chinese since the time of Confucius, it is nearly certain that it has been the same with the idiomology of animals.

"It is said generally, that the foundation of all human languages are the words which designate things; and yet no one doubts that these parts of speech are completely foreign to the idiomology of animals, as any one can easily assure himself. In fact, it can be conceived that animals can call each other very well without naming each other, for this occurs very often with men. Hence there results the manifest inutility of *proper names*, *personal pronouns*, etc., and we can easily understand also that they have no need for *substantives* to designate things. Their life and their few needs enable them to easily forego such a luxury of words; and the proof that it is really so is found in the fact that, instead of having different names for each individual of each family, when they wish to call them they constantly emit the same sound, with the same articulation."

In their language, as in those spoken by many tribes of the aboriginal inhabitants of America, *adjectives* are also a useless luxury, since this part of speech is naturally confounded with the *verb*. They express the *superlative*, however, by the application of energy in their speech. The *article* is also wanting, as is the *adverb*; while by tone, accent, or repetition, they represent the *prepositions* and *conjunctions*. The *interjection* is common, and, *verbified* or *substantived*, is really the foundation of their language—which, therefore, may be

The rest of this division is occupied with metaphysical discussions upon language in the abstract, upon the comparative complication of this language and that of the Indians and Chinese, and other questions of like nature, which, as they are left perhaps more obscure than they were found, had better be passed over in discreet silence.

The fifth part treats of the glossary of the language of animals. The author ends this part and his volume with a vocabulary of the language of the striated monkey, which is said to have a very rich idiom; for this we must refer the reader to the work itself, remarking that it comprises twelve expressions.

In this part the author quotes three renderings of the song of the nightingale, which we reproduce here. The first is by Marco Bettini, and occurs in his *Ruben, Hilaro-tragedia Satiro pastorale*, 4to, Parme, 1614. It is as follows:

Tiouou, tiouou, tiouou, tiouou, tiouou;
Zpè tiou zqua,
Quorrior pipi,
Tlò, tio, tio, tio, tix,
Quoutio; quoutio, quoutio, quoutio,
Zquó, zquó, zquó, zquó,
Zi, zi, zi, zi, zi, zi, zi,
Quorrior tiou zqua pipiqui.

The second is given by a German naturalist, Jean Mathieu Bechstein, in his *Ge-meinnützige Naturgeschichte Deutschlands nach allen drey Reichen*, Leipzig, 1789, 2 vols. 8vo.; and so delighted Nodier, that he declared it to be a "*tour de force extraordinaire*." M. René Chalons, the author of the *Comte de Fortsas* hoax, was also so pleased, that he published a magnificent edition of it, in one page folio, with the title, *Chant du Rossignol*, à Mons, chez Jeverois, 1840.

biage: though Mr. Burton has made some obvious and trivial mistakes on this point, Mr. White has corrected nothing.

Passing over several flippant and pretentious notes—which suggest no special comment, save on the bad taste that has placed them where they are—we encounter, on pages 63, 64, one of the most objectionable of Mr. White's annotations. It relates to "happy mistakes" which "serve for the protection of the book-collector." One of these "mistakes" is described as follows: "The obscurity of a learned language veils the most formidable error of the press that probably ever occurred, except one in the London *'Morning Chronicle'* on the morning after the birth of the Princess of Wales at Buckingham Palace, the vernacular enormity of which makes it absolutely unmentionable. The former fell to the lot of Erasmus in his book *Vidua Christiana*, which he dedicated to Charles the Fifth's sister, the Queen of Hungary. In this volume, and of that illustrious princess herself, he wrote, *Mente illā usam eam semper fuisse quā talem feminam deceret*; but the printer, as if seized upon by the spirit of Aretino, made him say, *Mentula usam eam*, &c., which stupendous announcement went through the whole of a large edition."

We pass over the innate vulgarity which impels Mr. White to state in print that he is acquainted with a story too dirty to be told, and come to his allusion to Erasmus. This filthy anecdote—which he has copied from Bayle's *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique*, Art. MARIE REINE DE HONGRIE, Note H—does not contain one word of truth. Had Mr. White looked into so common an authority as Jortin's *Life of Erasmus* (vol. ii. pp. 60, 61, 8vo edit., London, 1808), he would not have made such an egregious blunder. For Mr. White's special consideration, we will cite Jortin's account of this "happy mistake:"

"In the *spurious* epistle of Erasmus to

Petrus Cursius," says Jortin, "it is stated that one of the workmen at the press, vexed that Erasmus would not give him money, revenged himself most maliciously, and, by a small alteration of a word in the text of his *Vidua Christiana*, had made him utter a gross obscenity."

"Erasmus seems to have seen this *forged letter*, or to have heard an account of it, and complains of it as a piece of scurrilous impudence, in Epistle 1279." Besides this, Le Clerc, the editor of the best edition of the Works of Erasmus, agrees with Jortin in pronouncing the letter *spurious*: and in the *Vidua Christiana* of Erasmus there is no such passage to be found as *Atque mente illā usam eam*, etc., or any thing that looks like it.

As a slight offset to Mr. White's misinformation on this subject, we here cite, from his note on page 67, one item of truth, on a matter with which he may be presumed to be thoroughly acquainted: "I may be very dull," says Mr. White, "or very ignorant." Few persons, probably, will incline to dispute that proposition.

On page 74, *apropos* to nothing, Mr. White notices "a strange mistake" made by Lowndes, in his *Bibliographer's Manual*. It appears that, in that work, *The Federalist* is described as "a collection of Essays in which John Williams, *alias* Anthony Pasquins, was concerned." This error—which was, in fact, only a partial one—seems to have quite exhausted the angelic patience of Mr. White, and led to the following burst of alcoholic bombast: "Shades of Hamilton and Monroe," he cries, "founders of the Great Republic, and revered expositors of the Constitution, your noble work, which stands almost alone, as being at once an undisputed authority in politics and a classic in letters, is a series of essays in which a pasquinading *alias* 'was concerned;' and this is all!" Could any thing be more pungent or touching? We

pardon Mr. White in his virtuous indignation, for calling *The Federalist* "an undisputed authority;" but how can we pardon him for thus disturbing the shade of *Monroe*? That "revered expositor" had nothing to do with *The Federalist*, and it seems to us extremely cruel thus to display him in a foot-note. Lowndes's partial error is an error of explicable origin—seeing that "Anthony Pasquin" (not *Pasquins*) did publish in this country a paper called *The Federalist*, which Lowndes has confounded with the famous work of HAMILTON, MADISON, and JAY; but Mr. White's error is one of those that arise from inexcusable ignorance, considering that the names of the writers of *The Federalist* have been given in every edition of the work published since 1802. Accordingly, we think that his own gentle rebuke of Lowndes is applicable yet more directly to himself; for, to quote that rebuke, "when, pretending to speak with authority, he exhibits such density of ignorance, both his ignorance and his pretence become ridiculous."

The next five or six of Mr. White's notes are remarkable chiefly for their irrelevance and characteristic sciolism. One of them, occupying an entire page, conveys Mr. White's opinion on the subject of "top-edges" and "large paper;" it also alludes to Adam Smith as having been "a dandy in his library." One, on page 85, vents Mr. White's democratic notions in a most absurd manner. It is about royalty, and contains an impertinent allusion to the English heir-apparent, and a presumptuous appeal to Mr. Thackeray. We quote a passage from this note, as illustrative of Mr. White's idea of sarcasm: "The German lad named Albert Edward, who was here a year or two ago, seemed an intelligent, well-mannered, well-meaning youth,—high praise for one of his family, on the mother's side—is it not, Mr. Thackeray?" Does Mr. White seriously imagine that his patronizing tone

toward the Prince of Wales will occur to any intelligent reader as aught other than supremely ludicrous? We forbear comment on Mr. White's exquisite good taste in appealing to Mr. Thackeray to endorse his vulgar insolence.

Mr. White, however, is capable of still more deplorable nonsense—as may be seen in his note on page 94, wherein he rehearses a tale told to him "with rueful merriment" by the wife of a book-lover. An allusion to Heber, made by Mr. Burton, serves as a pretext for introducing this twaddle: and Mr. White proceeds to say, with much circumlocution, that a lady went into the country, to spend the summer, "leaving the man that owned her in town;" that the house was full of books when she went away; that when she returned, later in the season, she found her bed-chamber crowded with books, and her husband "in breezy undress" on "the nuptial couch;" and that there was actually a barricade of books on that particular part of "the nuptial couch" "where her lovely limbs had lain." This pointless rigmarole occupies nearly a page. We presume—since no lady would be likely to talk to Mr. White about "her lovely limbs" or her "nuptial couch," and since no sensible person would conceive such an incident worth telling as humorous—that the story is autobiographical. Let those who will, approve the taste and discretion which can foist such trash upon another man's book, and offer it to the public as a sample of judicious annotation.

A little farther on, Mr. White occupies the greater part of a page in stating the shallow truism that "a well-chosen library is a rich possession." But, says Mr. White, in a paroxysm of prudence, "a library pays no interest; and more volumes than an ordinary bookcaseful, or two, are occasion of great trouble and of *some expense*." That Mr. White's library—if he happens to have one—has "paid no interest," might, per-

haps, be inferred from the character of his annotations on this book; but it will require a mind somewhat more acute than his to convince the scholar that books yield nothing to their intelligent and sympathetic owner.

Passing next to page 108, we find the following note, suggested by a disparaging allusion to the *Tusculan Questions*:—"I venture," says Mr. White, "to put in a plea for the exemption of the *Tusculan Questions* from this censure. They are not high and mighty, or soaring, or profound, or even dramatic, like the *Platonic Dialogues*, from the prolixity and occasional childish simplicity of which, however, they are free. But they treat of great topics with such simplicity and clearness, and in such a spirit of candid inquiry, and do this in such *elegant Latin*, that it seems to me a man might read them occasionally with great pleasure. Such, at least, is the impression left upon my memory by a book which I have not seen since my first college year."

It is difficult to keep a serious countenance while reading such arrant nonsense, such empty affectation of superior classical culture, and such ludicrous self-laudation as Mr. White has managed to embody in this note. It is interesting, however, as affording evidence of the manly development of Mr. White's comprehensive mind in early youth—for it will be observed that he declares positively he has not seen the *Tusculan Questions* since his "first college year." The famous scholar Daniel Heinsius maintained that "Grotius was a man from the instant of his birth, and never had discovered any signs of childhood." Scarcely inferior to the young Grotius was the *Freshman* who could run such a sagacious parallel between the *Tusculan Questions* and the *Platonic Dialogues*, and we commend this significant example of precocity to future biographers of "*Enfants Célèbres*."

We pass over two pages of garrulity about the Anglo-Saxon race, in which Mr. White makes much ado about his discovery that no such race now exists. We also pass over his equally pointless and wholly superfluous disquisition on Irish bulls. These notes, and others like them, are harmless enough, and suggest no especial comment. More particular attention is due to a facetious puff of some unknown "bookseller," on page 173. Of this modest gentleman Mr. White remarks, "He has too much sense to wish that he had been called a bibliopole." One would like to know—since glory has thus overtaken him—by what name this repository of "sense" is recognized among men. "He is," adds the enthusiastic editor, "capable of instructing most of his customers." Has Mr. White improved the privileges thus afforded? If not, let him at once consult that source of information, and, in particular, let him inquire about "the shade of Monroe." We fear, however, that the advice is thrown away. "A lady who does me the honor to look over my shoulder" is, apparently, much more to Mr. White's taste than that mine of wisdom who must not be called "a bibliopole." This fair female (is it she of "the nuptial couch" and "the lovely limbs," once more?) does not, however, seem to have been always propitious. On Mr. White's own authority, it is clear that, at page 175, she "laughed with scorn." We cannot wonder at this—since she was doing Mr. White the honor to look over his shoulder—but we are certainly grieved for Mr. White. It is evident that, in moments of "scorn," she must have made him suffer a good deal, if her customary style was like the following:—"Why," says this feminine Mentor, "a reprint isn't dirty; it doesn't smell badly; it isn't tattered and torn; it doesn't need mending and rebinding to keep it from tumbling to pieces; it has little chance of harboring unnamable

creeping things which Noah might as well have kept out of the ark." Has Mr. White been often called upon to endure that sort of sarcasm? If so, let us not wonder that he babbles of "lovely limbs," and recurs with such tender regret to the *Tusculan Questions*. The friend who, on page 201, hinted to him to take refuge in Coptic researches, was a benevolent man.

The next item of importance that attracts our attention is on page 184. This remark relates to *The Private Libraries of New York*, a luxurious volume, prepared by Dr. James Wynne, and published in this city as a literary speculation. Mr. White makes the ridiculous statement that this volume was published to justify a certain "municipal pride" on the part of the gentlemen whose collections are therein described—which it appears Mr. Luther Farnham had grievously offended, by publishing, some years before, an unpretending pamphlet of seventy-nine pages, entitled, *A Glance at Private Libraries*, referring particularly to the private libraries of Boston and to those in its immediate vicinity. Nothing certainly could be more absurd and erroneous than this statement; but to expose in detail all Mr. White's blunders concerning *The Private Libraries of New York* would require more space than we can spare at present: we shall therefore dismiss the subject with this brief notice.

A palpable blunder is made by Mr. White in his note on page 186. He there states that Maurice Mejan's *Recueil des Causes Célèbres* is "a book which stands here for weeks and months on the shelves of the old bookfellers, asking a buyer at a few dollars." This is not true. Mejan's collection is rarely met with here; and nobody outside of the legal or medical profession, unless tintured with a partiality for "nuptial couches" and "lovely limbs," would be likely to seek for it.

A prophetic note on page 199, etc.,

embodies a defence of the literary prospects of this country. Among other things, it appears, on Mr. White's testimony, that there are "a few gentlemen" in this city, who, "were it found *very* desirable for the interests of literature," would pay the expense of "reprinting a thousand volumes." Why does not Mr. White improve the opportunity, and let them reprint a thousand copies of his piquant work on *National Hymns*? Perhaps, however, he trusts too much to the moving spirit of the friend who studied Coptic, and who, he tells us, has gone to Egypt. Possibly something may come of this, but we are not sanguine. Mr. White's prophetic soul foresees a time "when peace, truth, justice, and good-will shall reign, and only they shall reign—as when they do reign—they must reign—throughout all the world." Let us hope that the "few gentlemen," assisted by Mr. White, will have perpetuated literature in America by the time that rainy season sets in.

We pass, meanwhile, to one of those immediate and practical points in literary history which never fail to suggest a display of recondite learning on the part of Mr. White. In Mr. Burton's text, on page 216, occurs the following allusion: "A work dedicated apparently to this object, which I have been unable to find in the body, is mentioned under a very tantalizing title. It is by a certain John Charles Conrad Oelrichs, author of several scraps of literary history, and is called a Dissertation concerning the Fates of Libraries and Books, and, in the first place, concerning the books that have been eaten—such I take to be the meaning of *Dissertatio de Bibliothecarum ac Librorum Fatis, imprimis libris comestis*." To this, Mr. White attaches a note which is at once benign, lucid, and modest: "The good Oelrichs," he says, "plainly refers to books which have been devoured; as we know from the publishers' advertisements, and the assur-

ances of young ladies, that many books are, every year. *This book, and particularly the pages on which these notes are written, will be eagerly devoured by an intelligent public, and so pass to a place among the libri comesti.*" Wherefore "the good Oelrichs?" Can Mr. White vouch for the virtue of his defunct friend? Does he know, of his own knowledge, that Oelrichs was "good?" Does he, in short, know any thing whatever about Oelrichs? Mr. Burton certainly exhibits general ignorance on this subject—for he describes him as the "author of several scraps of literary history," and styles one of his prefaces "a work"—nor does the erudite Mr. White vouchsafe to correct Mr. Burton's errors. Plainly, then, Mr. White's knowledge of "the good Oelrichs"—if he has any—is, we infer, confined exclusively to the moral character of the deceased. He will, then, be agreeably surprised to learn that "the good Oelrichs" was, in fact, a distinguished lawyer, and the author of many works of value, both in literature and science. We will also add, for Mr. White's information, that the *Dissertation* which Mr. Burton describes as "a work," was printed simply as an introduction to the Catalogue of the Library of J. de Pérard (Berlin, 1756, 8vo). So much for "the good Oelrichs!"

A peculiar sample of Mr. White's editorial carelessness occurs to us here. It consists in the mis-spelling of several familiar names. On page 63, he prints Watts for Watt; on page 173, Crocker for Craker; on page 213, Robert of Bury for Richard of Bury (which gross blunder he reproduces in the index); on page 233, Eibert for Ebert; on page 239, Naudet for Naudé. It is no defence to say that these errors are made by Mr. Burton. Had his editor given even ordinary attention to the slight task of correcting Mr. Burton's mistakes, and prattled less of the "nuptial couch" and "lovely limbs," he would, per-

adventure, have acquitted himself more creditably.

Several notes remain—equally vapid and equally absurd—which we have not space to notice here. Nor is it necessary to proceed further. A sufficient number of examples have been given to show the ignorance, the offensive assumption, and the bad taste which characterize Mr. White's annotations. More intent upon courting notoriety for himself, than upon correcting Mr. Burton's mistakes, he has encumbered the pages of his author with notes which illustrate nothing so much as their writer's superficial knowledge and pompous pretence.

EXTRACTS FROM

Winstanley's Lives of the most Famous English Poets,

OR THE HONOUR OF PARNASSVS, ETC.

(LONDON, 1687. 8vo.)

Spalding's History of the World.

"It is reported of Sir Walter Raleigh, who being Prisoner in the Tower, expecting every hour to be sacrificed to the Spanish cruelty, some few days before he suffered, he sent for Mr. Walter Burre, who had formerly printed his first Volume of the *History of the World*, whom, taking by the hand, after some other discourse, he ask'd him, How that Work of his had sold? Mr. Burre returned this answer, That it sold so slowly, that it had undone him. At which words of his, Sir Walter Raleigh stepping to his Desk, reaches the other part of his History, to Mr. Burre, which he had brought down to the times he lived in; clapping his hand on his breast, he took the other unprinted part of his Works into his hand with a sigh, saying, *Ah my Friend, hath the first Part undone thee?* The

second Volume shall undo no more; this ungrateful World is unworthy of it; When immediately going to the fire-side he threw it in, and set his foot on it till it was consumed. As great a Loss to Learning as Christendom could have, or owned; for his first Volume after his death sold Thousands."

Alexander Nequam.

"*Alexander Nequam*, the learnedest Englishman of his Age, was born at St. Albans in *Hartfordshire*: His Name in English signifies *Bad*, which caused many, who thought themselves wondrous witty in making Jest, (which indeed made themselves) to pass several Jokes on his Sirname, whereof take this one instance: *Nequam* had a mind to become a Monk in St. *Albans*, the Town of his Nativity, and thus Laconically wrote for leave to the Abbot thereof;

Si vis, veniam, sin autem, tu autem.

To whom the Abbot returned,

Si bonus sis, venias, si nequam, nequaquam.

"Whereupon for the future, to avoid the occasion of such Jokes, he altered his Name from *Nequam*, to *Neckam*.

"Bishop *Godwin*, in his Catalogue of the Bishops of *Lincoln*, maketh mention of a passage of wit betwixt him and *Phillip Repton* Bishop of *Lincoln*, the latter sending the Challenge:

*Et niger & Nequam cum sis cognomine Nequam,
Nigrior esse potes, Nequior esse nequis.*

Both black and bad, whilest *Bad* the name to thee,
Blackest thou may'st, but worse thou canst not be.

To whom *Nequam* rejoined,

*Phi nota factoris, Lippus malus omnibus horis,
Phi malus, & Lippus, totus malus ergo Philippus.*

Stinks are branded with a *Phi*, *Lippus* Latin for
blear-eye,

Phi and *Lippus* bad as either, then *Philippus* worse
together.

"The Blogy he bestoweth on that most Christian Emperor *Constantine* the Great, must not be forgot:

From *Colechester* there rose a Star,
The Rays whereof gave glorious Light
Throughout the World in Climates far,
Great *Constantine*, *Romes* Emperor bright."

Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*.

"Many were the Books which he wrote; amongst whom his *Utopia* beareth the Bell; which though not written in Verse, yet in regard of the great Fancy and Invention thereof, may well pass for a Poem, it being the Idea of a compleat Commonwealth in an Imaginary Island (but pretended to be lately discovered in *America*) and that so lively counterfeited, that many at the reading thereof, mistook it for a real Truth: insomuch that many great Learned men, as *Budeus* and *Johannes Paludanus*, upon a fervent zeal, wished that some excellent Divines might be sent thither to preach Christ's Gospel: yea, there were here amongst us at home, sundry good Men, and learned Divines, very desirous to undertake the Voyage, to bring the People to the Faith of Christ, whose Manners they did so well like."

Surrey's *Geraldine*.

"In his way to *Florence*, he touch'd at the Emperor's Court, where he fell in acquaintance with the great Learned *Cornelius Agrippa*, so famous for Magick, who shewed him the Image of his *Geraldine* in a Glasse, sick, weeping on her Bed, and resolved all into devout Religion for the absence of her Lord; upon sight of which, he made this Sonnet.

All Soul, no earthly Flesh, why dost thou fade?
All Gold, no earthly Dross, why look'st thou pale?
Sickness, how dar'st thou one so fair invade?

Too Base Infirmitie to work her Bale.

Heaven be distempered since the grieved pines,
Never be dry these my sad plaintive Lines.

Pearch thou my Spirit on her Silver Breasts,
And with their pains redoubled Musick beatings,
Let them tosse thee to world where all toil rests,
Where Bliss is subject to no Fear's defeatings;

Her Praise I tune whose Tongue doth tune the
Sphears,
And gets new Muses in her Hearers Ears.

Stars fall to fetch fresh light from her rich eyes,
Her bright Brow drives the Sun to Clouds beneath.
Her Hairs reflex with red strakes paints the Skies,
Sweet Morn and Evening dew flows from her
breath:

Phæbe rules Tides, she my Tears tides forth
draws,
In her sick-Bed Love sits, and maketh Laws.

Her dainty Limbs tinsel her Silk soft Sheets,
Her Rose-crown'd Cheeks eclipse my dazled sight.
O Glass! with too much joy my thoughts thou
greet'st,

And yet thou shew'st me day but by twilight.
He kifs thee for the kindness I have felt,
Her Lips one Kifs would unto *Nectar* melt.

"From the Emperor's Court he went to
the City of *Florence*, the Pride and Glory
of *Italy*, in which City his *Geraldine* was
born, never ceasing till he came to the
House of her Nativity; and being shewn
the Chamber her clear Sun-beams first
thrust themselves in this cloud of Flesh, he
was transported with an Extasie of Joy, his
Mouth overflow'd with *Magnificats*, his
Tongue thrust the Stars out of Heaven,
and eclipsed the Sun and Moon with Com-
parisons of his *Geraldine*, and in praise of
the Chamber that was so illuminatively
honoured with her Radiant Conception, he
penned this Sonnet:

Fair Room, the presence of sweet Beauties pride,
This place the Sun upon the Earth did hold,
When *Phaeton* his Chariot did misguide,
The Tower where *Jove* rain'd down himself in
Gold,

Prostrate as holy ground Ile worship thee.
Our *Ladies Chappel* henceforth be thou nam'd;
Here first *Loves Queen* put on Mortality,
And with her Beauty all the world inflam'd.

Heaven's Chambers harbouring fiery Cherubins,
Are not with thee in Glory to compare.
Lightning, it is not Light which in thee shines,
None enter thee but streight entranced are.

O! if *Elium* be above the ground,
Then here it is, where nought but Joy is found.

"That the City of *Florence* was the an-
cient Seat of her Family, he himself inti-
mates in one of his Sonnets: thus;

From *Tuscan* came my Ladies worthy Race;
Fair *Florence* was sometimes her ancient Seat;
The Western Isle, whose pleasant Shoar doth face,
Whilst *Camber's* Cliffs did give her lively heat.

"In the Duke of *Florence's* Court he
published a proud Challenge against all
Comers, whether *Christians*, *Turks*, *Canibals*,
Jews, or *Saracens*, in defence of his
Geraldines Beauty. This Challenge was
the more mildly accepted, in regard she
whom he defended, was a Town-born Child
of that City; or else the Pride of the *Ital-
ian* would have prevented him ere he
should have come to perform it. The
Duke of *Florence* nevertheless sent for him,
and demanded him of his Estate, and the
reason that drew him thereto; which when
he was advertiz'd of to the full, he grant-
eth all Countries whatsoever, as well *En-
emies* and *Outlaws*, as *Friends* and *Confed-
erates*, free access and regrefs into his *Do-
minions* immolested, until the Trial were
ended.

"This Challenge, as he manfully under-
took, so he as valiantly performed; as Mr.
Drayton describes it in his Letter to the
Lady *Geraldine*."

Sir John Harrington and the Servant-Girl.

"It happened that whilst the said Sir
John repaired often to an Ordinary in
Bath, a Female attendress at the Table,
neglecting other Gentlemen, which sat high-
er, and were of greater Estates, applied her-
self wholly to him, accommodating him
with all necessaries, and preventing his ask-
ing any thing with her officiousness. She
being demanded by him, the reason of her
so careful waiting on him? *I understand*

(said she) you are a very witty man, and if I should displease you in any thing, I fear you would make an Epigram of me.

"Sir John frequenting often the Lady Robert's House, his Wives Mother, where they used to go to dinner extraordinary late, a Child of his being there then, said *Grace*, which was that of the *Primmer*, *Thou givest them Meat in due season*; Hold, said Sir John to the Child, you ought not to lie unto God, for here we never have our Meat in due season. This Jest he afterwards turned into an Epigram, directing it to his Wife, and concluding it thus:

Now if your Mother angry be for this,
Then you must reconcile us with a kiss."

Thomas Heywood,

A PROLIFIC PLAY-WRITER.

"Thomas Heywood was a greater Benefactor to the Stage than his Namesake, John Heywood, he having (as you may read in an Epistle to a Play of his, called, *The English Travellers*) had an entire hand, or at least a main finger in the writing of 220 of them. And no doubt but he took great pains therein, for it is said, that he not only Acted himself almost every day, but also wrote each day a Sheet; and that he might lose no time, many of his Plays were composed in the Tavern, on the back-side of Tavern Bills; which may be an occasion that so many of them are lost, for of those 220. mentioned before, we find but 25. of them Printed."

William Wager.

"This *Witham Wager* is most famous for an Interlude which he wrote, called *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, which passed with such general applause that it was reprinted in the year 1661. and has been Acted divers times by private persons; the chief Argument whereof is, Tyler his mar-

rying to a Shrew, which, that you may the better understand, take it in the Author's own words, speaking in the person of *Tom Tyler*:

I am a poor Tyler, in simple array,
And get a poor living, but eight pence a day,
My Wife as I get it doth spend it away;
And I cannot help it, she saith; wot ye why?
For wedding and hanging comes by destiny.

I thought when I wed her, she had been a Sheep,
At board to be friendly, to sleep when I sleep;
She loves so unkindly, she makes me to weep.

But I dare say nothing, god wot; wot ye why?
For wedding and hanging comes by destiny.

Besides this unkindness whereof my grief grows,
I think few *Tylers* are matcht to such throws,
Before she leaves brawling, she falls to deal blows.

Which early and late doth cause me to cry,
That wedding and hanging is destiny.

The more that I please her, the worse she doth like me,

The more I forbear her, the more she doth strike me,

The more that I get her, the more she doth grieve me.

Wo worth this ill fortune that maketh me cry,
That wedding and hanging is destiny.

If I had been hanged when I had been married,
My torments had ended, though I had miscarried,
If I had been warned, then would I have tarried;

But now all too lately I feel and cry,
That wedding and hanging is destiny."

John Bavis of Hereford.

A GREAT MASTER OF THE PEN.

"In the writing of this *Man's Life*, we shall make use of Dr. *Fulter* in his *England's Worthies*, who saith, that he was the greatest Master of the Pen that *England* in his Age beheld; for,

1. *Fast writing*; so incredible his expedition.
2. *Fast writing*; some minutes consultation being required to decide whether his Lines were written or printed.
3. *Close writing*; a Mystery which to do well, few attain unto.
4. *Various writing*; Secretary, Roman, Court and Text.

"The Poetical Fiction of *Briareus* the Giant, who had an hundred hands, found a Moral in him, who could so cunningly and copiously disguise his aforesaid elemental hands, that by mixing, he could make them appear an hundred; and if not so many sorts, so many degrees of writing. He had also many pretty excursions into Poetry, and could flourish Matters as well as Letters, with his Fancy as well as with his Pen. Take a taste of his Abilities in those Verses of his before *Coriat's Crudities*, being called the *Odombian Banquet*, wherein the whole Club of Wits in that Age joyned together, to write Mock-commendatory Verses in *Praise-dispraise* of his Book.

*If Art that oft the Learn'd hath flammer'd,
In one Iron Head-piece (yet no Hammer-Lead)
May (joyn'd with Nature) hit Fame on the Cocks-
comb,*

*Then 'tis that Head-piece that is crown'd with Od-
comb,*

*For he, hard Head (and hard, fith like a Whet-
stone*

*It gives Wits edge, and draws them too like Jet-
stone)*

*Is Caput Mundi for a world of School-tricks,
And is not ignorant in the learned'st—tricks
H'hath seen much more than much, I assure ye,
And will see New-Troy, Bethlem, and Old-Jury
Mean while (to give a taste of his first travel,
With streams of Rhetorick that get golden Gravel)
He tells how he to Venice once did wander;
From whence he came more witty than a Gander:
Whereby he makes relations of such wonders,
That Truth therein doth lighten, while Art thun-
ders,*

*All Tongues fled to him that at Babel swerved,
Lest they for want of warm months might have
starved.*

*Where they do revel in such passing measure,
(Especially the Greek, wherein's his pleasure.)
That (jovially) so Greek he takes the guard of,
That he's the merriest Greek that ere was heard of;
For he as 'twere his Mothers twittle twattle,
(That's Mother-tongue) the Greek can prittle prattle.*

*Nay, of that Tongue he so hath got the body,
That he sports with it at Ruffe, Gleek or Noddy,
&c."*

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.

"These two joyned together, made one of the happy *Triumvirate* (the other two being *Johnson* and *Shakespear*) of the chief Dramatick Poets of our Nation, in the last foregoing Age; among whom there might be said to be a symmetry of perfection, while each excelled in his peculiar way: *Ben Johnson* in his elaborate pains and knowledge of Authors, *Shakespear* in his pure vein of wit, and natural Poetick height; *Fletcher* in a Courtly Elegance and Gentile Familiarity of Style, and withal a Wit and Invention so overflowing, that the luxuriant Branches thereof were frequently thought convenient to be leapt off by Mr. *Beaumont*; which two joyned together, like *Castor* and *Pollux*, (most happy when in conjunction) raised the *English* to equal the *Athenian* and *Roman* Theaters; *Beaumont* bringing the Ballast of Judgment, *Fletcher* the Sail of Phantasie, but compounding a Poet to admiration. . . .

"It is reported of them, that meeting once in a Tavern, to contrive the rude Draught of a Tragedy, *Fletcher* undertook to kill the *King* therein, whose Words being over-heard by a Listner (though his Loyalty not to be blamed herein) he was accused of High Treason, till the Mistake soon appearing, that the Plot was only against a Dramatick and Scenical King, all wound off in Merriment."

Wit-Combat between *Shakespeare* and *Ben Johnson*.

"Many were the Wit-combats bewixt him and *Ben Johnson*; which two we may compare to a *Spanish great Gallion*, and an *English Man of war*: Mr. *Johnson*, (like the former) was built far higher in Learning, solid, but slow in his performances; *Shakespear*, with the *English Man of war*, lesser in Bulk, but lighter in sayl-

ing, could turn with all Tides, tack about, and take advantage of all Winds, by the quickness of his Wit and Invention. His History of Henry the Fourth is very much commended by some, as being full of sublime Wit, and as much condemned by others, for making Sir John Falstaff the property of Pleasure for Prince Henry to abuse, as one that was a *Thraconical Puff*, and emblem of mock Valour; though indeed he was a man of Arms every inch of him, and as valiant as any in [his] Age, being for his Martial Prowess made Knight of the Garter by King Henry the 6th.

Thomas Sandolph.

"This Famous Poet was born at Houghton in Northampton-shire, and was first bred in Westminster-School, then Fellow in Trinity-Colledge in Cambridge. He was one of such a pregnant Wit, that the Muses may seem not only to have smiled, but to have been tickled at his Nativity, such the festivity of his Poems of all sorts.

His Poems publish'd after his death, and usher'd into the World by the best Wits of those times, passed the Test with general applause, and have gone through several Impressions. To praise one, were in some sort to dispraise the other, being indeed all praise-worthy. His Cambridge Duns facetiously pleasing, as also his Parley with his Empty Purse, in their kind not out-done by any. He was by Ben. Johnson adopted for his Son, and that as is said upon this occasion.

"Mr. Randolph having been at London so long as that he might truly have had a parley with his Empty Purse, was resolved to go see Ben. Johnson with his associates, which as he heard at a set-time kept a Club together at the Devil-Tavern near Temple-Bar; accordingly at the time appointed he went thither, but being unknown to them, and wanting Money, which to an In-

genious spirit is the most daunting thing in the World, he peep'd in the Room where they were, which being espied by Ben. Johnson, and seeing him in a Scholars thredbare habit, John Bo-peep, says he, come in, which accordingly he did, when immediately they began to rime upon the meanness of his Clothes, asking him, If he could not make a Verse? and withal to call for his Quart of Sack; there being four of them, he immediately thus replied,

I John Bo-peep, to you four sheep,
With each one his good fleece,
If that you are willing to give me five shilling,
'Tis fifteen pence a piece.

By Jesus, quoth Ben. Johnson, (his usual Oath) I believe this is my Son Randolph, which being made known to them, he was kindly entertained into their company, and Ben. Johnson ever after called him Son."

Quarles's Verses on Man.

"Mans Body's like a House, his greater Bones
Are the main Timber; and the lesser ones
Are smaller Splints; his ribs are lathes daub'd o're
Plaster'd with flesh and blood: his mouth's the door,
His throat's the narrow entry, and his heart
Is the great Chamber, full of curious art:
His midriff is a large Partition-wall
Twixt the great Chamber, and the spacious Hall:
His stomach is the Kitchen, where the meat
Is often but half sod for want of heat:
His Spleen's a vessel Nature does allot
To take the skum that rises from the Pot:
His lungs are like the bellows, that respire
In every Office, quickning every fire:
His Nose the Chimney is, whereby are vented
Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented:
His bowels are the sink, whose parts to drain
All noisom filth, and keep the Kitchen clean:
His eyes are Chrystal windows, clear and bright;
Let in the object and let out the light.
And as the Timber is or great, or small,
Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand or fall:
Yet is the likeliest Building sometimes known
To fall by obvious chances; overthrow'n
Oft times by tempests, by the full mouth'd blasts
Of Heavens, sometimes by fire; sometimes it wags
Through unadvised neglect: put case the stuff
Were ruin-proof, by nature strong enough

To conquer time, and age; put case it should
Nere know an' end; alas, ~~but~~ *Leaves* would;
What hast thou then, *proud flesh and blood*, to boast?
Thy daies are evil; at best; but few, at most;
But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;
Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest."

John Milton a Notorious Traitor.

"John Milton was one, whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our *English* Poets, having written two Heroick Poems and a Tragedy, namely, *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regain'd*, and *Sampson Agonista*; But his Fame is gone out like a Candle in a Snuff, and his Memory will always stink, which might have ever lived in honourable Reputation, had not he been a notorious Traytor, and most impiously and villanously bely'd that blessed Martyr King *Charles the First*."

Miscellaneous Items.

Characteristics of the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare.

From an Unpublished Note by JAMES BOADEN.

"It may not be amiss here to set down the particular characteristics by which this first Folio may be known from the second; with parts of which it is very frequently made up; and as that is corrupted beyond all parallel [I speak after having collated it], I shall be doing acceptable service to the future students of Shakespeare, by clearly pointing out the means of detection.

"1°. The lines to the Reader before the Portrait have 'with' in the fourth line and 'wit' in the fifth printed with the double v as a capital, VV, in the 2d Folio.

"2°. Instead of *like* indulgence in the last line of the dedication, the 1st page, the second Folio prints 'same.'

"3°. The Catalogue of the Plays in the second is without pages.

"4°. The paging of the two Folios is the same to the end of Henry 8th: then the 2d Folio begins a new numeration, calling the Prologue to *Troilus & Cressida* page 1. The first, on the contrary, takes this play into the series very unskillfully—the prologue is not paged—the first page of the play has no numerals; the second is called 79, the third 80, and then it drops the numbers to the end. *Coriolanus* begins in the first folio with page 1—in the second with 30.

"5°. But the great mark, superficially, is in the paging of *Romeo & Juliet*. The last page is 79 with 76 immediately opposite—and in *Timon*, which follows, the numerals of the authentic copy run thus, 82, 81, 82, and this has made many copies imperfect; the binders flinging away the repeated numbers.

"Add to all these, the last page of the first is 993 for 399—whereas the last of the 2d Folio is 419, being the addition of *Troilus & Cressida* taken regularly into the paging. The letter of the second is larger, and the first uses v for u, thus; vnmittigable rage.

"To go into verbal corruptions were endless."

The above note on the first folio edition of Shakespeare is copied from a MS. in my possession, written and signed by James Boaden, with the date—1807. J. S. W. P.

Negro School in Charleston, in 1745.

In one of the *Tracts on Various Subjects*, by the Right Reverend Beilby Porteus, D. D., Bishop of London, entitled, *An Essay towards a Plan for the more Effectual Civilization and Conversion of the Negroe Slaves, on the Trust Estate in Barbadoes, belonging to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts*, first written in 1784, is the following pas-

sage. He is speaking of schools for the religious and other instruction of the negro :

"A school of this nature was formerly established by the Society at Charlestown in South Carolina, about the year 1745, under the direction of Mr. Garden, the Bishop of London's commissary in that province. This school flourished greatly, and seemed to answer their utmost wishes. There were at one time sixty scholars in it, and twenty young Negroes were annually sent out from it, well instructed in the English language and the Christian faith. Mr. Garden, in his letters to the Society, speaks in the highest terms of the progress made by his scholars, and says that the Negroes themselves were highly pleased with their own acquirements. But it is supposed that, on a parochial establishment being made in Charlestown by government, this excellent institution was dropt, for after the year 1751, no further mention is made of it in the minutes of the Society."

Can anybody give any further information of this, or other schools of a like nature?

H.

Rhythmus Monosyllabicus Academicis Grighi Vitis.

SOME of your readers, who have a fancy for eccentric Latin verse, may not have seen the following *ex SCHEDIIS ACADEMICIS PETRI FRANCISCI PASSARINI PLACENTIÆ, apud Bazachium editis. Anno sancto MDCLX.*

Fuge, fuge, Mavors trux,
Nobis est Apollo dux.

Fuge, fœde, plusquam fex,
Fuge, cæce, plusquam nox,
Fuge, fæve, plusquam nex,
Fuge, niger, plusquam pix,

Fuge, teter, plusquam Styx.
Fuge, fuge, Mavors trux,
Nobis est Apollo dux.

Fuge, demens, plusquam Phryx,
Fuge, ferox, plusquam Thrax,
Fuge, dire, plusquam strix,
Fuge, nocens, plusquam nux,

Fuge, crude, plusquam crux.
Fuge, fuge, Mavors trux,
Nobis est Apollo dux.

Fuge velox, et quam mox,
Fugit ut ab igne nix,
Fugit ut ab ore vox,
Fugit ut astrorum grex,
Cum sol prodit, horum rex.

Fuge, fuge, Mavors trux,
Nobis est Apollo dux.

Non hic opus ulla calx,
Ut stratur nobis arx :
Non est opus ulla falx,
Ut cædatur nova Sphynx,
Sed acuta mens ut Lynx.

Fuge, fuge, Mavors trux,
Nobis est Apollo dux.

Adit ergo menti lux,
Æqua fit Astræ lanx,
Sua sit victori frux,
Et, æterna, quasi fax,
Toto regnet orbe pax.


Fuge, fuge, Mavors trux,
Nobis est Apollo dux.


Distichon e *Cryptographia Protei Christiani*, ejusdem :

Lux, præ qua Sol nox, nix fit pix, lex mea mi sis,
Vox, per quam quid non fit? ni te mem mea nil vult.

Paris.

c. 2.

 REMOVAL.—The publication office and bookstore connected with *The Philobiblion* have been removed from No. 51 to No. 64 Nassau street.

 MESSRS. PHILES & CO. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir EDGERTON BRYDGES. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of the art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows :

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each ;
100 on large paper, at \$4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only ; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of OLD ENGLISH POETRY. The next volume in the series will be "*England's Wellton*."

April, 1863.]

The Philobiblion.

[Number 16.]

Bibliographical Hoaxing.

COUNT DE FORTSAS'S LIBRARY.

EVER since Rabelais' famous catalogue of the choice books in the library of St. Victor (book ii. chapter vii.), bibliography has had its humorous side, its hoaxes and its sarcasms, no less amusing to the initiated, and requiring no more explanation to make them generally intelligible, than the professional jokes of the lawyer and the physician. Nor can it be objected to bibliographical jokes that they tend more to what are technically termed *facetæ* than the witticisms of the other learned and honorable professions just alluded to. At all events, the well-read bibliographer wishes to know of them; and the general reader, if he is endowed with a sense of humor, cannot but be entertained. Prominent among them is the library of the Count de Fortsas, which will form the subject of this article.

In the year 1840, the book-collectors in Europe were greatly excited by the publication of the sale-catalogue of the Count J. N. A. de Fortsas. This little volume of only fourteen pages contained a list of the books which formed the Count's collection, composed of only fifty-two articles, but each of them unique. The Count would keep no book in his collection if he found it mentioned by any bibliographer. No wonder the bibliographical world was excited.

The sale was to take place in the office of a notary at Binche, an insignificant vil-

lage of Belgium. It is said that Brunet, Nodier, Techener, Renouard, and other bibliophiles of Paris, met in the stage, each one having hoped to steal away unnoticed and have the game all to himself.

M. Castian, of Lille, who was greatly interested in the treasures of this sale, particularly in No. 142—a work published by Casteman, of Tournay, relating to the Belgian Revolution of 1830, the entire edition of which (two thousand copies) had been suppressed except this one copy—took the precaution to make some inquiries, as he was passing through Tournay, concerning this book, and called on the publisher. M. Casteman had forgotten it, but his foreman recollected it perfectly, and the author, M. Ch. Lecocq.

The Baron de Reiffenberg, then the director of the Royal Library of Brussels, asked for an appropriation to purchase some of these treasures, which was granted, omitting from his list Numbers 12, 35, 48, 55, 83, 109, and 167, as rather too *free* for a public library. One enthusiastic bookseller made the journey to Binche from Amsterdam, only to see No. 75, *Corpus Juris Civilis*, printed by the Elzevirs on vellum. The Princess de Ligne, anxious to destroy the record of her ancestor's achievements, and to protect the reputation of the grandmothers of the best families in the state, wrote to M. Voisin to buy No. 48 at any price: "Achetez, je vous en conjure, à tout prix les sottises de notre polisson de grand père." The Roxburghe Club was represented; and, singularly enough, every book from the cat-

alogue appealed with peculiar force to the taste of some distinguished collector, and each one was the fortunate possessor of a catalogue through the post.

Some persons asserted that the books were not all *unique*: one gentleman, indeed, claimed to own himself a copy of several of them. Still, if not absolutely *unique*, they were so near it, that the enthusiasm of the purchasers increased as the time drew near; when, the day before the sale, the newspapers of Brussels contained a notice that the bibliographical world would learn with regret that the library of the Count de Fortsas would not be sold—that the town of Binche, having resolved to keep it together in honor of its collector, their townsman, had bought it entire, and that henceforth it would form part of the public library of Binche. The town of Binche buying a collection of bibliographical rarities for its public library, each one of which was worth almost a small fortune!

The force of hoaxing could no further go. For the whole affair was a hoax. The Count de Fortsas was a myth; his château, his passion and success in bibliographical pursuits, were apocryphal; the *unique* treasures of his collection (notwithstanding the gentleman who had duplicates) had no other existence than in this little catalogue, which itself has become a rarity and curiosity in the field of bibliography.

The author of this most witty and successful practical joke was M. René Chalons, of Brussels, one of the authors of the *Annuaire Agathopédique et Saucial*. Imprimé par les Presses Iconographiques à la Congrégation de l'Ordre des Agath. . . . Chez A. Labroue & Co., Cycle iv., 8vo, a work which we commend to all discreet lovers of literature who believe that—

"On Heaven's road the better half
Is passed when we have learned to laugh."

M. Chalons is said to have gone to Binche himself to attend the sale, and to

have professed among the inquiring bibliophiles whom he met upon the road, to have had the pleasure of a long personal acquaintance with the Count.

There is a tradition that the good people of Binche, seeing their town invaded by a rusty and serious-looking set of strangers, who were all inquiring for the office of a notary who had no existence, began to suspect some plot against the liberties of the state, or some other of the theoretical abstractions which exist in Europe, and gravely consulted about the propriety of putting as many of them as they could under confinement, until the authorities could be informed upon the matter.

Besides the intrinsic interest attaching to this catalogue from its ingenuity and plausibility—being in no part overdone—its rarity (only one hundred copies having been printed) gives it a value in Europe. We print it entire for our readers, translating the notes:

CATALOGUE

D'UNE TRÈS-RICHE MAIS PEU NOMBREUSE
COLLECTION

DE LIVRES

PROVENANT DE LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE

de feu M.^r le Comte J.-N.-J. de
Fortsas,

dont la vente se fera à Binche, le 10 août 1840,
à onze heures du matin, en l'étude et par le
ministère de M.^e MOURLON, Notaire, rue de
l'Eglise, n.º 9.

MONS,

Typographie d'Em. Hoyois, Libraire.

PRIX: 50 CENTIMES.

On the reverse of the title appears the following:

"Conditions de la Vente :

"La vente se fera au comptant, avec augmentation de 10 p. o/o en sus du prix d'adjudication.

"On pourra voir et collationner les livres, la veille de la vente, depuis trois heures de relevée jusqu'à six. Après l'adjudication, les livres ne seront rendus sous aucun prétexte.

"Les personnes qui ne pourraient assister à la vente, peuvent avec confiance envoyer leurs commissions à M.^r EM. HOYOIS, Imprimeur-Libraire, rue de Nimy, à Mons, qui s'en chargera, moyennant caution solvable pour les personnes avec lesquelles il n'est pas en relation d'affaires.—On est prié d'affranchir les lettres."

Upon the next page commences the preface, which we translate :

"Almost all the libraries formed during the past fifty years have been slavishly based upon the *Bibliographie instructive of Debure*. The consequence has been, that the works presented by Debure as rare or curious have been sought for, exhumed; preserved by amateurs, and are actually everywhere met as foundations of collections; so that, in point of fact, in the matter of old books, nothing is so common as rarities.

"A taste entirely opposed to this slavishness, the idea of a genuinely exclusive bibliomaniac, has, on the other hand, presided over the choice of the unique collection now offered for sale.

"The Count de Fortsas admitted upon his shelves only works unknown to all bibliographers and cataloguists. It was his invariable rule, a rule from which he never departed. With such a system, it is easy to conceive that the collection formed by him—although during forty years he devoted considerable sums to it—could not be very numerous. But what it will be difficult to believe is, that he pitilessly expelled from his shelves books for which he had paid their weight in gold—volumes which would have been the pride of the most fastidious amateurs—as soon as he learned that a work, up to that time unknown, had been noticed in any catalogue.

VOL. II.—K

This sad discovery was indicated upon his manuscript list in a column devoted to this purpose, by these words: '*Mentioned in such or such a work,*' etc.; and then—'*sold, given away,*' or (incredible if we did not know to what extent the passion of exclusive collectors could go) '*destroyed!!*'

"The publication of the *Nouvelles Recherches* of Brunet was a severe blow for our bibliomaniac, and one which, without doubt, contributed to hasten his end. It made him lose at once the third of his cherished library. After that, he seemed disgusted with books and with life; he did not make a single further acquisition; but the Bulletin of Téchener from time to time still further thinned the already decimated ranks of his sacred battalion.

"Jean-Népomucène-Auguste Pichauld, Count de Fortsas, born the 29th October, 1770, at his château de Fortsas, near Binche in Hainaut, died in the place of his birth, and in the chamber in which he first saw the light sixty-nine years before, the 1st September, 1839. Devoted entirely to his books, he had seen (or rather he had not seen) thirty years of revolutions and wars pass by, without abandoning for a moment his favorite occupation—without, as it were, going out from his sanctuary. For him the device should have been made: '*Vitam impendere libris.*'"

Catalogue

OF THE

Library of M.^r le Comte de Fortsas.

N. B. It has been thought necessary to follow, in the impression of this catalogue, the manuscript inventory left by the proprietor of the collection, and to reproduce a part of the notes with which each article was accompanied. M. de Fortsas catalogued his books *pêle-mêle*, and without following any bibliographical system: for a collection so small, a classification would have been,

in fact, a useless matter. The interruption in the series of the numbers is caused by the works from time to time expelled from his shelves.

- 3 Brief discours d'un esprit, lequel, sous la forme d'un cerf, espouvanta moult la citez de Toloze. A Toloze, chez la veufve Colomier, 1619. Small 8vo, 77 pages, red morocco. (*Thouvenin.*)

This little book is by the famous demonographer Sebastien Michaelis. He speaks of it several times in his *Histoire admirable de la possession et conversion d'une pénitente*, etc., etc. Nouvelle édition, Lyons, 1623, 8vo. See page 291 et seq.

- 4 Relacion d'un voyage fait en Artois, Flandres et Brabant, en 1625, par Henry de Tocquaille, gentilhomme poitevin. Orléans, Jean Rousseau, 1627, 12mo, pp. 292, violet morocco, with compartments, gilt edges. (*Vogel.*)

This Henry de Tocquaille is the son of the brave Captain Hercule de Tocquaille, whose intrepidity served Henry IV. so well at the battle of Ivry.

- 7 Histoire de la mort glorieuse du saint martyr (*sic*) Anneffens, décapité à Bruxelles le 19 de Septembre, 1719, par ordre du tiran (*sic*) Prié. 8vo, pp. 50, without place or date, old calf; two worm-holes in the lower margin.
- 8 Honnestes voluptez des plaisirs de la table démontrées péremptoirement, par maistre Bartholomé Brusile, escuier, avocat au Présidial d'Angers. Troye, chez J. Oudot, 1639. 12mo, pp. 149, old binding of red morocco, with the arms of Roquelauré, gilt edges.

- 9 Relation véritable de la surprinse de la ville de Montz en Haynaut, par le conte (*sic*) Loïs de Nassau, without place or date, 4to, 15 leaves without numbers, green morocco, stamped, gilt leaves.

A curious pamphlet, containing particulars hitherto entirely unknown concerning this episode of our revolution of the fifteenth century.

- 11 Histoire des antiquitez et prérogatives de la ville de Bruges, contenant un grand nombre de chartes et documents inédits des plus curieux, par l'abbé Mouffi, prédicateur de S. A. R. Bruxelles, Ermem, 1767, 4to, pp. 722.

The abbé Mouffi has also composed a history of the château de Marimont, which I have searched for these twenty-five years. (Nov. 11, 1826.)

- 12 Infusion polyglotte par le moyen de laquelle les wallons acquerront une connaissance parfaite du bas-allemand en moins de six semaines, par V. D. H. Bruxelles, Voglet, imprimeur-libraire, 1829. 8vo, pp. 45, wood-cuts, unbound.

- 15 Bevis ac dilucida Flandriæ descriptio, per Judocum Antonium Makens, etc. Basileæ, Jo. Oporinus, 1553. Small 8vo, pp. 124, citron morocco, gilt edges. (*Vogel.*)

This volume comes from the abbey of Saint Germain des Prés, at Paris. It belonged to the famous Hotman, and contains his signature and various marginal notes.

- 17 Constitution du royaume d'Ivetot, 1791. 32mo, pp. 97, without place (Paris), red-lum. (*Courteval.*)

A parody upon the constitution of 1791.

- 19 Histoire de la Sainte-Ampoule, conservée en la métropole de Rheims, etc., par Dom Camusél. Rheims, imp. de Dufour, libraire-juré, MDCCCL. 8vo, pp. 122, citron morocco, gilt edges.

The Journal of Verdun speaks of this work as having been totally destroyed.

- 23 Affiette et description de la terre et seigneurie de Rummen. Ensemble la lignée et descendance des seigneurs d'icelle terre, par Dom Cornelius Van Scheepdaal. Maëstricht, Jean Nypels, 1615. Small 12mo, pp. 88, with two plates representing the moneys of Rummen, a very rich old binding in purple

fatins, with the arms of Rummen, embroidered in silk and gold.

- 27 *Eméranciane, ou la succession*, par B. D. C. T. Leyde, 1714. 12mo, pp. 298, *green morocco, gilt edges*.

A romance, or perhaps a satire, of which I have not the key.

- 30 *Le Sardanapale de ce temps (à la sphère)* 1699. 12mo, pp. 304, *vellum*.

A satire written in Holland, against Louis XIV. This infamous piece is by the infamous and mysterious Cornille Blesbois, who mentions himself in the *avant-propos*. (See, about this Blesbois, the *Mélanges tirés d'une petite bibliothèque*, p. 368.)

- 31 *Points douteux et contestables dans les généalogies et descendance des principales familles des Pays-Bas*. (Par De Azavedo.) No place or date; folio, pp. 88, *half bound*.

- 35 *Poésies de Carême (du sieur Poisson)*, à la Trappe, chez Laffrature, (Mons, Henri Bottin) 1779. 12mo, pp. 264. *An unfinished volume, half bound, back and corners of blue morocco*.

By François Auguste Poisson, called *the poet*, born at Mons in 1725, and died in the same city, in 1788. The favorite style of this poet of Mons was satire and epigram, of which, too often, the malice formed the whole point. Not content with having carried and read his manuscript everywhere, Poisson, like others, wished to see himself in print during his life. Unhappily for his glory, the Council obtained information of this clandestine edition: and as some wigs of this respectable body were treated badly enough in his rhymes, they had the book seized before it appeared. My copy, the *only one* which escaped the general burning, comes from the author's heirs.

Poisson was as celebrated for his puns as for his verses; and to finish worthily, as he had lived, he wished to end with a *point*. While they administered the extreme unction to him, he cried out, "Pauvre Poisson, tu es f. . . , on t'accommode à l'huile."

- 36 *Évangile du citoyen Jésus, purgé des idées aristocrates et royalistes, et ramené*

aux vrais principes de la raison, par un bon sans-culotte. Arras, an iii de la République une et indivisible. 12mo, pp. 168. *An incomplete volume*.

This volume, which must not be confounded with the *Évangile of Touquet*, is the work of the famous Joseph Lebon. I received my copy from M. Du Rhin, of Arras, who had taken it from the printer, and saved it from the total destruction of the edition, which was not completed at the fall of the ferocious evangelist of the Convention.

- 40 *Mémoire justificatif des P. P. de l'Oratoire de Jésus de Mons, indignement accusé d'hérésie; où l'on démontre la turpitude et les intrigues de leurs ennemis*. Small 4to, without place or date, pp. 94.

Very curious, and containing many personalities against the members of the magistracy of the times (about 1690). Bayle, in his letters, regrets not having been able to obtain this piquant piece.

- 43 *Les suites du plaisir, ou desconfiture du Grand Roi dans les Pais-Bat. Au Ponen* (Hollande), 1686. 12mo, pp. 152, plates, black morocco, gilt edges.

A libel of a disgusting cynicism on occasion of the fistula of Louis XIV. One of the plates represents *le derrière royal* under the form of a fan surrounded with rays, with the famous motto, *Nec pluribus impar*.

- 46 *Les géorgiques du cygne mantouan, traduites du Latin Virgilien et réduits en ryme François*. Ensemble un discours non moins récréatif à qui tiltre est, *Le Malvoisin*, par Libert Houthem, liggeois. A Mons en Haynau, chez Rutgher Velpius, 1580. 8vo, pp. vii. 128.

Still another work forgotten by M. Vanhasselt. Houthem is known by other works.

- 47 *Disputatio philosophica, qua anonymus probare nititur homines, antequam peccatum, sexum non habuisse*. Coloniz Allobr. apud J. Tornaisium, mdcvii. 4to, pp. 48, plates, half bound, uncut.

This work belonged to Liebnitz, and has his signature and many autograph notes.

- 48 Mes campagnes aux Pays-Bas, avec la liste, jour par jour, des forteresses que j'ai enlevées à l'arme blanche.

Imprimé par moi seul, pour moi seul, à un seul exemplaire, et pour cause.

A. B., de l'imprimerie du P. Ch. De—. No year, 8vo, pp. 202, *bound in green chagrin, with a lock of silver gilt.*

A catalogue, more than curious, of the good fortunes of the Prince. The Maréchal de Richelieu gave him, without doubt, the idea of this singular inventory.

- 50 Il pentamerone del cavalier Giovan Battista Bafile, ouero lo Cunto de li cunte Tratteneminiento de li Peccerille di Gian Alezio Abbattutis. In Amsterdam, presso D. Elsevier, 1675. 12mo, vellum.

- 52 Hystoire tres plaisante et recreative du noble chevir, le gentil seigneur Gil de Chyn, lequel fist moult grant proeces oultre mer. On les vend a Paris en la grand salle du palais, au premier pillier, en la boutique de Galliot Dupre, marchant libraire de Luniversite de Paris. MDCXXVI. Small folio, **black-letter**, 2 col. 54 leaves; brown calf.

- 55 Brouet confortatif pour les âmes foibles en dévotion; ensemble un brief discours en forme de consolacion touchant les misères de ce temps, par Charles de Hainin licentié es droits. A Tournay, chez Adrien Quinquet, MDCXXXI. 12mo, pp. 134, green mo., gilt edges. (*Thouvenin.*)

- 59 Hystoire du Pays et Comté de Haynau, par Messire Du Mont, seigneur de Houdre. 3 vols. 12mo, pp. 300, 325, and 294, wanting titles; green morocco, gilt edges.

We find the name of the author in a sonnet, addressed to him by his friend Gilles Courturiaux, printed at the beginning of the first volume. It is impossible for us to divine why this book was not published; we have read it, without being able to discover the concealed venom which caused it to be proscribed. In

style and criticism it is fit to be placed after its compatriot De Bouffu, the historian of Mons. The third volume, which would not have been the last, ends with the accession of Albert and Isabella.

- 63 Le mystère monseigneur saint Denys a noeuf personaiges cest asçavoir, etc., etc., without place or date, but with a shield upon the last leaf, with a monogram composed of the letters H P R, and surmounted by an eagle. Small folio, oblong, *the form of an account-book, with 47 leaves not numbered; old calf binding, much used.*

- 64 L'Esteriade, poeme desdié a Son Altez Monseigneur Alexander Farneze, gouverneur et cappitaine-general des Pais-Bas, par son tres humble servant François Brassart, poete lavreât. A Mons en Haynau, chez Rugher Velpius, 1584. Small 8vo, pp. 220, red morocco, gilt edges, *with the arms of Farneze.*

In the *Fleurs morales de Jean Bosquet, Montois, à Mons, chez Charles Michel, 1587*, is an ode addressed by the author to Seigneur François Brassart; this is the passage which alludes to our poem:

Ronsard, désie le temps,
Par sa grave Franciade;
Et tu surmont'ras les ans,
Par ta docte Esteriade;
Et mille poèmes beaux
Malgré du temps les affeaux.

Alas! the prediction of his *confrère* in poetry was vain: the author of the *Esteriade*, the Belgian Ronsard, is not even cited in the memoir of Hugo Belge, by the author of *Primevères*. O vanity of glory!

- 66 Description des merveilles, et de la richesse inouïe du château royal de Binche, par M. D. B. (Monsieur de Biseaux). Binche, H. Fontaine, imprimeur libraire, 1830. 8vo, pages 45; blue velvet, gilt edges.

Extracted from the *Etreennes Binchoises*, and printed separately, *one copy only*; I was present at the printing.

- 69 Parallele des Juifs qui ont crucifié J.-C. leur Messie, et des François qui ont guillotiné Louis XVI, leur roi. 8vo, pp. 89, without place or date. (Mons, Monjot, 1794.) Half bound, morocco back.

This work is by Père Charles Louis Richard, Dominican, native of Blainville in Lorraine. It cost its author, aged eighty-four, his life. He was shot the 29th of Thermidor, year 2, in the grand place of Mons, in consequence of a judgment declared the evening before by the *seurs* Bar, Defrise, and Lelièvre, *jugeant révolutionnairement, en leur honneur et conscience (sic)*.

Among the passages which were objected to, was the following: "*A la différence près, d'entre la personne de Dieu et de Louis XVI., je soutiens et je vais démontrer que le crime des Français, qui ont guillotiné Louis XVI, leur-roi, surpasse infiniment celui des Juifs.*"

"It is proved," says the revolutionary Aropagus, "that the père Richard is entirely of contra-revolutionary principles, and of an outrageous fanaticism; that he is the enemy of Liberty and Equality, which the victorious arms of the French Republic have offered and brought us, and which he has sought to destroy by the propagation of opinions as erroneous as his expressions are injurious to the French people, to reason, and even to the Supreme Being."

The tribunal takes the part of Jesus Christ, in the matter of the injurious parallel. Such consideration on the part of these gentlemen was hardly to be expected.

A copy of the placard containing the judgment is joined to this volume.

- 71 La fauvette virginale, laquelle chante les divines perfections de la Sainte Vierge Marie, mère de Dieu, par le père Eustache, capucin. A Valenciennes, de l'imprimerie de Jan Vervliet, à la bible d'or, l'an MDCXXV. 8vo, pp. 274, elegant old binding in red morocco, with the arms of Lalaing.

With music, in the style of the *Pieuse alluette*, the *Philomèle séraphine*, and the *Rosignols liguez en duos*.

- 75 Corpus juris civilis, cum notis Gothofredi. Amstelodami, apud Elzevirios, MDCCLXIII. Folio. *Unique copy*, printed upon vellum, and divided into four vol-

umes, with titles printed expressly. A magnificent binding of red morocco, with compartments, and the arms of the States of Holland.

Upon one of the guards of the first volume, a note, in Dutch, says that this copy, the only one printed upon vellum, was made for the States of Holland, and at their own expense. The execution of this work is admirable; and it is perhaps the most beautiful book in existence. I bought it the 19th of February, 1802, of an Amsterdam Jew, for the small sum of two thousand florins. My friend Sir Richard Heber has frequently offered me a thousand pounds sterling for it.

- 76 Du pret à interet, dit Vflure. Avranches, chez Jean Terbi, imprimeur, MDCLXXVII. 12mo, pp. 142; old binding of green morocco, gilt edges.

A manuscript note attributes this work to Père Félix Grebard, private secretary to the famous Huet, Bishop of Avranches. This Père Grebard is also the author of a very rare tragedy, *La Mort de Henry le Grand*, which I had also in my collection, but which I got rid of, having heard that M. J. Ketele, of Audenarde, had another copy.

- 78 Cornuëlliana, ou bons mots de M.^{me} de Cornuel. A Paris (Hollande), 1731. 12mo, pp. 76; half binding of morocco, uncut; a spot of ink on page 21.

- 79 Vijf bouken Boecij, de consolations philosophic. At the end: Gheprent Taudenaerdé, bij Arend de Keyser de vijfdén dach juli MCCCCLXXXVII. Small 4to, without numbers or catch-words; 205 leaves.

- 81 Mémoires de l'abbé de Vatteville, lequel fut successivement colonel, chartreux, bache, archevêque nommé de Besançon, etc., etc. A Cologne, chez Pierre Marteau, 1710. Small 12mo, pp. vii. and 324; brown calf.

- 83 Les amours du P. C. D. L. avec Madame de C. (du Prince Charles De Lorraine, avec Madame de Choiseul). Mari-

mont (without doubt Holland), 1770. 12mo, pp. 157; *puce* mor., gilt edges.

A libel which is more stupid than malicious. The loves, like the entire person, of our excellent Prince Governor-General, were in fact so little poetic, that it would have been difficult to have made him the hero of a romance that would have been readable. M.^r Barbier, to whom I showed this volume, attributed it to Chevrier. *Si non e vero e bene trovato*.

- 98 Chronicon ecclesiæ sancti Petri Lobbiensis, ordinis scti Benedicti, ex archivis ejusdem compositum per Dom. Eugenium Lambertum Nalines, monachum. MDCCVII. Small 4to, pp. 588, calf, with the arms of Maghe, fortieth abbô of Bonne-Espérance, in Hainault.

This chronicle comes from the same press as the chronicle, equally rare, of Bonne-Espérance, of which I possess a copy upon vellum.

- 109 Aventures galantes du Capitaine Blainville pendant son séjour à B. . . (Bruxelles), 1746. Small 12mo, pp. 369, without indication of place. Blue morocco, gilt edges.

Piquant revelations (true or false) concerning the high society of Brussels at this period, in the style of the *amusements* of Chevrier, but stronger.

- 117 Mémoire sur les Comtes de Louvain, par Ernst. A Hambourg, 1797. 8vo, pp. 37, *unbound*.

A copy made up of proofs, with numerous manuscript corrections.

- 126 Réflexions sur la Révolution de France. Mons, Monjot, 1794. 8vo, pp. 160, *half bound*, back and corners of green morocco.

This work must not be confounded with that by the Englishman Burke. These reflections are by the Dominican Richart, the author of a great number of pamphlets against the revolution. The volume was not completed, the entrance of the French into Mons having interrupted the impression, and caused the ten sheets already printed to be suppressed with the greatest care. Quérard, who has given so detailed a

notice of P. Richart, did not know of the reflections.

- 127 De Mons à Vienne, par L. C. P. D. P. C. Vienne, 1835. 8vo, pp. 208, *half bound*, back of *puce* morocco.

- 142 Causes qui doivent infailliblement amener la dissolution du royaume des Pays-Bas, tel que l'ont fait les traités de 1814 et 1815. Tournai, Casterman, 1829. 8vo, pp. 89, red mor., *uncut*.

This pamphlet, printed in an edition of two thousand copies, was on the point of appearing, when the author, having made his peace with the Dutch government, had it entirely suppressed. A friend saved this copy for me, and up to this day (January, 1835) I consider it *unique*.

- 149 Exposition des droits des Princes-Evêques de Liège sur la ville de Fontaine-l'Evêque, par G. Migeot, avocat au Conseil souverain du Hainaut, 1753. 4to, pp. 29.

I have never been able to learn where this factum was printed, nor the cause of its rarity.

- 153 Traité de l'écriture sacrée des Egyptiens, dite écriture hiéroglyphique; suivi d'une dissertation physiologico-historique sur l'emblème mytique dit *Phallus*. Par M.^r et M.^{me} Lescens, avec des notes par M.^r D*****. Orléans, chez Jean Dubois, imprimeur, an. xii. 4to, *plates*.

- 158 Promptuarium antiquitatum Trevirensium. Accedit disquisitio de ecclesiæ et episcoporum in civitatem juribus, auctore Willelmo comite ab Reiffenberg. Sumptibus auctoris à typog. Bernhardi Vongrafsdorff. Herbipoli, MDXXXIX. 4to, pp. 695, *plates*; bound in blue velvet, with corners and clasps of silver.

- 167 Les sept payfans d'Anderlue, tragédie en 7 actes et en vers, par Bidet. Mons, Monjot, imprimeur-libraire, rue de la Clef, 1807. 8vo.

- 172 Mémoires de l'abbé D. M. R. D. F. A. L. (De Mouson, résident de France à Liège). A Reims, chez Macé, imprim. juré, 1645: 12mo, in two parts of 115 and 210 pages; old binding of red morocco, *with the arms of Colbert*.

This volume is ornamented with the portraits of De Mouson, La Ruelle, and Warfusée, engraved by Jean Valdor, with admirable finish.

M.^r W. having said to me that M.^r Polain, of Liège, possessed a copy of the Memoirs of De Mouson, I went immediately (in January, 1832) to verify myself the existence of this second copy. I can certify that M.^r Polain has, of these memoirs, only the first part of 115 pages. I therefore preserve my *unique* copy.

- 197 Specimens of early Flemish songs of the fourteenth century, to which is prefixed an historical introduction. By Georg. Ellis, Esq. Lond. 1809. 8vo, page 1 to 138, *without title, but with ten plates of music*; cloth.

The printing of this volume was never finished. The author says, in his preface, that, during a visit to Holland, he made the acquaintance of Van Wyn and Clignett, who called his attention to the ancient Flemish literature. On his return to England, he carefully collected our old songs, and wished to publish a volume of them with the music noted. But seeing that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the old Flemish, and that in consequence the text he gave was extremely faulty, he caused all the copies to be destroyed.

- 199 Een seer sonderlinghe schone ende wonderlike historie die men warachtich hout te syne en auctetick sprekende van eense vrouwen gheheeten Melusine: van haren kinderen en gheslachte ende vā haer alze wonderlike werken. *At the end of the volume.* Taudenaerde gheprendt cccclxxxii. 4to, *with very curious wood-cuts*; old binding of hog's skin.

This volume, which evidently came from the press of A. De Keyser, has remained entirely unknown; it has long lines, without catchwords. In the catalogue of Klofs (London,

1835, p. 305, No. 4273), is indicated another edition of the curious romance of Melusine, but it was printed at Antwerp, by Gerard Leeu, 1491. M.^r Klofs is mistaken in believing that there exists only one edition of Melusine in Flemish: besides this of ours, there is still a third (Antwerp, 1510), by Henri Eckert Van Homborch.

- 208 De antiquitatibus Tornaci Nerviorum erutis, presertim de fanō Cybelae disputatio isagoge, auctore Dionysio Villerio, canonico tornacensi. Montibus Hannoniae, apud Carolū Michel, topog. 1612. Small 8vo of 154 leaves; with 8 plates; old red morocco, *with the arms of Tournai*, gilt edges.

This dissertation was intended to serve as an introduction to a much more extended work, which the prebendary Villers proposed to publish upon the antiquities exhumed at Tournai. It is dedicated to J.-B.^{te} Gramaye.

This book must not be confounded with the works of Pignorius and Chifflet.

- 215 Rothnacum, sive de historia oppidi Rothnacensis libri duo. Auctore Lamberto Vander Burchio ad Divam Virginem Mariam Ultrajecti decano. Ultrajecti, ex officinā Hermannī Borculoi, 1616. 12mo, 96 leaves; calf, *with arms*, gilt edges.

The copy given by the author to Aubert Lemire, who, in turn, made a present of it to Antoine Sanderus. The Library of Burgundy possesses the work of Vander Burch upon the history of Flanders, which has in great measure remained unpublished. Besides the present dissertation, we know only the Life of the Count Gui de Dampierre which has been published. This last was also printed by Borculo, at Utrecht, in 1615. (Bibliotheca Hulthemiana, vol. iv. p. 410, No. 27,566.)

- 222 Traicté des monnoyes des comtes de Flandre, ou il est amplement parlé de la fabrique de la monnoye et de la valeur d'icelle, etc., par Olivier de Wree, Brugeois, lic. es loix. A Bruges en Flandre, chez Jean-Baptiste et Lucas Vanden Ker-

chove, ruë haute, à la Bible. 1640. 4to, 46 leaves and 12 plates; bound in old white vellum.

This little work by Vredius has remained unknown to all bibliographers. The plates represent 107 coins struck in Flanders from William Cliton down to Albert and Isabella.

With the same bookseller may be found the catalogue of pictures, medals, and various ancient and curious objects left by M. the Count de Fortsas, the sale of which will take place the 15th of September, 1840.—Price: one franc.

Chinese Proverbs and Moral Maxims.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS.

"Nor do APOPHTHEGMS only serve for ornament and delight, but also for action and civil use: as being the edge tools of speech, which cut and penetrate the knots of business and affairs."—LORD BACON.

1. By a long journey we know a horse's strength: so length of days shows a man's heart.

2. The spontaneous gifts of Heaven are of high value; but the strength of perseverance gains the prize.

3. In the days of affluence, always think of poverty: do not let want come upon you, and make you remember with regret the time of plenty.

4. Modesty is attended with profit: arrogance brings on destruction.

5. The growth of the mulberry-tree corresponds with its early bent.

6. As the scream of the eagle is heard when she has passed over; so a man's name remains after his death.

7. Doubt and distraction are on earth: the brightness of truth in heaven.

8. In learning, age and youth go for nothing: the best informed takes the precedence.

9. The world's unfavorable views of conduct and character are but as the floating clouds, from which the brightest day is not free.

10. Let every man sweep the snow from before his own doors, and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

11. He who can suppress a moment's anger, may prevent many days' sorrow.

12. The man of worth is really great, without being proud; the mean man is proud, without being really great.

13. In making a candle, we seek for light; in studying a book, we seek for reason: light, to illuminate a dark chamber; reason, to enlighten man's heart.

14. By learning, the sons of the common people become public ministers; without learning, the sons of public ministers become mingled with the masses of the people.

15. If you love your son, be liberal in punishment; if you hate your son, accustom him toainties.

16. When you are happier than usual, you should be prepared against some great misfortune. Where joy is extreme, it precedes grief. Having obtained the imperial favor, you should think of disgrace; living in quiet, you should think of danger. When your glory is complete, your disgrace will be the greater; when your success is great, your ruin will be the deeper.*

17. In security, do not forget danger: in times of public tranquillity, be prepared against anarchy.

18. The fishes, though deep in the water, may be hooked; the birds, though high in the air, may be shot: but man's secret thoughts are out of our reach. The heavens may be measured, the earth may be surveyed; the heart of man only is not to be known.

19. Riches are what the man of worth considers lightly; death is what the mean man deems of importance.

20. When the man of a naturally good propensity has much wealth, it injures his advancement in wisdom: when the worthless man has much wealth, it increases his faults.

* "Qui nimios optabat honores,
Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat
Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Casus, et impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ."

JUVENAL, Sat. x. 104.

21. In enacting laws, rigor is indispensable; in executing them, mercy.

22. Do not consider any vice as trivial, and therefore practise it: do not consider any virtue as unimportant, and therefore neglect it.

23. Following virtue is like ascending a steep: following vice, like rushing down a precipice.

24. All events are separately fated before they happen. Floating on the stream of life, it is in vain that we torment ourselves. Nothing proceeds from the machinations of men, but the whole of our lives is planned by destiny.

25. A vicious wife, and an untoward son, no laws can govern.

26. He who tells me of my faults, is my instructor: he who tells me of my virtues, does me harm.

27. Let your words be few, and your companions select: thus you will escape remorse and repentance; thus you will avoid sorrow and shame.

28. If a man's wishes be few, his health will be flourishing: if he has many anxious thoughts, his constitution will decay.

29. Honors come by diligence: riches spring from economy.

30. The mild and gentle must ultimately profit themselves: the violent and fierce must bring down misfortune.

31. If you wish to know what most engages a man's thoughts, you have only to listen to his conversation.

32. In our actions, we should accord with the will of Heaven: in our words, we should consult the feelings of men.

33. If a man be not enlightened within, what lamp shall he light? if his intentions be not upright, what prayers shall he repeat?

34. Man perishes in the pursuit of wealth; as the bird meets with destruction in search of its food.

35. There are plenty of men in the world, but very few heroes.*

36. Poverty and ruin must in the end be proportioned to a man's wickedness and craft; for

these are qualities which Heaven will not suffer to prevail. Were riches and honors the proper results of crafty villany, the better part of the world must fatten on the winds.

37. The best cure for drunkenness is, while sober, to observe a drunken man.

38. The opening flower blooms alike in all places: the moon sheds an equal radiance on every mountain and every river. Evil exists only in the heart of man; all other things show the benevolence of Heaven toward the human race.

39. Would you know the character of the prince, examine his ministers; would you understand the disposition of any man, look at his companions; would you know that of a father, observe his son.

40. A man is as ignorant of his own failings as the ox is unconscious of his great strength.

41. A man, by the cultivation of virtue, consults his own interest: his stores of wisdom and reflection are every day filling up.

42. Confucius says: "The capacity for knowledge, of the inferior man, is small, and easily filled up; the intelligence of the superior man is deep, and not easily satisfied."

43. Though the screen be torn, its frame is still preserved: though the good man be plunged in want, his virtue still remains to him.

44. Without the wisdom of the learned, the clown could not be governed; without the labor of the clown, the learned could not be fed.

45. The cure of ignorance is study—as meat is that of hunger.

46. Though the white gem be cast into the dirt, its purity cannot be (lastingly) sullied: though the good man live in a vile place, his heart cannot be depraved. As the fir and the cypress withstand the rigors of the winter, so resplendent wisdom is safe in situations of difficulty and danger.

47. It is not easy to stop the fire, when the water is at a distance: friends at hand are better than relations afar off.

48. If a man wish to attain to the excellence of superior beings, let him first cultivate the virtues of humanity; for if not perfect in human virtue, how shall he reach immortal perfection?

49. There are three great maxims to be observed by those who hold public situations, viz.: to be upright—to be circumspect—to be diligent.

* Like the army of Xerxes, Πολλοὶ μὲν ἀνθρώποι—ὀλίγοι δὲ ἀνδρες.

his torch. The background is an arch, through which are seen glimpses of foliage. Then comes The Epistle Dedicatory, "To the Honourable Edward Mountague, Sonne and Heire Apparent to the Honours, Estate and Vertues of the Right Honourable Edward Lord Mountague, Baron of *Boughton*." It occupies nine pages, and is written in the usual style of such panegyrics—high-flown in its fulsome compliments, and exceedingly vague on the subject of the volume itself—*Amanda*. A paragraph or two may not be uninteresting:

"For my part," says the poet, after an excessive laudation of the poetical talents of his patron (who, had he "liv'd sooner at *Sucklings* Sessions, had sav'd Sir *W. Davenant* an oath, and wiser *Apollo* would have known better where to bestow his Laurel"), "for my part, if your Honour shall but smile on *Amanda*, and entertaine the chaste Girle as your Handmaid, I shall think her better adopted, then if she had brave old *Ben*, or some pregnant famous Court-wit for her father.

"Sir, though my sweet *Amanda* dare not venture abroad to see her friends without you, and your presence be the best of any I know, to make way for a Lady, yet she presumes not to take so *Honourable* a personage for a Gentleman-Usher, or one with broad shoulders to thrust aside the croudes and throngs of censures she shall meet with in her walks; But being yet childish, and not able to go alone, she humbly kisses the hands of her most noble *Guardian*, in whose armes the little Mopet loves to be dandled, and shewn out at the window. Indeed she is so much an Infant, that were not the face of a *Godfather*, in these *Anabaptistical Antichristian* times, worn quite out of fashion, I should have made bold to call your *Honour* to the Font; Many a poor man hath had (witness *Charles Murrey* the Cripple) his *Majesty* the King himself, (some would

have said, *God blesse him good man*) for his Gossip. But I most of all with the *Sponsalia* were at hand, you might assure and betroth my *Dearest*, (I know whom) to him who never knowes sufficiently how to expresse himselfe, what he is ever ambitious to be

"The Humblest and most Faithful amongst your Honours most devoted Servants,
N. HOOKES."

Then come ten pages of Commendatory Poems: "To the Author upon his *Amanda*," signed "M. P. *Midd. Temp. Gent.*" (30 lines); "To the most ingenious Authour upon his excellent Poems," signed "R. MOYLE, *Trin. Col. Soc.*" (24 lines); "Upon his ingenious friend's most ingenious Poeme, intituled *Amanda*," signed "C. IRETON, of *Trin. Col. Cambr.*" (34 lines); "To his Honoured friend the Author upon his *Amanda*," signed THO. ADAMS. *Trin. Coll. D.*" (30 lines); and "To my deserving friend the Author upon his excellent Poeme *Amanda*," signed "J. A. *Gent.*" (18 lines). Then follows HOOKES himself with two "puffs preliminary" of his own, "The Author to the READER" (50 lines), and "The Authour to the Ladies" (16 lines).

The class of poetic creations to which, however imperfect it may be, *Amanda* belongs, may be indicated as Ideal Women, the object of the poet being to glorify the sex in general, and some one member of it in particular. The first artists of note in this school (it seems almost superfluous to say) were Dante and Petrarch, whose love for and praises of Beatrice and Laura will never die from the memory of men. They were imitated in England (to come more nearly to the matter in hand) by Lord Surrey in his sonnets on the fair Geraldine, Sir Philip Sidney in his *Astrophel and Stella*, Daniel in his *Delia*, Drayton in his

Idea, Willoby in his *Anisa*, Griffin in his *Fideffa*, Habington in his *Castara*, and others whose names will at once recur to the students of old English poetry. The immediate prototype of Hookes I take to have been Cowley, whose collection of poems entitled *The Mistress* appeared in 1647, six years before the publication of *Amanda*. The difference between Cowley and Hookes is, of course, immense—the one showing himself a poet at all times, the other only at intervals, in occasional passages, or at most one or two single short poems. The defect of *The Mistress*, as a whole, it seems to me, is, that the pieces of which it is composed lack definiteness—are deficient in form and color, the sense of the picturesque in conception and grouping, and the true, the real, in sentiment—in fact, are merely so many utterances of imaginary feelings; the merits of *Amanda* are—not exactly the reverse of all this, but certain qualities which the mind seizes with more readiness and holds with a firmer grasp than it does most of the intangible idealisms of *The Mistress*. That the love which was intended to be shadowed forth in the former, was any more real than that in the latter, I do not believe. What I mean is, that, both passions being equally fictitious, Hookes has shown more poetic skill than Cowley, in that he has conceived his imaginary mistress with more distinctness—more clearly defining her and her perfections, the places in which he would have us see her—her pleasures, employments, and the like—in short, conducting himself as we may suppose a poetic lover to have done, making due allowances for the contagious bad taste of his time.

There are fifty-six different poems in *Amanda*, forty-five of which refer directly to the nymph in question. First we have three hymns (I suppose we may call them such), on *Beautie, Love*, and *Against Platonick Court-Love*, written in the worst

manner of “the metaphysical school,” as Dr. Johnson called it—full of forced conceits, in which the point aimed at is frequently lost through over-refinement in language, which, by the way, is not over-refined itself, suggesting in several instances rather gross ideas. Then we approach *Amanda*, or rather the impressions she makes upon the poet, who praises her beauty, proclaims his love, and speculates on her mortality; after which we come to the lady herself, whom he sees, or thinks he sees, putting flowers in her bosom, and overhears singing and reading; who leaves him alone, who feasts with him, who pledges him, who drinks with him, and who smiles upon him. Then, one day of love being gone, her thoughts incline bedward, and she goes to her prayers, like a good girl: he beholds her at her devotions, and after them, and, naughty man that he is, sees her undressing herself, and in her bed, and finally asleep. Then another day dawns—

(“How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flowers!”)

and she awakes, and, after his morning salute, washes her hands, and walks in the garden; then she denies him something, probably a kiss. He next invites her to walk abroad, which she does, and is caught in a shower. The shadow of a rival crosses his path, and he mistrusts her love, after which he goes to see her picture (a Vandyke, of course). A dream follows; then a couple of madrigals on her dimples and her black eyes; then a poem in which she is compared to a number of famous beauties, most of whom are taken from Drayton's *Heroical Epistles*, which seem to have been great favorites with Hookes, who, in a later portion of his volume, has translated two of them—the Epistle of Rosamund to King Henry the Second, and his reply, into Latin verse; then, having fallen into “the way that ladies wish to be who love their lords,”

we behold Amanda in the hands of Juno Lucina, or whatever ancient goddess it was who presided over the child-bed.

I have analyzed the elements in this collection of poems at considerable length, partly to show the difference between its author and his master Cowley (whose *Mistress* the reader can look over at his leisure), and partly to do as much honor as possible, in a hasty paper like this, to the memory of a neglected man of genius. For his poetry, I may say briefly that it is very unequal—fine passages, whole poems even, alternating with dull ones, sweet and pure thoughts with sensual suggestions, and occasional graces of expression and dainty melody with a general harshness of rhythm and language. The diction as a whole is rich, with a fine idiomatic flavor, somewhat derived from the poetic mode then in vogue, but more, it seems to me, from the heart and brain of Hookes himself—the breath and bloom of his genius. Imagination he had not, but a rich, choice fancy, which sometimes ran into the fantastic. Enough, however, of criticism; let us now turn to the fair Amanda, whom we have kept waiting all this while.

To AMANDA leaving him alone.

What business calls thee hence, and calls not me?
My business ever is to wait on thee;
Therefore where e're you go
I must go too
What e're your business is,
Bee't that or this:
Yet still my business is to wait on you;
Nay prethy, my Dearest, why
So coy and shie?
Yes, yes, you'll come agen,
But prethy when?
Here must I moap alone;
Whil't you some other love,
Or in your Cabinet above,
Some letters doat upon,
Which teach you how to say me nay;
But know, *Amanda*, if too long you stay,
My soul shall vanish into aire,
And haunt and dodge thee ev'ry where.

'Tis fit when thou tak'st *Heav'n* from me,
Thou take at least my *soul* with thee.

An Enthusiasm to AMANDA feasting.

Come fill a glasse with the best blood o' th' Vine,
Troth it looks well; 'tis a fresh vaulting wine:
A perfum'd Nectar, yet beyond compare,
Amanda's lips more brisk and lively are;
See, see, here's pretty *Hebe* brings from *Jove*
A golden Cup fill'd to the brims in love!
Amongst the tipling gods, me thinks I see
Blithe purple-fac't *Augustus* drink to thee:
Come, ye immortal Feasters, quaffe it round,
With heads in stead of hats flung to the ground;
Lay down your godheads in idolatrie,
Turne Priests to my *Amanda's* Deity;
Ne'er fear to stoop and change your selves to me,
Amanda can create you gods agen.

To AMANDA waking.

Awake at length! oh quickly, *Fairest*, rise,
And let the day break from thy brighter eyes,
Heark how the early cockrel crows, my *Dear*,
'Tis not *Aurora's*, but thy chaunticlers;
Heark how the merry cherpers of the spring
To thee their goddesses do their mattens sing!
The purple *violets* startle from their beds,
Gently erecting their sweet pearly heads
On their fresh leaved boulders, each would be
A Benefactresse to thy treasury,
And shake into thy snowie breast a tear,
To be congeal'd into a jewel there:
Look how that *woodbine* at the window peeps,
And slilie underneath the casement creeps!
It's *honey-suckle* shewes, and tempting stands
To spend its morning Nectar in thy hands;
Look in the gardens of thy cheeks, and see
Aurora painting in thy roserie:
The ripest *mulberries* do blush it thus,
Made guilty of the blood of *Pyramus*:
Nay had that modest fruit been stain'd with thine,
How like thy lips farre brighter would it shine!
Compar'd with which, who e're betimes hath seen
The ruddy, damask, *Nabathean* Queen,
With her red crimson morning waistcoat on,
Though in her glory she were look't upon
Newly with Sun-beams brush't, shall say at th' best;
'Tis a pale waterish redness in the East;
Nay, and that beauty which in her we see,
Is not her own, but borrow'd too from thee;
The *Sunne* himself reflects, he's but thy *Moon*,
Hide but thy face, and he is eclips'd at noon.

Cast off that drowsie mantle of the night,
And rise, *Amanda*, or 'twill ne'er be light,
Thy *beautie* only can drive night away,
Rise, rise, my *Fairest*, or we lose a day.
(*To be continued.*)

— o —
Life and Works

OF

MICHAEL SERVETUS.

MICHAEL SERVETUS (*Hispanicè*, SERVEDO) was born in the year 1509, at Villanueva, a town of Arragon, in Spain. Sometimes he called himself *Reves*, a word formed by the transposition of the name *Servedo* or *Servetus*, omitting the termination. He received the rudiments of his education at a monastery in his native province, after which he devoted himself to the study of the law at the University of Toulouse, which was then in deservedly high repute, as a place of education for those who were destined for the legal profession. But having heard of the breaking out of the Reformation, he betook himself to the study of the Scriptures, in the perusal of which he found many things at variance with the commonly-received faith. This discovery had such a powerful effect upon his mind, that he resolved to abandon the profession for which his friends had destined him, and devote himself to the dissemination of purer views of Christianity.

He commenced his labors in the south of France; but finding that his efforts were not attended with the success which he had anticipated, on account of the opposition of the priesthood in that country, he resolved to proceed to Germany, where greater freedom of opinion was allowed, and where the cause of the Reformation had already made considerable progress. Having left Toulouse, therefore, where he had been resident about three years, he travelled, by way of Lyons and Geneva, to Basle, in

Switzerland, intending to pass on to Strasburg the first convenient opportunity. During his stay at Basle he had several religious discussions with Œcolampadius, in which he argued against the doctrine of two natures in the person of Christ, denied that Jesus pre-existed as the Son of God, and contended that the Jewish prophets uniformly spoke of the Son of God in the future tense.

An idle story was propagated by the enemies of Servetus, that he visited Africa, and derived his religious notions from the Jews and Turks residing in that country. To this disposition on the part of his contemporaries, to rank him among Jews and Mahometans, Servetus alludes more than once, in the course of his writings. "Some," says he (*Dialog. de Trinitate*, l. ii. fol. 57), "are scandalized at my calling Christ *the prophet*. Because they happen not themselves to apply to him this epithet, they fancy that all who do so are chargeable with Judaism and Mahometanism, regardless of the fact that the Scriptures and ancient writers call him *the prophet*." It has been suggested that the circumstance of Servetus's having been born in Spain may have given currency to the above rumor, since that country, besides containing many persons of the Jewish persuasion, lies directly opposite to the coast of Africa, where Mahometanism is the prevailing religion: but it seems more probable that the charge originated in a perversion of passages, occurring in Servetus's own writings, in which he alludes familiarly to the Talmud and the Koran, speaks of the doctrine of the Trinity as affording matter for derision to the followers of Mahomet, and says that the Jews ridicule the folly of the Christians for their belief in this dogma, and are prevented by such blasphemies from acknowledging Jesus as the Messiah promised in their Law.

Servetus left Basle in 1530 or 1531; for he found that the doctrines which he taught

were not more acceptable to the Protestants of that city, than they had been to the Catholics in the south of France. From Basle he proceeded to Straßburg, where he sought an interview with Bucer and Capito, who were then residing in that city. Capito, if we may judge from the silence of the writers who allude to this interview, saw little or nothing to censure in the opinions of Servetus; but Bucer appears, from a passage in one of Calvin's letters, to have been completely horror-stricken when he heard them, and to have publicly declared that the man who could hold such opinions deserved to have his bowels plucked out, and to be torn limb from limb. Servetus's stay at Straßburg was short. As his usual occupations were entirely of a literary nature, and he had no knowledge of the German language, he was unable to procure a livelihood in that city, and therefore soon quitted it, and returned to Lyons.

Before this time, he had been somewhat guarded in the dissemination of his opinions; for he repeatedly declared, in his supplicatory letters to the senate of Geneva, that his religious discussions in Germany were entirely confined to Œcolampadius, Bucer, and Capito. If, however, we are to give credit to Zeltner, Spanheim, and Beza, he was actively employed in diffusing his sentiments in France, as early as the year 1523. But at that time he was a boy of fourteen years of age, and it is scarcely credible that he should have commenced the office of reformer at so early a period of life as this. Bullinger fixes the time of his first appearance, as an avowed opponent of the doctrine of the Trinity, five years later: but he also seems to have fallen into an error, for Servetus's work *De Trinitatis Erroribus* was not published till 1531, before which time all that he had advanced upon the subject was in the way either of private conversation or correspondence with literary men.

When he was about to leave Basle, he consigned the above-mentioned work to the hands of Conrad Roufs, the printer, with a view to its publication: but Roufs, not being able to elude the vigilance of the Swiss clergy, sent the manuscript to Hagenau in Alsace, where it was printed under the immediate superintendence of its author, who had removed thither from Straßburg for that purpose. It found a ready sale, and was perused and approved by immense numbers, particularly in Germany. The majority of Christians, however, as might have been anticipated, joined in its condemnation. The leaders among the reformed party in Switzerland were apprehensive that its appearance might prejudice the cause of Luther and his associates, in the eyes of the Christian world. Œcolampadius, in a letter addressed to Bucer, and written August 5, 1531, says: "I have seen our Bernese friends this week, who desire to be remembered to you and Capito. The treatise *De Trinitatis Erroribus*, which has been seen only by some of them, has given very great offence. I wish you would write, and tell Luther, that the book was printed out of this country, and unknown to us. For, to say the least, it was an impudent thing to charge the Lutherans with ignorance on the subject of Justification. But that Photinian, or whatever else we may call him, fancies that no one knows any thing but himself. If he is not disowned by the Divines of our Church, we shall get into very bad repute. I entreat you especially to be watchful; and if you do it nowhere else, at least apologize for our Churches in your confutation addressed to the Emperor, however this beast may have crept in among us. He perverts every thing to suit his own purpose, merely to avoid the confession, that the Son is co-eternal and consubstantial with the Father; and it is he who undertakes to prove that the man Christ is the Son of God." Servetus's book was suppressed at

Ratissbon, A. D. 1532; and Œcolampadius, in compliance with the wishes of the magistrates of Basle, publicly denounced it as a pernicious work, in a speech delivered in the presence of the senate. He also wrote two letters to Servetus himself, in which he replied to the arguments contained in his book, and urged him to renounce his supposed errors.

Servetus now began to suspect that men's minds were not yet prepared for a full disclosure of the truth; and in order to allay the ferment which he had excited, he published, at Hagenau, A. D. 1532, *Two Dialogues on the Trinity*, in which he strove to soften down some of the expressions which he had used in his former work. At the beginning of these *Dialogues* he says: "I now retract all that I lately wrote against the received doctrine of the Trinity, not because it is false, but because it is imperfect, and composed by a child for the use of children. That my former book went forth into the world so barbarous, confused, and incorrect, must be ascribed to my own inexperience, and the carelessness of my printer." But Servetus's attempts to rectify the mistakes, to improve upon the style, and to elucidate the argument of his former publication, tended only to exasperate and inflame the minds of his opponents; and passages not unfrequently occur in the theological writings of his contemporaries, in which they inveigh with great bitterness against him and his doctrines. The Protestants of that age appear to have been seized with a pious horror at the thought of submitting the doctrine of the Trinity to the test of argument; and Servetus, who had not only done this, but done it in a bold and uncompromising spirit, brought down upon himself the whole weight of their vengeance. They feared that the agitation of this question would prejudice the cause of the Reformation in the eyes of their Catholic brethren; and labored, with all their might, to silence

those who had the temerity to transgress the prescribed bounds of Trinitarian orthodoxy. But the more discerning among them foresaw that, in spite of all the efforts which were made to put down Servetus, the great controversy, which he had started, would one day or other embroil the Christian world in disputes, of which it was impossible to predict the issue. Melancthon, writing to Camerarius on this subject, February 25, 1533, expresses himself in the following terms: "You ask my opinion about Servetus. I find him sufficiently acute and cunning in argument; but I cannot allow him the praise of solidity. He seems to me to labor under a confusion of ideas, and not to have very clear notions of the matter upon which he treats. On the subject of *Justification* he evidently ventures beyond his depth. With respect to *the Trinity*, you know I was always apprehensive that these things would sooner or later break out. Good God! what tragedies will this question excite among posterity—whether the Logos is an hypostasis, and whether the Holy Spirit is an hypostasis? I satisfy myself with those words of Scripture which command us to invoke Christ, which is to attribute to him the honor of divinity, and is full of consolation."

Servetus remained at Lyons between two and three years, and seems to have supported himself there as a corrector of the press. From Lyons he removed to Paris, where he took up the profession of medicine, to which he devoted himself with such assiduity, under the direction of Silvius, Fernel, and other eminent professors, that he was soon enabled to take his doctor's degree. It was during his residence at Paris, that he first became personally known to Calvin, with whom he was anxious to hold a religious discussion: but his own inclination being probably overruled by the advice of his friends, the discussion never took place. This was in the year 1534. It appears,

however, that he had returned to Lyons in the year following, where he was employed in superintending the publication of an edition of *Ptolemy's Geography*. In the preface to this work, he speaks of having visited Italy, and being acquainted with the Italian language. This journey into Italy has been entirely overlooked by many of his biographers; and is not even mentioned by De la Roche, whose account of him is, on the whole, drawn up with great accuracy. Servetus himself alludes to it, not only in the preface to his edition of Ptolemy, as has been already observed, but in his *Christianismi Refutatio*, where he says that he has "seen with his own eyes, in the streets of Rome, the Pope treading upon the necks of princes, and receiving homage from all the people upon their bended knees." According to Calvin, this journey into Italy took place in the year of Servetus's death. But this is evidently a mistake. It must have been at least as early as the year 1535. The most probable opinion is, that it occurred about the beginning of 1530, when, in the dress of a Dominican friar, he is said to have witnessed the coronation of Charles the Fifth.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous Items.

M. J. C. Brunet on the Character of Washington.

IN looking over the *Recherches, Bibliographiques et Critiques, sur les Editions Originales des Cinq Livres du Roman Satirique de Rabelais*, etc. (Paris, 1852), by Jacq. Ch. Brunet, I came across an estimate of WASHINGTON by the learned author of the *Manuel*. It occurs in a note on the fifty-fourth page of the reprint added to the volume above mentioned, of the *Grandes et Inestimables Chroniques de Gargantua*,

intended to serve as "an-addition to all the editions of Rabelais."

As this publication is not common, even in France, and as the anecdote is not only interesting but honorable to America, I give you a translation of it, as well as the note in which the mention of Washington occurs:

"It is four or five years ago that M. Coppinger made the acquisition of a small octavo, printed in black-letter, under the date of 1535, entitled *De l'Origine des Princes Turcs, et des Mœurs Ottomanes*; but, unhappily, this curious volume wanted the frontispiece—so that, in order to know its real title, it became necessary to find another copy, or else find an exact description of it in some work of bibliography. In order to arrive at this result, our bibliophile made all imaginable efforts and researches in vain; he could not find the book in any public library either in Paris or London, and the bibliographers whom he consulted told him nothing. Yet the knowledge which M. Coppinger despaired of procuring in Europe, a happy chance soon offered him in America.

"These were the circumstances:

"In 1848, Paris was daily menaced with fresh disturbances; those who feared revolutions were fleeing from her walls. In order not to be the witness of the painful birth of a new republic, M. Coppinger had fled to America. Having arrived at Philadelphia, he did not fail to pay a visit to Doctor Morris, well known for his enlightened love for books and his urbanity. The conversation turned naturally upon bibliography; the worthy doctor showed his library, and particularly his fine collection of Aldine editions, his choice of French authors; and did not fail to put before the eyes of M. Coppinger a certain octavo in Gothic type, which, wonderful to say, was a perfect copy, but of another edition, of the work on Turkey so vainly sought for in France and England! The surprise of our traveller may be imagined, when, having cast his eyes upon the title of this precious volume, he there discovered what was wanting in his own copy; it was so strongly expressed, that M. Morris, having learned its cause, hastened to present in the most gracious manner to his visitor the volume he contemplated with so much delight, begging him to keep it as a *souvenir* of their bibliographical conference."

The estimate of Washington occurs in the following note to this anecdote:

"This generosity, which is so natural to him, M. Morris has extended even to me; for having

heard from M. Coppinger that I was an admirer of George Washington, he kindly sent me a curious autograph of this great citizen, the most noble political character of modern times." H.

Curious Will of George Fox, the Quaker.

"QUAKER VERACITY:

"Or the LAST WILL of their Great Apostle GEORGE FOX, as it was all written by his own Hand, and is now lying in the Prerogative-Office. Published to convince the World, that he who made this Will, and could not write one Line of True English, is not the Author of any one Page in all those Books which the QUAKERS have impudently published under his Name.

"I do give to Thomas Lower my sadell the ar at Jhon Nelsons and bridall and spores and bootcs inward lethereths and the new-england indan Bible and my great book of the signifying of names, and my book of the new testement of eight langes and all my fisekall things that came from beyond the seay with the outlandesh cup and that thing that people doe give glisters with and my tow diales the one is an eknocksha diall and all my over plieish bookes to be devided among my 4 fones in law and also all my other bookes and my hamack I doe give to Thomas Lower that is at bengamin antrobus his closet and rachall may take that which is at Swarthmor.

"and Thomas Lover may have my walnut equnockshall diall and if he can he may get one cut by it which will be hard to do and he shall have one of my proffpect glases in my tranck at London and a pare of my glovefests and my seale G. F. and the flaming sword to Nat Mead and my other two scales J Rose and the other Dan Abraham and Thomas Laier shall have my Spanesh lether hud S Meade shall have my magnifying glas and the torkel shell com and cace. G. F.

"and all that I have written consarning what I doe give to my relashons ether mony or other ways Jhon Loft may put it up in

my-tronke at Jhon Elfenes and wright all things downe in a paper and make a paper out of all my papers how I have ordered things for them and Jhon Loft may send all things down by Powlesworth carrer in the trouнке to Jhon Fox at Powlesworth in Warwicksher and let Jhon Fox send Jhon Loft a full reecat and a discharge and in this mater and non of you may be consarned but Jhon Loft only. G. F.

"and my other letell tronke that standeth in Bengmin Antrubeses closet with the outlandish things Thomas Lover shall have and if it be ordered in any other papeers to any other that must not stand soe but as now orders. G. F.

"and Sary thou may give Sary Frickenfeld half a gine for she hath been sarvesable to mee a honest carfull young woman. G. F.

"make no noyes of thes things but doe them in the life as I have ordered them and when all is don and cleared what remenes to the printing of my books.

"Bengmin Antrabus hath one 100 of mine take noe yowes of them for it when you do receive it.

"and in my cheast in Bengamen Antrabs chamber there is a letell gilt box with som gold in it Sary Mead to take it and let it do it sarveses among the rest so far as it will goe the box is sealed up. G. F.

"and let Thomas Docker that knoeth many of my Epeseles and written bookes which he did wright com up to London to asist frends in sorting of my Epeseles and other writings and give him a gine. G. F.

"This is to be put up among G. F. seled up papers that pocket that Sary Mead hath.

"I do order W. and Sarah Mead and J. Lover to take care of all my my books and Epeseles and papers that be at Benjamin Antrobs and at M. M. chamber and thof that com from Swarthmor and my jornall of my life and the pasages and travels of frendes and to take them all into ther hands

and all the over pluch of them the may have and keep together as a library when the have gathered them them together which is to be parted.

"and for them to take charge of all my mony and defray all as I have ordered in my other papers and any thing of mine the may the may take and god will and shall be ther reward the 8. mo. 1688. G. F.

"Thomas Lover and John Rous may asist you and all the Pafeges and travild and suferings of frinds in the beging of the spreading of the troath which I have keep together will make a fine history and the may be had at Swarthmor with my other bookes and if the com to London with they papers then the may be had either at W. M. or ben Antrubs clofet for it is a fine thing to know the beging of the spreading of the gospel after so long night of apostace since the Apofels days that now Christ reines as he did in the harts of his people glory to the lord for ever amen. G. F.

"The 8. mon. 1688.——Endorfed thus,

"For G. F. to be layed in the tranke at W. M. the 8. Mo. 1688."

(From *Phoenix Britannicus*, London, 1732.)

Note on the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare.

"THAT the Printer, at least, intended to produce a correct work is proved by my friend Mr. Litchfield's copy. Page 193 was amended because it had been numbered 203; and 204 was corrected because *Cel.* had been printed instead of *Clo.* and *Clo.* instead of *Will.* He has the faulty leaves. I have heard of some other corrections. Mr. Amyot has 2 copies with very great differences. Page 166 M. of Venice called 160. Page 237 of All's well &c right, instead of 233, as it is in mine. Hamlet, p. 278, has 10 Errors, corrected in other Copies.—This page he supposes to be an un-


corrected Proof.—I think it a part of the impression subsequently amended.


"A copy at Longman's at the top of p. 333—Othello, has the words "and Hell gnaw his bones"—instead of the proper first line of Roderigo's speech.

"At Arch's in Cornhill, a genuine Title page bears the date 1622! My opinion from all this is, that a small number was at first printed, and the Prefs kept standing. Errors were then corrected as they were discovered. Indeed it is proved beyond a doubt, by the circumstance of there being no differences in any but the corrected parts of the Pages—had they been cancelled, and recomposed, the printer's work would have exhibited many, easily discernible."

The above is copied from a MS. written by James Boaden in 1821, and forms a supplement to the note published in last month's *Philobiblion*.

S. W. P.

 REMOVAL.—The publication office and bookstore connected with *The Philobiblion* have been removed from No. 51 to No. 64 Nassau street.

 MESSRS. PHILES & CO. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir EDGERTON BRYDGES. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of the art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows:

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each;
100 on large paper, at \$4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of OLD ENGLISH POETRY. The next volume in the series will be "*England's Wellcon.*"

the predictions of Isaiah related, in their primary and literal sense, to the times and circumstances of the Jewish people, but that they respected the Messiah in a secondary and allegorical sense. Simon affirmed the same opinion. But Father Balaus, in his *Utriusque Testamenti prophetice* (1560), was more of expounding the prophecies. We are nevertheless indebted to Dr. George Benson, a learned Unitarian minister of the last century, for one of the ablest treatises ever published on the other side of the Atlantic; to show that no list of scriptural prophecies can be made which will not

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be applicable to him only in a figurative or spiritual sense. It means, or signifies, on that grand controversy which the latter so much dreaded to encounter, and which he expected would be the occasion of so much persecution and bloodshed. The die, however, was cast. Servetus's controversial writings were already disseminated far and wide, and that prudence, which had before dictated silence, now seemed to call for active interference.

MICHAEL SERVETUS was born at Villanueva, in the kingdom of Aragon, in 1511. He was the son of a physician, and was educated at the University of Salamanca.

In 1537, Servetus gave to the world his first medical treatise, entitled *De Virginitate*, under the name of Michael Vallerius. On this treatise, Antonius van der Linde, the author of a work, *De Medicis Scriptis*, speaks in the highest terms, styling it a solid and catholic treatise, devoid of errors, and of excellent style.

At this time, no notice had been taken by Luther of Servetus's writings against the doctrine of the Trinity. It was when pressed by the most pressing necessity, that he began to write upon this subject, he having taken the most profound silence respecting Servetus, and did not make the most distant allusion to him, in his *Commentary on the*

Proem of John's Gospel, where he has spared neither heretics nor heretics. At length, however, he made mention of him in the year 1535, and classed him, together with Campanus, among the enemies of the Gospel. Different reasons have been assigned, to account for Luther's silence on a subject which appeared at least to call for some incidental notice. His own mind, it has been supposed, was still wavering. His silence also has been attributed to a feeling of contempt for Servetus. But the most natural solution of the difficulty appears to be, that Luther was restrained from intermeddling with so delicate a subject by the advice of his friend Melancthon, lest he

should be means of hastening on that grand controversy which the latter so much dreaded to encounter, and which he expected would be the occasion of so much persecution and bloodshed. The die, however, was cast. Servetus's controversial writings were already disseminated far and wide, and that prudence, which had before dictated silence, now seemed to call for active interference.

The very same year that witnessed Luther's attack upon Campanus and Servetus, produced a similar attack from the pen of Melancthon, who wrote to the senate of Venice a letter of complaint on the subject of Servetus's work *De Trinitatis Erroribus*, which was widely circulated in that part of Italy, and which he denounced as a most heretical and dangerous book. From the study of this book, it is not improbable that Lælius Socinus, the father of the Italian Unitarians, received his first impressions of the erroneousness of the doctrine of the Trinity. Of this, however, we shall probably have occasion to say more hereafter.

In the year 1540, Servetus was practising as a physician at Charlevoix, a town in the south of France; and two or three years later we find him at Vienne, superintending the publication of a folio edition of Pagninus's Bible. This Bible was printed by Hugh de la Porte, at Lyons, and bore the following title: *Biblia Sacra ex Sanctis Pagnini Translatione, sed ad Hebraicæ Linguae amissum ita recognita, et Scholis illustrata, ut plane nova Editio videri possit.* Servetus wrote a preface to it, and

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added a few notes. Calvin calls them impertinent and impious notes, and says that Servetus obtained the sum of five hundred livres for writing them. Servetus supposed, as appears from the preface, that all the prophecies of the Old Testament, which are usually thought to relate to Christ, were literally fulfilled in some other person, and applied to him only in a figurative or spiritual sense. His notes are principally confined to the Psalms, and the Books of the Prophets; but there are a few also upon the Historical Books. The latter generally give a clearer explanation of the Hebrew words, and sometimes, though very seldom, contain historical remarks. It is not till he comes to the Psalms, that he begins to unfold his opinion respecting the passages usually applied to Jesus Christ. Of the second Psalm, he says, that it treats of David's liberation from his enemies: ("Ad diem Resurrectionis Christi vocem, 'hodie' [v. 7] refert Paulus, sicut in die, qua evasit ab hoste, dicitur David hodie natus, et hodie denuo factus Rex."). He explains the twenty-second, of David's flight over rocks and precipices, which lacerated his hands and feet: ("Eugiente Davide, per abrupta instar quadrupedis, manus ejus et pedes perforabantur. Unde et Hebræi legunt, 'quasi Leonis manus meæ et pedes mei'." Ps. xxii. 16.) The prophecy in Isaiah vii. 14, he applies to the birth of Hezekiah: ("O tendit ad literam ipsam Abiam præsentem et parituram Ezechiam."). And he makes a similar application of the word "Emmanuel," in Isaiah viii. 10: ("Quia nobiscum Deus. — Quia 'Immanuel,' id est quia Deus est cum Ezechia contra Assyrios.")

These notes gave great offence both to Protestants and Catholics, and the edition was condemned in the *Expurgatory Indexes* of Quiroga and Sottomaior. Yet Protestants and Catholics of great eminence have since adopted the very same principle of interpretation. Grotius maintained that the predictions of Isaiah related, in their primary and literal sense, to the times and circumstances of the Jewish people, but that they respected the Messiah in a secondary and allegorical sense. Simon advocated the same opinion. But Father Baltus, a Jesuit, denounces this Socinian mode of expounding the prophecies. We are nevertheless indebted to Dr. George Benson, a learned Unitarian writer of the last century, for one of the ablest treatises ever published on the other side of the question: (*An Essay concerning the Unity of Sense; to shew that no Text of Scripture has more than one single Sense*). This Essay was originally prepared for Dr. Benson's *Paraphrase on Paul's Epistles*, and was afterward reprinted in the fourth volume of Watson's *Theological Tracts* (p. 48, 1759). After replying to all the arguments alleged in favor of a double sense, Dr. B. comes to the conclusion, that "no text of Scripture has more than one meaning;" and what is perhaps still more remarkable, Dr. J. K. Smith, the highest authority among the English Calvinists of the present day, adopts the very principle of interpretation which Calvin himself alleged as one of the grossest aggravations of Servetus's offence against orthodoxy, in his *Scripture Testimony to the Messiah*, &c. by John K. Smith, D.D., fourth edition, London, 1829, vol. i. book ii. chap. lxi. p. 23. It is well known, that in his edition of Calvin's charges against Servetus, included his edition of Pagninus's Bible, and particularly his annotations on Isaiah lvi. (*Hyli. Mith. Servet. p. 67*). The following is the passage to which allusion is here made: "Quæ et didit auditus nostrum &c. Incredibile, quod de Cyro, qui magnum etiam mysterium quod sub humilibus Hierosolymæ typis latebat Christi, æterna sublimia. Ibidem. Vulneratus est propter prævaricationes nostras. Quasi exagentibus populi

peccatis interfectum Cyrum deflet Prophetam, eo quod postea sub Cambyse multo deterius habuerint, impedita tunc et diruta Templi ædificatione jam inchoatâ, Daniel ix. Fuitque hæc a Deo data occasio prædicandi passionem Christi, cui soli convenit horum verborum sublimitas et veritas."

Soon after Servetus began to practise as a physician, he met with his former friend and pupil, Peter Palmier, Archbishop of Vienne, who strongly urged him to settle at that place, and offered him an apartment in his own house. This proposal Servetus was induced to accept; and here he continued to live, in good practice, and upon the most friendly terms with his patron, till his repose was destroyed by the machinations of his arch-enemy. It was not till after a period of thirteen years, spent in the greatest harmony, in the society and under the roof of a Catholic prelate, that Calvin was able to mature the plan which he had formed for the destruction of Servetus. "Calvin," says Daniel Chamier, of Dauphiny, "not only professed a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity, but defended it with the greatest constancy, while the Papists were slumbering, among whom, as long as Servetus lived, he lived in safety; but at length he was made by Calvin to feel the force of truth, and when he came to Geneva, was visited with a holy severity by the pious magistrates of that city."

Calvin kept up a long correspondence with him, and endeavored, as he says in his *Fidelis Expositio*, for the space of sixteen years, to reclaim him from his errors; and Servetus consulted Calvin on several points, and sent him the three following questions, to which he asked for as many separate answers:

"I. An homo Jesus crucifixus sit Filius Dei; et quæ sit hujus filiationis ratio?

"II. An Regnum Christi sit in hominibus; quando quis ingreditur, et quando regeneretur?

"III. An Baptismus Christi debeat in fide fieri,

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sicut Cæna; et quorsum hæc instituta sint sædere novo?"

To these questions Calvin replied, as he was requested to do; but Servetus was not satisfied with his answers, and in a subsequent letter assigned reasons for disagreeing with him in opinion. This excited the severe displeasure of Calvin, who was not accustomed to have his dicta disputed. Accordingly he wrote, as he admits, an angry reply to Servetus; and Servetus defended himself in a spirited and somewhat intemperate manner. From this time, according to Calvin, commenced a dislike to him on the part of Servetus, which often vented itself in bitter imprecations. But Calvin, among whose good qualities that of Christian meekness was not conspicuous, repaid the abuse of Servetus with interest.

Bolssec informs us that, as much as seven years before the death of Servetus, Calvin declared, in a letter to Peter Viret, that if he should ever come to Geneva, he would not allow him to return from it alive; and Varillas affirms, that there is at Paris an original letter of Calvin to Farel, written in 1546, which was never printed, and that these words are to be found in it:

"Servetus has lately written to me, and sent me at the same time a large book, stuffed with idle fancies, and full of arrogance. He says I shall find in it admirable things, and such as have been hitherto unheard of. He offers to come hither, if I like it: but I will not engage my word; for if he comes, and if any regard be had to my authority, I will not allow him to escape with his life."

Grotius alludes to this letter, as being at Paris, in Calvin's own handwriting: ("Ex-tat ipsius Lutetiæ manus.") The cause of its being written was the determination of Servetus to publish a third work against the Trinity. In the year 1546, he sent to Calvin a manuscript copy of this work, requesting him to give his opinion as to its merits. It has been supposed that this manuscript

contained the original draught of the *Christianismi Restitutio*. But Calvin was so much incensed at the freedom which Servetus had taken in some of his remarks, that he ever afterward inveighed against him with the greatest bitterness; and came, as we have seen above, to the deliberate determination of plotting his destruction.

This determination could not be carried into effect at once; nor would Calvin, perhaps, have been able to accomplish it at all, had not Servetus, in his zeal for the truth, and his indignation against error, ventured upon the publication of the *Christianismi Restitutio*. His avowed object in the composition of this book was to bring back the Christian world to what he conceived to be the primitive standard of faith; and it was for this reason that he entitled it *The Restoration of Christianity*. It consists of seven parts. The first and last of these are particularly devoted to the doctrine of the Trinity; and the fifth contains a series of thirty letters addressed to Calvin, on doctrinal subjects. No author's name is given in the title-page; but M. S. V., the initial letters of *Michael Servetus Villanovanus*, are placed, together with the date (1553), at the end of the work. It was no sooner published, than the most strenuous efforts were made, both by Catholics and Protestants, to suppress it; and with such effect, that not more than two copies are now known to exist. A *fac-simile* of it was published in 1791, but copies of this are almost as seldom to be met with as the original.

It was in the *Christianismi Restitutio* that Servetus promulgated his discovery of the circulation of the blood. This discovery he beautifully unfolds in a passage which is too long to be transferred to the present biographical sketch; and from which, therefore, the following brief and necessarily imperfect extracts only are taken:

“Cor est primum vivens, fons caloris, in medio corpore. Ab hepate sumit liquorem vitæ, quasi

materiam et eum vice versa vivificat. . . . Vitalis spiritus in sinistro cordis ventriculo suam originem habet, juvantibus maxime pulmonibus ad ipsius generationem. . . . Ille itaque spiritus vitalis a sinistro cordis ventriculo, in arterias totius corporis deinde transfunditur.”

Calvin, who was always on the watch for something by which he might criminate Servetus, soon gave out that this work was written by him; and availing himself of the assistance of one William Trie, a native of Lyons, who was at that time residing at Geneva, he caused Servetus to be apprehended and thrown into prison, on a charge of heresy. Some of the friends and disciples of Calvin have attempted to free him from this odious imputation, and he has himself represented it as a calumny: but the fact that Servetus was imprisoned at the sole instigation of Calvin, is too well established to admit of dispute. Abundant proofs of it may be found in the accounts of De la Roche, Allwoerden, Molheim, Bock, and Trechsel.

Servetus had adopted the name of *Villanovanus* at least twenty years before the publication of his *Christianismi Restitutio*; and it was scarcely known that *Villanovanus* and *Servetus* were the same person, till Calvin, with studied malignity, wrote to his friends to inform them that “Servetus was lurking in France under a feigned name.” In order to prove this identity, William Trie was furnished by Calvin with some of Servetus's original letters, which were transmitted to Vienne; and the evidence supplied by them being conclusive of the fact, Servetus was apprehended, and committed to prison without delay. But having so long and so reputably exercised his profession of a physician in that town, M. De la Court, vice-bailiff and judge of Dauphiny, gave orders to his jailer to treat him with kindness, and permitted all his friends who wished it to have access to him. After undergoing three separate examinations, in the last of which he acknowledged himself

the author of the letters to Calvin, he saw that his life was in jeopardy, and, availing himself of a suitable opportunity, effected his escape. His intention now was to settle as a physician at Naples, where his countryman, Signor John Valdez, had already sown the seeds of the Reformation. But he was induced, by some strange fatality, to go by way of Geneva; and Calvin, who had heard of his escape from Vienne, and of the probability of his passing through Geneva on his way into Italy, was on the watch for him, and caused him to be apprehended soon after his arrival.

He entered Geneva on foot, having walked from a place called *Le Luyet*, where he had spent the previous night; and probably thinking that a pedestrian would attract less notice than a person travelling on horseback or in a carriage. He took up his abode for the day at the Rose Inn, and meant to have hired a boat on the day following, in his way to Zurich. But Calvin, having learned that he was in the city, made the chief syndic acquainted with the fact, and caused him to be apprehended and committed to prison. It is uncertain on what day of the month this happened; but a report got abroad that it was on the Lord's-day, and that Servetus was apprehended at church, during the time of sermon. It appears, however, from his own confession, that he did not leave his inn, for fear of being recognized.

The laws of Geneva forbade that any one should be imprisoned, unless his accuser should be imprisoned with him. Calvin, therefore, prevailed upon one Nicholas de la Fontaine, a native of the Isle of France, to undertake the office of prosecutor. In what relation this man stood to Calvin has never been clearly ascertained. Some say that he was a cook in a gentleman's family; others are of opinion that he was Calvin's own cook. De la Roche conjectures that he united, in his own per-

son, the two characters of a student and a domestic. But whatever was the precise relation in which he stood to Calvin, it is evident, from a petition which Servetus presented to the magistrates of Geneva, that Calvin was, in some sense, his *master*.

This man, on the 14th of August, 1553, brought a formal accusation against Servetus, comprising no less than thirty-eight separate charges, to each of which he urged the senate to demand a distinct answer. The thirty-seventh set forth that Servetus, in a printed book, had defamed the doctrine preached by Calvin, and decried and calumniated it in every possible way, contrary to a decree, passed on the 9th of November in the preceding year, which had pronounced that doctrine sacred and inviolable. When Servetus had briefly replied to the charges exhibited against him, his accuser produced a copy of the *Christianismi Reformatio*, and likewise the manuscript work which Servetus had sent to Calvin about six years before, and to which allusion has already been made. Of both these Servetus acknowledged himself to be the author. His prosecutor then laid before the senate copies of *Ptolemy's Geography* and *Pagninus's Bible*, which had been edited by Servetus, and demanded whether he was the author of the notes contained in those two works; to which Servetus replied in the affirmative. The accuser and accused were then both remanded to prison; but the former was discharged on the fourth day, Calvin's own brother giving bail for his appearance, whenever he should be called upon by the proper authorities.

On the 15th of August (which was the second day of the preliminary examination), Servetus was again brought to the bar, and again replied to the interrogatories of his accuser, answering some in the affirmative, and others in the negative, as on the preceding day.

On the third day (August 16th), La Fon-

taine entered into court, accompanied by M. Germain Colladon; and passages were produced from the writings of Servetus, in confirmation of the charges alleged against him. But when they had gone through the first eleven articles, the court adjourned to the following day. In the mean time, La Fontaine presented a petition to the judges, in which he besought them to demand from Servetus a distinct, categorical answer to each separate article; and requested that if, on examination, they should be satisfied of his guilt, and think it right to prosecute him by their attorney, they would issue a declaration to that effect.

The next day (August 17th), La Fontaine and Colladon referred to two letters of Œcolampadius, and two passages in the writings of Melancthon, for the purpose of proving that Servetus had been condemned in Germany; to which he replied, that Œcolampadius and Melancthon had indeed written against him, but that no definitive sentence had been pronounced. On the third article, a passage was produced from Servetus's preface to *Ptolemy's Geography*, containing an alleged calumny against Moses, respecting the fertility of Palestine; and other passages from his notes on Isaiah vii., viii., and liii. On the sixth article, passages were quoted from the *Christianismi Restitutio* (fol. 22 to 36), in which he calls the Trinity a *Cerberus*, a *dream of St. Augustine*, and an *invention of the Devil*; and believers in it, *Tritheists*. On the same day his accusers brought forward several passages from his printed books, and manuscripts, containing alleged heretical expressions; and upon the thirty-seventh article, they produced a manuscript letter of Servetus to M. Abel Pepin, a minister of Geneva, written more than six years before his apprehension, and a copy of Calvin's *Institutions*, the margin of which was covered with notes in Servetus's own handwriting. To such of these articles as ap-

peared to him to require special notice, he replied; and on the same day he admitted that his printer had sent several copies of the *Christianismi Restitutio* to Frankfort.

On the 21st of August, his accusers produced in court a letter of Balthasar Arnollet, the printer of his *Christianismi Restitutio*. This letter was written on the preceding 14th of July, and addressed to James Bertet, at Châtillon. The writer informs his friend that Guérout, who had corrected the press, when the above work was printed, concealed from him the errors which it contained; and even expressed a wish to translate it into French. Arnollet further requests Bertet to go to Frankfort, stop the sale of the copies which were lying there, and cause them to be destroyed. When this letter had been read, Calvin entered the court, attended by all the ministers of Geneva; and after a long discussion with Servetus respecting the opinions of the Fathers, he and his brother-ministers retired. Calvin had brought with him copies of the writings of Tertullian and Irenæus, and the Epistles of Ignatius, the use of which, after he had left the court, was allowed to Servetus. The accused was also furnished with pen, ink, and paper, to draw up a petition, which he presented to his judges on the day following.

On the 23d of August, Servetus was brought to the bar, and interrogated by the procureur-general, who exhibited thirty new articles against him, relating chiefly to his personal history.

On the 28th of the same month, the lieutenant brought in thirty-eight articles, about which he desired that the prisoner might be examined. These articles were subjoined to a long preamble of the procureur-general, the design of which was to show that Servetus ought to be put to death.

On the last day of the month of August, the syndic and council of Geneva received

a letter from the vice-bailiff and the King's attorney at Vienne, dated the 26th of the same month, thanking them for their vigilance in apprehending Servetus, and for detaining him as their prisoner; and requesting them to send him back to Vienne, in order that they might carry into execution their sentence against him. This day was chiefly employed in interrogating Servetus on matters arising out of the subject of this letter.

On the 1st of September, he was asked to mention the names of those who were in debt to him in France, but declined. On the same day Calvin again made his appearance in court; and was commanded by the judges to extract several propositions, word for word, from Servetus's book—to which Servetus was required to return a written reply in Latin.

The next time that Servetus was brought before his judges was the 15th of September; and on that day a *Reply*, which Calvin had drawn up during the intervening fortnight, was delivered to him. This reply is composed with great art, and does much credit to the talent and ingenuity of Calvin. Servetus, however, took no further notice of it, than to make several brief interlineary remarks, expressive, for the most part, of the extreme contempt which he felt for its author. In one of these notes he says, "In a cause so just I am firm, and have not the least fear of death."

The council having asked the advice of the cantons of Zurich, Berne, Basle, and Schaffhausen, the magistrates of each of these cantons sent in a written reply, in which they recommended that a severe example should be made of Servetus, in order to deter others from the propagation of similar dangerous heresies. The letter from Basle was written last, and bore date October the 12th; but it does not appear that the members of the council had made up their minds, as to the nature of Servetus's

punishment, till the 23d of that month. He was at length condemned, on the 26th of October, to be burnt to death before a slow fire; and on that day Calvin (*Epistle* 161) wrote to his friend Farel, of Neuchâtel, as follows:

"The messenger has returned from the Swiss. They all, with one consent, declare that Servetus has now revived the impious errors by which Satan formerly disturbed the Church, and that he is a monster not to be endured. Those of Basle are discreet. Those of Zurich are the most earnest of all; for they describe in emphatical terms the heinousness of his impiety, and exhort our senate to use severity. Those of Schaffhausen approve. The letter of the Bernese ministers, which is also to the purpose, is accompanied by one from the senate, by which our magistrates have been not a little encouraged. Cæsar, who is a comical man, after feigning illness for three days, came into court at length, in order to acquit that wretch; for he was not ashamed to propose that the matter should be referred to the Council of Two Hundred. He has been condemned, however, without dispute. His execution will take place to-morrow. We have endeavored to change the kind of death, but to no purpose. Why we failed, I will tell you when I see you."

The person called "Cæsar" in the above extract, was Amadeus Gorreus, or Perrin, one of the magistrates of Geneva, who wished to befriend Servetus, and, in conjunction with a few other members of the senate, made a desperate effort to save his life. Had the case been referred, as Gorreus proposed, to the Council of Two Hundred, Servetus would probably have escaped with his life: but the magistrates decreed that it should be otherwise.

The execution took place, as Calvin announced, the day after his letter was written; and Farel was present at it. But the distance was too great for him to have received this letter before he left Neuchâtel, and to have acted upon the information which it contained. Some other friend, therefore, knowing his appetite for heretical blood, had probably conveyed to him

earlier intelligence of the decision of the magistrates; and he hastened to witness the execution.

Soon after the apprehension of Servetus, Calvin had expressed a hope, in a letter to Farel (*Epistle* 152), written August the 20th, that he would be adjudged guilty of the capital offence, but that some less barbarous kind of death would be substituted for the punishment usually inflicted upon heretics: ("Spero capitale saltem fore judicium; pœnæ vero atrocitatem remitti cupio.") Farel replied to this letter (*Epistle* 155) on the 8th of September, and the following is an extract from his answer:

"It is a wonderful dispensation of God, in the case of Servetus, that he should come thither. Would that he may repent, though late. It will indeed be a mighty thing, if he dies a true penitent, undergoing only one death; who deserves to die ten thousand times over; and if he strives to edify all present, who has made it his business to pervert many, both dead and living, as well as those who are yet unborn. The judges will be very cruel, very unjust to Christ, and the doctrine which is according to godliness, and real enemies of the Church, if they are not moved by the horrible blasphemies with which so vile a heretic assails the Divine Majesty, and has endeavored to undermine the Gospel of Christ, and to corrupt all the Churches. But I hope that God will cause those who receive praise for inflicting just punishments on the perpetrators of theft and sacrilege, to act in this case so as to merit applause, by taking away the life of one who has so long obstinately persisted in his heresies, and brought so many to destruction. In wishing for a less barbarous kind of punishment, you perform a friendly office to a man who has been your greatest enemy. But I beg that you will act in such a manner, that no one may dare rashly to promulgate new doctrines, and unsettle all things with impunity, for so long a time as this man has done."

The conclusion of the sentence passed upon Servetus was as follows:

"Having God and his Holy Scripture before our eyes, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, by this our definitive sentence, which we here give in writing, we condemn thee, Michael Servetus, to be bound, and

carried to the Lieu de Champel, and there to be tied to a stake, and burnt alive with thy book, written with thine own hand, and printed, till thy body is reduced to ashes: and thus shalt thou end thy days, to serve as a warning to others who are disposed to act in the same manner. And we command you, our lieutenant, to cause our present sentence to be carried into effect."

The officer charged with this commission was not slow in executing it; and a bloodier page does not stain the annals of martyrdom, than that in which this horrible transaction is recorded.

On the morning of the 27th of October, 1553, the day after the above sentence was passed, Farel visited Servetus in prison, and strenuously urged him to recant; but Servetus, in reply to Farel's repeated solicitations, implored him to produce *one solitary* passage of Scripture in which it is stated that Christ was called "the Son of God," before the birth of the Virgin Mary; and though he was fully alive to the awful situation in which he stood, and knew that he would be shortly summoned into the presence of his final Judge, neither threats nor enticements could prevail upon him to retract, or to admit that Christ is the Eternal God.

When he was led to the place of execution, he repeatedly cried out, "O God! save my soul! O Jesus, Son of the Eternal God! have pity on me!"

As soon as he came in sight of the Lieu de Champel, he prostrated himself on the earth, and continued for some time in fervent prayer to God. While he was thus employed, Farel, addressing himself to the people, who had flocked together in great crowds to witness the execution, said, "Behold the power of Satan, when he has taken possession of his intended victim! This is a learned man; and a similar fate might have been yours." Servetus now rose from the earth, and Farel urged him to address the assembled multitude, probably in the delusive hope that he might be induced, at

the last moment, to retract. But Servetus still continued to invoke the name of the Almighty; and when Farel persisted in urging him to speak, he asked him what he could say different from what he had already said. Farel then inquired of Servetus whether he had no wife or children, whom he intended to remember in his will. But Servetus, who was an unmarried man, and whose property had been seized upon by his persecutors and confiscated, was silent. Farel now urged him to invoke the Eternal Son of God, which he repeatedly refused to do. "Yet," says one of his biographers, "he advanced nothing in defence of his doctrine, but suffered himself to be led away to punishment." This silence Calvin alleges as a proof of Servetus's obstinacy, or, as he himself phrases it, "of his beastly stupidity."

The pile consisted of wooden billets, intermingled with green oaken fagots, still in leaf. Servetus was fastened to the trunk of a tree fixed in the earth, his feet reaching to the ground; and a crown of straw and leaves, sprinkled over with brimstone, was placed upon his head. His body was bound to the stake with an iron chain, and a coarse twisted rope was loosely thrown round his neck. His book was then fastened to his thigh; and he requested the executioner to put him out of his misery as speedily as possible. The pile was then lighted, and he cried out in so piteous a tone as to excite the deep and earnest sympathy of the spectators. When he had suffered for some time, a few of them, from feelings of compassion, and with a view to put an end to his misery, supplied the fire with a quantity of fresh fuel, while the unhappy man kept exclaiming, "Jesus, thou Son of the Eternal God! have pity on me!"

"At length," says a manuscript account, "he expired, after about half an hour's suffering." Peter Hyperphrogenus, however, testifies that the sufferings of Servetus were

greatly protracted, in consequence of a strong breeze, which scattered the flames; and that, at last, there was scarcely sufficient fuel left to enable the executioner to carry the sentence into effect. He adds, likewise, that Servetus was writhing about in the fire between two and three hours; and that he began at length to exclaim, "Wretched me! whom the devouring flames have not power to destroy!"

Minus Celsus relates that the constancy of Servetus, in the midst of the fire, induced many to go over to his opinions; and Calvin makes it an express subject of complaint that there were many persons in Italy who cherished and revered his memory. Some writers have stepped forward, in our own day, and defended the part which Calvin took in the prosecution of Servetus. Among other recent apologists of the stern Genevese reformer, M. Albert Rilliet and the Rev. W. K. Tweedie stand conspicuous; but their arguments have been ably and triumphantly refuted by a well-known writer in the *Christian Reformer* for January, 1847 (pp. 1-21).

(To be continued.)

Notes on Neglected English Poets.

N. HOOKES.—(Continued.)

To AMANDA going to Prayer.

STAY, stay, *Amanda*, take a wish from me,
And bless a cushion with thy softer knee;
Thither are all those Virgin-Angels gone,
Who strew their wings, for thee to kneel upon,
Those pretty pinion'd boys, fat, plump, and fair,
Who joy to be the *Ecchoes* of thy prayer.
Those golden *Cupids* fall'n in love with thee,
Thy little *Nuncios* to thy Deitie.

Pretty *Amanda*, *Dearest*, pretty, stay,
The Cushion, wench! where art? come bring't
away;
You use your *Mistress* kindly; here, my *love*,
Come kneel upon't, and kneel to none but *Jove*:

What o'th' bare boards! no sure it cannot be,
 Look how they sink, and will not smite thy knee;
 They dare not sinne so farre (my Dear) to presse
 That flesh, and make it know their stubbornnesse,
 Were there no bones within, thou should'st command

Under each bended knee thy lover's hand;
 Nay, my *Amanda*, take my better part,
 And at thy prayers kneel upon my heart.

To AMANDA walking in the Garden.

And now what *Monarch* would not *Gard'ner* be,
 My faire *Amanda*'s stately gate to see;
 How her feet tempt! how soft and light she treads,
 Fearing to wake the flowers from their beds!
 Yet from their sweet green pillowes ev'ry where,
 They start and gaze about to see my *Faire*:
 Look at yon flower yonder, how it growes
 Sensibly! how it opes its leaves, and blowes,
 Puts its best *Easter-clothes* on, neat and gay!
Amanda's preface makes it *holy-day*:
 Look how on tip-toe that faire *lilie* stands
 To look on thee, and court thy whiter hands
 To gather it! I saw in yonder croud
 That *Tulip-bed*, of which *Dame-Flora*'s proud,
 A short dwarfe flower did enlarge its stalk
 And shoot an inch to see *Amanda* walk;
 Nay, look, my *Fairest*, look how fast they grow!
 Into a scaffold method spring! as though
 Riding to *Parliament* were to be seen
 In pomp and state some royal am'rous Queen:
 The gravel'd walks, though ev'n as a die,
 Left some loose pebble should offensive lie,
 Quilt themselves o're with downie moss for thee,
 The walls are hang'd with blossom'd tapestrie;
 To hide her nakednesse when look't upon,
 The maiden fig-tree puts *Eves* apron on;
 The broad-leav'd *Sycamore*, and ev'ry tree
 Shakes like the trembling *Aspe*, and bends to thee,
 And each leaf proudly strives with fresher aire,
 To fan the curled tresses of thy hair;
 Nay, and the *Bee* too, with his wealtheie thigh,
 Mistakes his *hive*, and to thy lips doth flie;
 Willing to treasure up his *honey* there,
 Where *honey-combs* so sweet and plenty are;
 Look how that pretty modest *Columbine*
 Hangs down its head to view those feet of thine!
 See the fond motion of the *Strawberrie*,
 Creeping on th' earth to go along with thee!
 The lovely *violet* makes after too,
 Unwilling yet, my *Dear*, to part with you;
 The *knit-grasse* and the *dawies* catch thy toes
 To kisse my *Faire* ones feet before she goes;

All court and wish me lay *Amanda* down,
 And give my *Dear* a new green flower'd gown.
 Come let me kisse thee falling, kisse at rise,
 Thou in the *Garden*, I in *Paradise*.

On AMANDA's black eye-browes.

Near to an eye that sparkles so,
 Tis strange so dark an hair should grow
 Upon a skin so white and faire,
 Tis strange there is so black an hair,
 At first 'cause it so near doth lie,
 I guest 'twas Sunne-burnt with thine eye,
 But then I thought if so it were,
 Twould melt the snow which lies as near,
 And scorch and make those *lilies* die,
 Upon the shuttings of thine eye,
 And those fresh roses to which grow,
 Upon thy sweeter cheeks below.
 Then I conceiv'd that there might be,
 In those black browes a mystery,
 That *Venus* for *Adonis* sake,
 Commanded nature thus to make.
 (A pretty strange conceited thing)
 Two arches of a mourning ring.
 Thence 'tis that those black haies do grow,
 Thence are thy browes enamel'd so.

To AMANDA on her dimples.

Whene're I let my meditations flie,
 And give them wings to take their libertie,
 Like the neat *Cyprian* bird, the cleanly Dove,
 Which no fowl sloven's tenement doth love,
 But a faire stately house, and nere forsakes,
 The pleasant fabrick to which once it takes
 So my thoughts flie, (from whence they ne're will
 part)

To th' comely mansion of a candid heart;
 Each winged thought to thee, *Amanda*, flies,
 And under th' crystal windowes of thine eyes,
 Lights on thy damask cheeks, where they do play
 The wooing turtles winding every way,
 Till by young *Cupids* craft they're taken in,
 Love's dimpled pitfalls of thy cheeks and chin,
 Three nests of new-flown smiles on roses near,
 To which a thousand unflegg'd *Angels* are,
 Chirping pin-feather'd, picking *Cherubs* fit,
 Sweet blushing Babes playing at cherrie-pit,
 Some win and smile, some lose their cherries, then
 Down to thy lips, and gather fresh agen,
 Sweet kissing lips, which all the winter shew
 The ripest cherries, and their blossoms too,

Kindly embrac't and kist the smiling boy,
 And whil'st they kist, my Sweet-heart leap't for
 joy;
 Then could my jocant soul no longer stay,
 But straight to bring the newes came post away:
 Her flight was swift, and with her lovingly
 She brought along, [most willing companie]
Amanda's soul, so loth to part they were;
 The best on't is, she left a *Cupid* there.

On AMANDA'S dimples.

Once more I'm fall'n into an extasie!
 How I could gaze, gaze till I've lost my eye!
 Gaze on those dimples in thy cheekes and chin,
 Where the three *Graces* play at in and in:
 Three sacred vaults within whose rosie wombes,
 Sweet *Venus* all her pretty smiles entombes;
 Babes which born laughing, laughing live and die,
 Then are interr'd within thy roserie:
 They haunt thy lovely cheekes, and here and there,
 Their smiling ghosts appearing disappear;
 Each from his head hath hanging down to's feet,
 A lillie lease in stead of's winding sheet;
 Shrouded in damask rose from top to toe,
 About thy dimples they passe to and fro,
 Still to thy dimples little shades do come;
 Thinking thy dimples their *Elysium*;
 And I my selfe finde such an *Eden* there,
 Such heav'nly features, Heav'n so ev'ry where,
 That with a willing heart I could resigne,
 My clay to th' dust and shut my dying eyne;
 Might my soul be when from my Corps it flies,
Amanda's Saint, and she its *Paradise*.

Christian Names.

(From CAMDEN'S Remaines.)

NAMES called in Latine, *Nomina quasi Notamina*, were first imposed for the distinction of persons, which we call now Christian names: After for difference of families, which we call Surnames, and have been especially respected as whereon the glory and credit of men is grounded, and by which the same is conveyed to the knowledge of posterity.

Every person had in the beginning one onely proper name, as among the Jews, *Adam*, *Joseph*, *Salomon*; among the Egyptians, *Anubis*, *Amasis*, *Busris*; among the Chaldeans, *Ninus*, *Ninias*, *Semiramis*; among the Medians, *Ahyages*, *Bardanes*, *Orbaces*; among the Grecians, *Diomedes*, *Ulysses*, *Arcses*; among the Romans, *Romulus*, *Remus*,

Fastulus; among the old Gauls, *Litavinus*, *Carvarillus*, *Divitianus*; among the Germans, *Ariovistus*, *Arminius*, *Nassus*; among the Britains, *Cassibelan*, *Caratac*, *Calgac*; among the antient English, *Hengest*, *Ella*, *Kenric*; likewise all other Nations except the savages of Mount *Atlas* in *Barbary*, which were reported to be both nameless and dreamless.

The most antient Nation of the Jews gave the name at the Circumcision the eight day after the nativitie; the Romans to females the same day, to males the 9. day, which they called *Dies lustricus*, as it were the cleansing day, upon which day they solemnized a feast called *Nominalia*, and as *Tertullian* noteth, *Fata scribenda advocabantur*, that is, as I conceive their nativities was set. And it was enacted by the Emperour *Antoninus Philosophus*, that all should enter their childrens names on records before Officers thereunto appointed. At what time other Nations in antient times gave names I have not read: but since Christianitie, most Nations for the time followed the Jews, celebrating baptism the eight day after the birth, onely our Ancestours in this Realm, untill latter time baptized, and gave names the very birth day, or next day after, following therein the counsell of *S. Cyprian*, in his 3. Epistle *Ad Fidum*. But the Polonians gave name in the seventh year, at which time they did first cut their childrens hair.

The first imposition of Names was grounded upon so many occasions, as were hard to be specified; but the most common in most antient times among all Nations, as well as the Hebrews, was upon statute good hope conceived by parents of their children, in which you might see their first and principall wishes toward them. Whereupon *S. Hierom* saith, *Votiwa & quasi ob virtutis auspiciu imponuntur vocabula hominib. & appellatio veritur in propria, sicut apud Latinos, Victor, Probus, Castus, &c.* And such hopefull luckie names called by *Cicero*, *Bona nomina*, by *Tacitus*, *Fausta nomina*, were ever first enrolled and ranged in the *Romane* *Musters*; first called out to serve at the first sacrifices, in the foundation of Colonies, as *Statorius*, *Faustus*, *Valerius*, which implied the persons to be stout, happie, and valorous. As contrariwise *Atrius Umber* is accounted in *Livie*, *abominandi ominis nomen*, an abominable name, for that it participated in signification with dismall darkness, dead ghosts, and shadows. And you remember what *Plautus* saith of one, whose name was *Lycus*, that is, a Greedie Woollf.

*Vosmet nunc facite consuetudinem ceterum,
 Quid id sit hominis, cui Lycus nomen fuit.*

unfortunate to Princes; As *Caius* amongst the Romans, *John*, in *France*, *England*, and *Scotland*; and *Henry* lately in *France*.

Such like curious observations bred the superstitious kind of Divination called *Onomantia*, condemned by the last generall Councell, by which the *Pythagoreans* judged the even number of vowels in names to signifie imperfections in the left sides of men, and the odde number in the right. By this *Augustus* the Emperour encouraged himself, and conceived good hope of victory, when as the night before the sea-battell at *Actium*, the first man he met was a poor wayfaring man driving his ass before him, whose name when he demanded he answered; *Eutyches*, that is, *Happyman*; and that his asses name was *Nicon*, that is, *Victor*. In which place when he accordingly had obtained the victory, he builded the City *Nicopolis*, that is, *The citie of victory*, and there erected brazen images of the man and his ass. By this *Theodatus* King of the *Goths*, when he was curious to know the success of his wars against the *Romans*, an *Onomanticall*, or *Name-wizard* Jew willed him to shut up a number of swine in little hog-sties, and to give some of them Roman names, to other *Gotish* names, with severall marks, and there to leave them to a certain day; At the Day appointed, the King with the Jew repaired to the hog-sties, where they found them onely dead to whom they had given the *Gotish* names, and those alive to whom they had given the Roman names, but yet with their bristles more than half shed. Whereupon the Jew fore told, that the *Goths* should wholly be discomfited, and the *Romans* should lose a great part of their forces. By this *Vespasian* was encouraged to take upon him the Empire, when coming to the Temple of *Serapis* at *Alexandria*, and being there alone at his devotion, he suddenly saw in a vision, one *Basilides*, a Nobleman of *Egypt*, who was then fourscore miles off. Upon which name of *Basilides* derived from *Basileus*, signifying a King, he assured himself of royaltie and the Empire which he then comploted for. As concerning this *Onomantia* a German lately set forth a Table, which I wish had been suppressed, for that the devill by such vanities, doth abuse the credulitie of youth to greater matters, and sometimes to their own destructions.

I cannot tell how you would like it, if I should but remember how the *Greeks* superstitiously judged them more happy, in whose names the numeral letters added together, made the greater sum, and therefore *Achilles* forsooth must needs vanquish *Hector*, because the numerial Greek letters rose to a greater number in his name than in the others.

Or how the amorous Romans kissed the Cup with a health so often at their meetings, as there were letters in their Mistris names, according to that of merrie *Martiall* of his two wenches, *Navia* which had six letters, and *Fustina* that had seven in her name.

Navia sex cyathis, septem Fustina bibatur.

Our Nation was far from those and such curious toyes; therefore here will I overpass them and set down *Alphabetically*, the names which we now call Christian names; most usual to the English Nation, with their significations. For this is to be taken as a granted verity, that names among all Nations and tongues (as I partly noted before) are significative, and not vain senseless sounds. Among the *Hebrews* it is certain out of sacred Scriptures; *Jerom*, and *Philo*, likewise among the *Greek*, *Romans*, *German*, *French*, &c. yea among the barbarous Turks, for among them *Mahomet* signifieth glorified or laudable, *Homer* lively, *Abdalla* Gods servant, *Seliman* peaceable, *Agramad* good, *Hanisa* ready, *Neama* pleasant. And the savages of *Hispaniola* and all *America*, name their children in their own languages, *Glistening light*, *Sun bright*, *Gold bright*, *Fine gold*, *Sweet*, *Rich*, *Feather*, &c. as they of *Congo*, by names of birds, pretious stones, floures.

So that it were gross ignorance, and to no small reproach of our Progenitours, to think their names onely nothing significative, because that in the daily alteration of our tongue the signification of them is lost, or not commonly known, which yet I hope to recover, and to make in some part known, albeit they cannot easily and happily be translated, because as *Porphyrie* noteth, Barbarous names (as he termeth them) were very emphaticall & very short. But in all the significations of these names, you shall see the good and hopefull respects which the devisers of the names had, that there is an *Orthotes* or certitude of names among all Nations according to *Plato*, & thereby perceive that many were translated out of the Greek and Latine. Withall we may make this fruit by consideration of our names, which have good, hopefull, and luckie significations, that accordingly we do carry and conform our selves; so that we fail not to be answerable to them, but be *Nostri nominis homines*, and *Φερωνομοι* as *Sewerus*, *Probus*, and *Aureolus* are called *Sui nominis imperatores*. And accordingly it seemeth to have been the manner at giving of names, to wish the children might performe and discharge their names, as when *Gunthram* King of the French, named *Clotharius* at the font, he said; *Crescat puer, & huius sit nominis executor.*

But before I proceed farther, this is to be noted. In most ancient times the Britons had here their peculiar names, for the most part taken from colours (for they used to paint themselves) which are now lost, or remain among the Welsh. Afterward they took Roman names when they were Provincials, which either remain corrupted among them, or were extinguished in the greatest part of the Realm, after the entrance of the English Saxons, who brought in the German names, as *Cridda*, *Penda*, *Oswald*, *Edward*, *Vohred*, *Edmund*, &c. Then to say nothing of the Danes, who no doubt brought in their names, as *Suayn*, *Harold*, *Knute*, &c. The Normans conquest* brought in other German names, for they originally used the German tongue, as *William*, *Henry*, *Richard*, *Robert*, *Hugh*, *Roger*, &c. as the Greek names, *Abraham*, *i. innocent*, *Alphonsus*, *i. Delightful*, *Beatus*, *Symmachus*, *i. helper*, *Toxotius*, *i. Archer*, &c. were brought into Italy after the division of the Empire. After the Conquest, our Nation (who before would not admit strange and unknown names, but avoyded them, therefore as unluckie) by little and little began to use Hebrew and sacred names, as *Matthew*, *David*, *Samson*, *Luke*, *Simon*, &c. which were never received in Germany, untill after the death of *Frederike* the 2. about some 300. years since.

So that the Saxons Danish, Norman & British tongues, are the fittest keys to open the entrance for searching out of our antient names yet in use. For the Hebrew, I will follow the common tables of the Bible, which every one may do as well, and *Philo De nominibus mutatis*. For the Greek the best Glossaries with mine own little skill. For the Welsh I will sparingly touch them, or leave them to the learned of that Nation. But for old English names, which here are the scope of my care. I must sift them as I may out of old English Saxon treatises, as I have happened upon here and there: and some conjecturally, referring all to the judgement of such, as shall be more happy in finding out the truth, hoping that probability may either please, or be pardoned by such as are modestly learned in histories and languages; to whose judgement in all humility, I commit all that is to be said. For that they cannot but observe the diversity of names from the originall in divers languages, as how the French have changed *Petrus* into *Pierre*, *Johannes* into *Jehan*, *Benedictus*, to *Benoist*, *Stephanus* to *Eslein*, *Radulphus* to *Raoul*: how the Italians have changed *Johannes* into *Gio-*

vanni, *Conflans* into *Gostante*, *Christophorus* into *Christophano*, *Jacobus* into *Jacopo*, *Radulphus* into *Ridulpho*, *Laurentius* into *Lorenz*. How the Welsh have altered *Joannes* into *Evan*, *Egidius* into *Silin*, *George* into *Sior*, *Lawrence* into *Lowris*, *Constantinus* into *Custenith*. How the English have changed *Gerrard* into *Garret*, *Albric* into *Aubry*, *Alexander* into *Sanders*, *Constantine* into *Custance*, *Benedict* into *Bennet*. How the English and Scottish borderers do use *Roby* and *Rob* for *Robert*, *Lokky* for *Luke*, *Jokip* and *Jonie* for *John*, *Christie* for *Christopher*; &c. That I may omit the Spaniard which have turned *John* into *Juan*, and *Jacobus* into *Jago*, and *Didacus* into *Diego*: as the Germans which have contracted *Johannes* into *Hanse*, and *Theoderic* into *Deric*. These and the like, whosoever will learnedly consider, will not think any thing strange; howsoever the unlearned will boldly censure it.

A DISSERTATION UPON PAMPHLETS.

In a Letter to a Nobleman.

[BY WILLIAM OLDYS.]

MY LORD,

THE Inclination you have expressed, to hear what might be said, in Behalf of those most numerous Productions of our Press, which we distinguish by the name of PAMPHLETS; and the present Undertaking, by the Compiler of *PHOENIX BRITANNICUS*, to Revive the most Excellent among them; has induced me thus briefly, to touch upon those Particulars which seemed most to attract your *Lordship's* Inquiry; hoping the Readiness of my Endeavour will atone for the Imperfections of my Performance; which, if it does not equal the Extensions of your Curiosity, may add to the Instances of your Candour: So that, where you find not Entertainment commensurate to your Knowledge, you will not fail of Exercise correspondent to your Goodness.

* Vide *Caum de Antig. Cantab. Acad. lib. 2. p. 247.*

And, First, for the *Derivation* of the Word *Pamphlet*: I should think it little discredited by what some *Etymologists*, and those who torture Words into Confessions of what they were never guilty, have, thro' the Confinement of themselves to some opprobrious Signification, censoriously suggested thereof. Thus one Linguist, having found a Word which will illustrate the Adaptness of these Writings to the vulgar Consultation of the Populace, would derive it from Πᾶν and Πλήθω, as *filling all Places*, which all vulgar and popular Things have the Property of doing.* Another Original, no less specious, has been offered me, by an ingenious Friend, from Πᾶν and Φλέγω, which, by a Grammatical Turn, reaches to the Analogy of *Sound*, and, by a Rhetorical Twist, to the plausible Sense of *inflaming all Parties*. But others, considering the Subject of *Pamphlets* in a more copious and unbiassed Latitude, as having branched into all other Parts of Science, besides *Religion and Politics*, from the first Appropriation of the Name, and before their Engagement in Controversy could draw upon them any prevailing *Sobriquet* to their Disparagement, have, with less Partiality, concluded of these Tracts, whose Contents, therefore, as well as Dimensions, are so generally engaging to all Writers and Readers, so much more universally suited to every Body's Perusal, to every Body's Purchase, that the Name is more properly derivable from Πᾶν and Φιλέω, as if they were a Kind of Composition, *beloved by*, or *delighting all People*.† But, notwithstanding this favourable Derivation, I should not be for going to *Athens* after one, or seeking it in any other of the more ancient Languages, seeing that Word *Pamphlet*, for *Paper*, in one more Modern, more probable to me (as it seemed before, to one of our most industrious *Glossographers*) for

this of *Pamphlet*, to be derived from*; the last Letter of the first Syllable being interwoven by *Epenthesis*, to mollify the Sound; and the last Syllable substituted, as a noted Term of Diminution in many Languages;‡ with the same Difference of Interpretation, as between *Charta* and *Chartula*, or *Papyrus* and *Papyrulus*: Thus, also, in *French*, the Diminutive of the Word *Livre*, for a Book itself, is *Libret*; and thus, in *English*, we have *Aglet*, *Amulet*, *Bracelet*, *Chaplet*, *Corset*, *Eaglet*, *Gaflet*, *Hamlet*, *Howlet*, *Oilet*, *Pallet*, *Pullet*, *Ringlet*, *Rivulet*, and Twenty more, with like Terminations to the same Sense. Now, this Extraction, besides the Plea of Precedent, has the farther Recommendations to our Preference, of not antedating the Familiarity of *Gracisms* in our Tongue, and withal of deriving itself from the more apparent, and determinable Quality, of the Size or Substance, rather than the Subject Matter, of these more exiguous Compositions. And thus the Word *Pamphlet*, or *little Paper Book*, imports no reproachful Character, any more than the Word *Great Book*; signifies a *Pasquil*, as little as it does a *Panegyric*, of itself: Is neither Good nor Bad, Learned nor Illiterate, True nor False, Serious nor Jocular, of its own naked Meaning, or Construction; but is either of them, according as the Subject makes the Distinction. Thus, of scurrilous and abusive *Pamphlets*, to be burned in 1647, we read in *Rushworth*; and, by the Name of *Pamphlet*, is the *Encomium* of Queen *Emma* called in *Hollinshed*.

As for the *Antiquity* of *Pamphlets*, it is not only questionable, whether the Art of *Printing* should set a Bound to it, but even the very Adoption of the Name itself; which yet I take to be more Modern than that Art: For I look upon them as the eldest Offspring of *Paper*, and to claim the

* Minthe's *Guide to Tongues*, Fol. 1627.

† *Icon Libellorum in Pref.*

* Skinner's *Etymologicon Ling. Ang.* Fol. 1671.

‡ *Ib.* in *Voc. Art.* & Sir Hen. Spelman's *Gloss.*

Rights of *Primogeniture* even of Bound Volumes, however they may be shorter-liv'd, and the Younger Brother has so much out-grown the Elder; in-as-much as Arguments do now, and more especially did, in the Minority of our Erudition, not only so much more rarely require a larger Compass than Pamphlets will comprise; but these being of a more ready and facil, more decent and simple Form, suitable to the Character of the more Artless Ages, they seem to have been preferred by our modest Ancestry for the Communication of their Sentiments, before Book-Writing became a Trade; and Lucre, or Vanity let in Deluges of Digressory Learning, to swell up unwieldy *Folio's*. Thus I find, not a little to the Honour of our Subject, no less a Person than the Renowned King *ÆLFRED*, collecting his Sage Precepts, and Divine Sentences, with his own Royal Hand, into *Quaternions of Leaves stitched together*;* which he would enlarge with additional *Quaternions*, as Occasion offered; yet seem'd he to keep his Collection so much within the Limits of a Pamphlet-Size (however bound together at last) that he call'd it by the Name of his *Hand-Book*, because he made it his constant Companion, and had it at Hand wherever he was.

It is so difficult to recover even any of our first Books, or *Volumes*, which were Printed by *William Caxton*, though it is certain he set forth near Half a Hundred of them in *Folio*, that it were a Wonder if his *Pamphlets* should not be quite lost. There are more extant of his Successor *Wynkin de Worde's* Printing in this lesser Form, whereof, as great Rarities, I have seen both in *Quarto* and *Octavo*, tho' holding no Comparison, probably, with those of his also, which are destroyed. But it was the Irruption of the Grand Contro-

versy between the Church of *Rome*, and the first Opposers thereof, which seems to have laid the great Foundation of this Kind of Writing, and to have given great Credit to it at the same Time, as well by the many eminent Authors it produced in *Church* and *State*, as the successful Detection and Defeat, thereby befalling those religious Impositions, which had so universally enslav'd the Minds of Men. Nay, this important Reformation, has been much ascribed to one little Pamphlet only, which a certain Lawyer of *Grey's-Inn*, oblig'd to fly into *Germany* (for having acted in a *Play* which incens'd Cardinal *Wolsey*) compos'd there, and convey'd by Means of the Lady *Anne Bullen*, to the Perusal of King *Henry*, at the Beginning of the said Rupture,* and how the Copies thereof were strew'd about, at the King's Procession to *Westminster* (the first Example, as some think, of that Kind of Appeal to the Public) how the Cardinal was nettled thereat; how he endeavour'd to stifle and secrete the same; how it provoked the Pen of the bigotted Lord Chancellor;† how, glaringly it was fix'd in the very Front of prohibited Books; and, yet, how it captivated the said King's Esteem and Affection: may be not only presumed from the Purport, but gathered from the Accounts which our *Ecclesiastical* Historians have given thereof.‡ It would be endless to specify, how much this Province was thenceforward cultivated by *Prelates*, *Statesmen*, and *Authors* of the first Rank, not excepting *Majesty* itself, in the several Examples, which might be produced of the said King *Henry VIII.* King *James*, and King *Charles*. And, not to mention others of our Princes, less noted, though not less truly Authors in this Class, the middlemost of those here nam'd, thought so honourably

* Simon Fish's *Supplication of Beggars*, 12^o. 1524.

† Sir Tho. More's *Supplication of Souls*.

‡ See Fox's *Martyr*. Burnet's *Reformat*. Vol. 1.

* Sir John Spelman's *Life of Ælfred the Great*, p. 205.

of these Pamphlet-Performances, that he deemed one of his own Writing so much above all Human Patronage, as to make a formal Dedication, or Inscription thereof, as I remember, to JESUS CHRIST himself.* Yet are many of the said Labours of those ROYAL PAMPHLETEERS, and others, by some of the most renowned Scholars among us, no less equally difficult to retrieve, with the meanest and most illiterate whatever. Had *Phoenix Britannicus* been alive a *Century* past, or half a one sooner, we might have had a better *Knowledge* of that vast Number of Pamphlets, which *Montaigne* mentions,† and whereof he intimates many to have been so ingeniously written, on the aforesaid Controversy of the *Reformation*, than it is now possible we shall ever arrive at even the *Names* of.

But, as *England*, thro' its Spirit of Liberty, has been the most fruitful Country, for the Production of Pamphlets, so the Period which has been most fruitful in them, was that of our *Civil Wars*; in the Reign of King *Charles* the First. And, indeed, in all Disorders, or Commotions, it is natural to have recourse to the most expeditious Intelligence and Redress, lest the Delay should be more dangerous than the Deficiency of them; or they, superannuated before they are born. For, while some Persons are labouring in the *Paroxysms* of Contention, were others to be pondering long-winded Expedients of Accommodation, and prescribe a Volume for a *Recipe*, the Dose would come too late for the Disease, and the very Preparation thereof disable its Efficacy. Therefore are Pamphlets, and such short Tracts, rife in great Revolutions; which tho' looked upon, by some, but as *Paper Lanterns*, set a flying to be gaped at by the Multitude (in illu-

minating whom, they have not always escaped the Flames themselves) yet are they beheld, by politic, or penetrating Eyes, as the *Thermometers of State*, fore-shewing the Temperature and Changes of Government, with the *Calentures* approaching therein, and even Preservatives to be had against them, would the *Active* be as unanimous to prevent, as the *Speculative* have been industrious to prognosticate the same. Tho' there may not remain as eminent Proofs among the Pamphleteers in the aforesaid *Anarchy*, of an Ambition to Unanimity, as there are to Dissention: For, surely, no Nation, has ever given more conspicuous Instances, to what immeasurable Lengths, Animosity, and Indignation will advance, upon the least Imposition, or even Umbrage of Tyrannical or Arbitrary Power; as might be exemplified, among many others, in the restless *John Lilburn*, and the endless *William Prynne*, who had both been bleeding Witnesses thereof. There are near a Hundred Pamphlets, written by, and concerning the *first* of these Authors: But the Labours of the *last* being unparallel'd, I may here not improperly observe, that during the *Forty-two* Years he was a Writer, he published above a *Hundred* and *Sixty* Pamphlets, besides several thick Bound Volumes in *Quarto* and *Folio*, all said to be gathered into about *Forty* Tomes, and extant in *Lincoln's-Inn* Library. I think the printed Catalogue of his Writings, extends not their whole Number beyond *One Hundred Sixty-eight* different Pieces: But *Anthony Wood* to above *One Hundred* and *Fourscore*; who also computes, he must needs have compos'd at the Rate of a Sheet every Day, from the Time that he came to Man's Estate.* That Author's Character of him is drawn from his avowed Enemies, even *Papists*, as *Cressy*, or Personal Antagonists, as *Heylin*, &c.—But I cannot

* *K. James* against *Conr. Vorstius*, 4to. 1611.

† *Essaye sur la Defense de Senecque, et de Plutarque.*

* *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. 2.

there can be no doubt, Carew's volume being a posthumous one, while Shirley's was published by himself during his own lifetime. There are slight verbal differences in the two copies, but they are hardly material enough to justify my troubling you with them. The most curious feature about the affair is, that the poem in question is immediately followed in Carew's volume by another which is Herrick's (the well-known little song, *The Primrose*—

"Aske me why I sent you here"),

and preceded by a third, which is Shirley's *Love's Hue and Cry*. There are differences in the two copies of the latter, but they are quite slight, as in the instance previously alluded to. And while I remember it, let me mention here that Barry Cornwall has appropriated, in his pretty poem *To the Snow-Drop*, a line from *The Primrose* of Herrick. Herrick's line is—

"This firstling of the infant year:"

Barry Cornwall's—

"Pretty firstling of the year!"

To return, however, to Shirley. On the seventy-second page of his volume is a poem *To the Proud M.*, which contains these lines:

"Thy eyes, those glouring twinies, shall be
No more misleading fires to me."

The original of this was, of course, the song of Marianna in *Measure for Measure*:

"And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn,"

While on the subject of eyes, let me point out a passage in Shirley which recalls the famous lines of Milton—

"With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence."

"If smiles appear within each Ladie's eye,
Which are the leading Starres in this faire skie,
Our solemn day sits glorious, for then
We hope by their soft influence," etc.

When Shirley wrote the poem in which the passage occurs (*An Epilogue* of fourteen lines), cannot, of course, be determined; it was printed, however, in 1646—a year later than the publication of the volume which contained Milton's *L'Allegro*, which was written in 1632 or '33.

Milton being still before me, permit me to point out what some one affectedly calls "the footprints of another in the snow of his thoughts." You remember the second line of the second stanza of Keats's noble *Ode to a Nightingale*—

"Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth"?

Here is the original of it—the fourth line of the fifth stanza of Milton's juvenile poem, *On the Death of a Fair Infant, Dying of a Cough*:

"Hid from the world in a low delved tomb."

To return to Shirley again. Here is a small poem of his which has never, to my knowledge, been quoted before, but which, unless I am mistaken, is very pathetic:

The Passing Bell.

Hark, how chimes the Passing Bell,
There's no musick to a knell;
All the other sounds we hear,
Flatter, and but cheat our ear.
This doth put us still in mind
That our flesh must be resign'd,
And a general silence made,
The world be muffled in a shade;
He that on his pillow lies
Tear-embalm'd before he dies,
Carries like a sheep his life
To meet the sacrificers knife,
And for eternity is prest,
Sad Bell-weather to the rest.

Very dainty, too, is this

Good night.

Bid me no more good night: because
'Tis dark, must I away?
Love doth acknowledge no such Lawes,
And Love 'tis I obey:

Which blind, doth all your light despise,
 And hath no need of eyes
 When day is fled :
 Besides the Sun, which you
 Complain is gone, 'tis true
 Is gone to bed :
 Oh let us do so too.

The poem by which Shirley is best known (the one at least which is ofteneft found in poetical collections), is the grand dirge, if I may call it fuch, in *The Contention of Ajax and Ulyffes* (1659), beginning—

“The glories of our bloud and ftate.”

It is feldom quoted correctly, however, for nearly all the modern copies have it—

“The glories of our birth and ftate.”

This is the reading of Mr. Dana, in his *Household Book of Poetry*, the materials of which, by the way, are feldom drawn from original fources. In this piece he followed the elegant but inaccurate Bishop Percy, who had a great fancy for tinkering the works of his betters. A laughable blunder of Dana's is the giving of *The Fly*

(“Busy, curious, thirfty fly!”)

to Vincent Bourne, who only translated it into Latin verfe. Everybody elfe gives it to our old friend William Oldys, whose claim we never heard difputed before. So common a work as Chambers's *Cyclopædia of Englifh Literature* would have fet Mr. Dana right.

To conclude this rambling note. The only modern collection in which Shirley's poetry has had juftice done it, is Mr. Stoddard's *Loves and Heroines of the Poets*, which gives in full three of his beft poems—*To Odelia*; *Taking Leave when his Miftrefs was to Ride*; and *The Kifs*.

“*A Man's a Man for a' that*.”

Nothing is more characteristic of the independent genius of Burns, than his

grand pfalm of poverty, *A Man's a Man for a' that*. A recent reading of it in the beautiful edition of *The British Poets* published by Mefrs. Little & Brown, tempts me to add my mite in the way of notes to the famous couplet—

“The rank is but the guinea's ftamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that!”

which is thus annotated in their edition: “A fimilar thought occurs in Wycherly's *Plain-Dealer*, which Burns probably never faw: ‘I weigh the man, not his title; ’tis not the King's ftamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden fhilling, which you bend every way, and debafes the ftamp he bears.’”

It is not probable, as the commentator remarks, that Burns ever faw the *Plain-Dealer*, nor Carew's poems, from one of which, *To N. N., a Lady Refembling my Miftrefs*, I conceive, Wycherly borrowed the fimile:

“To lead, or brafs, or fome fuch bad
 Mettall, a prince's ftamp may adde
 That vawle, which it never had.”

We know, however, that he *did* read *Triftram Shandy*, where I have no doubt he found it. It occurs in the *Dedication to a Great Man*, at the beginning of the ninth volume of the original edition, a copy of which, figned by Sterne himfelf, is before me. “Honours, like impreffions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of bare metal; but Gold and Silver will pafs all the world over without any other recommendation than their own weight.”

S. H. R.

A Ballett of the Batchelor.
 (1561.)

HOUER for the batchelor! merry doth he live,
 All the day long he can daunce, fing and playe:
 His troubles they are like to water in a five,
 The more that poureth in, the more it will
 away:
 This is the verie truth I doe declare and faye.

June, 1863.]

The Philobiblion.

[Number 18.]

Life and Works

MICHAEL SERVETUS.

(Concluded from No. XVII., p. 105.)

PERHAPS the most systematic attempt to screen Calvin from the odium which his malignant and cruel treatment of Servetus has to deservedly brought upon him, is that of Dr. Paul Henry, of Berlin, who, in his work on *The Life and Times of John Calvin*, of which Dr. H. Stebbing has recently favored the public with an English translation, enters largely into the subject, and does not hesitate to stand forward as the advocate of "the great Reformer," and to avow his conviction that this constitutes the crowning act of his life:

"Many of Calvin's friends," says he (vol. ii. p. 160), "would fain have seen this period of his history wholly obliterated; and there are others, who could conceive the idea of writing his life without entering into any particular account of the affair of Servetus." I do not agree with them. It is here that Calvin appears in his real character; and a nearer consideration of the proceedings, examined, that is, from the point of view furnished by the age when it took place—will completely exonerate him from blame."

Nothing can be further from the intention of the present writer than to dispute the assertion, "that Calvin," as regards the part which he took in this transaction, "appears in his real character;" but it was the character, be it observed, of a persecutor of

the first class, without one humane or redeeming quality to divest it of its criminality or palliate its enormity. The defence rests mainly upon the legal and theological feeling of the age; but, upon this principle, there is no atrocity recorded in the annals of persecution, which may not be justified. It will, therefore, be a satisfaction to every reader of unperverted mind to be informed that the translator disclaims all participation in the feeling which dictated this defence, and expresses his disapprobation of Calvin's conduct toward Servetus in the following unqualified terms:

"Anxious as he has been honestly to preserve the sharpest features of the original, the translator may be permitted, he trusts, to guard himself against the chance of misrepresentation as to his own views or opinions. He begs, then, that it may be understood, that it is chiefly on account of its historical value that he has desired to make this work known to English readers. He has a most sincere respect for the pious and eminent sentiments of the author; but neither his regard for Dr. Henry, nor his profound admiration of Calvin, in the general features of his character, and sublime zeal, has altered his views on the subjects to which he has here more especial cause to refer. Dr. Henry has defended Calvin in the case of Servetus, with admirable ability; but the translator believes still, as he has ever believed, that when men enjoy so large a measure of light and wisdom as Calvin possessed, they cannot be justified, if guilty of persecution, because they lived in times when wicked and vulgar minds warred against the rights of human conscience. If Calvin had prayed to be set free from the bondage which made him a persecutor, his otherwise spotless reputation would have been unstained by the one blot which disfig-

that, in attempting to develop his views, he stumbled upon dialectical difficulties of which he had not a due appreciation. Imperceptibly to himself, his philosophical speculations led him into inconsistencies; but his Christian piety and Christian feeling, which never deserted him, placed him at an immeasurable distance from Spinoza. He was a Pantheist in the same sense in which Paul was a Pantheist. He believed, with the great Apostle of the Gentiles, that "there is One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all" (Eph. iv. 6); and his attempt to give expansion and development to this sublime sentiment of the apostle, and to show its incompatibility with the received doctrine of three persons in the Godhead, was the occasion of that implacable hostility with which Calvin pursued him. A Dutch translation of the work *On the Errors of the Trinity*, by Renier Telle, or Regner Vitellius, was published in quarto, A. D. 1620. The translator professed himself a Calvinist, but was in reality an Arminian. His version is accurate and faithful, and often conveys the meaning more plainly than the original itself. When the sense is more than ordinarily obscure, short explanatory notes are added in the margin.

II. *Two Books of Dialogues concerning the Trinity. On the Justification of Christ's Kingdom, Four Brief Chapters:* by MICHAEL SERVETUS, alias REVES, a Spaniard of Aragon. 1532, 8vo. The Latin title, which it may be a satisfaction to some readers to see, is as follows: *Dialogorum de Trinitate Libri Duo. De Justitia Regni Christi Capitula Quatuor: per Michael Servetum, alias Reves, ab Aragonia Hispanum. Anno MDXXXII.* In these Dialogues, Michael and Petrucio are the speakers; and the Four Capitula treat—first, On Paul's Doctrine of Justification; secondly, On the Kingdom of Christ; thirdly, On the Law compared with the Gospel; and

fourthly, On Charity. Servetus retracts, in this work, what he had advanced on the subject of the Trinity in the former one; but he tells the reader that his reason for so doing is a conviction that what he had said was imperfect, not that it was false. This he attributes in part to his own want of skill in composition, and in part to the carelessness of his printer. The sentiments of both treatises are identical; but in the *Dialogues*, more is said about the *Logos*, and less about the Father, than in the work *On the Errors of the Trinity*. The writer's views on the subject of Justification are said to hold an intermediate place between those of the Lutherans and those of the Catholics. Trechsel has given an abstract of the contents of this second work of Servetus, in his *Michael Servet and Seine Vorgänger* (S. 103–109).

III. *Claudius Ptolemaeus of Alexandria's Eight Books of Geography, from the Translation of Bilibaldus Pirckheimer, now for the First Time revised according to the Ancient Greek Copies*, by MICHAEL VILLANOVANUS, &c. Lyons, Melchior and Caspar Trechsel, 1535, fol. In the preface to this work, Servetus, after giving a brief account of Ptolemy, and asserting his superiority as a geographer to Strabo, Pliny, and Pomponius Mela, goes on to say that he has spared no pains in endeavoring to amend the text of his author; and by the aid of manuscripts, and a careful perusal of the works of preceding writers, has succeeded in restoring the true reading of several thousand passages. The text of Ptolemy is enriched by explanatory notes, the style of which is more classical than that of Servetus's two preceding works on the Trinity. The volume is also illustrated by maps and wood-cuts. It was on certain expressions occurring in this work, that Calvin grounded his charge against Servetus, of representing Moses as an impostor, and as bringing contempt upon the Jewish religion.

The offensive passage had been expunged in the second edition, published in 1542; but this availed Servetus nothing on his trial. Allwoerden gives an extended analysis of the work in his *History of Servetus* (pp. 158-166), including the passage above mentioned.

IV. *The whole Nature and Use of Syrups diligently unfolded, after the Example of Galen, &c.* Paris, Simon Colineus, 1537, 8vo. Allwoerden made frequent inquiries after this book, but was never able to obtain a sight of it. A copy of it is said to be preserved in the Royal Library at Königsberg. Servetus published it under the name of Michael Villanovanus. A second edition appeared at Venice, in 1545; and a third at Lyons, in 1546. The following notice of it, and of the cause which led to its publication, is from the pen of Dr. Henry:

"In the science of medicine, Servetus agreed with the Greek physicians, in opposition to the Arabian. The controversy between these two parties was one of the topics of the day. Champier, a physician, and the friend of Servetus, at Lyons, attributed, in a writing for Leonh. Fuchs, false views to the former, and accused him of inclining rather to the Arabian system. This produced an answer from Servetus, and as whatever he did he did with talent, a very excellent work, on the use of Syrups, with a review of the Galenists and Averroists, appeared from his pen, at Paris, in 1537. This work, as well as the notes on Ptolemæus, was written in Latin, and so excellently, that Mosheim ventures the conjecture that he intentionally employed a negligent style in his theological writings, it being a principle with him that, in matters of religion, language should always be humble." (*Life and Times of Calvin*, vol. ii. chap. iv. pp. 174, 175.)

V. *The Holy Bible according to the Translation of Sanctes Pagninus, but so revised after the Hebrew, and illustrated with Scholia, as to appear a manifestly New Edition.* Lyons, Hugh de la Porte, 1542, fol. At the end of the volume are the words "Excudebat Chaspar Trechsel."

This Bible is extremely rare. Copies of it are sometimes to be met with in France; but they fetch very high prices. Calvin, in his accusation against Servetus, alludes to it, and particularly to the note on Isaiah liii. It is evident, from the preface, that Servetus thought all the prophecies of the Old Testament had a literal and historical sense, and received their fulfilment before the time of the Christian dispensation; and that they could be applied to Christ only in a mystical sense. Servetus has supplied few notes on the Historical Books; but in the Psalms and Books of the Prophets his annotations are numerous. These gave great offence, not only to Calvin, but to the divines of the Catholic Church. Allwoerden has inserted a long and interesting account of this edition of the Bible, with extracts from the Expurgatory Indexes of Sotomaior and Quiroga, in his *Historia M. Serveti*, pp. 167-176. The reader may also consult Masch's edition of Le Long's *Bibliotheca Sacra*, Hal. 1783, 4to, p. ii. vol. iii. cap. iii. sect. i. § xxiv. pp. 477, 478.

VI. *The Restitution of Christianity. A Call to the Christian World to the Primitive Principles of the Apostolic Church; or a Treatise wherein the Knowledge of God, of the Christian Faith, of our Justification, Regeneration, Baptism, of Eating the Lord's Supper, are perfectly restored; to the Deliverance of the Heavenly Kingdom from the Slavery of Impious Babylon, and the utter Destruction of Antichrist with his Followers.* 1553, 8vo. This is the Rev. Dr. Drummond's translation of the title of Servetus's celebrated Latin work: *Christianismi Restitutio: totius Ecclesiæ Apostolicæ ad sua Limina Vocatio, in integrum restituta Cognitione Dei, Fidei Christi, Justificationis nostræ, Regenerationis, Baptismi et Cœnæ Domini Manducationis; restituito denique nobis Regno cœlesti, Babylonis impiæ Captivitate soluta, et Antichristo*

rope. Mr. De Boze, whose loss the learned world lament no less than the academy to which he did so much honor, kept up the strictest correspondence with the Doctor. He frequently received from him some valuable piece for the cabinet of the King of France, and never failed of making him a return of the same kind. The scarce and perhaps the only copy of Servetus's last book, passed from the shelves of our English worthy to those of his friend abroad, in exchange for a thousand presents he had received from him." (Pp. 55, 56.)

This copy is now at Paris, and is the one consulted by M. Emile Saïflet, in drawing up a series of articles on Servetus, lately published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. That writer says:

"Our Royal Library fortunately possesses one of the only two copies of the *Restitution du Christianisme* which it is said have escaped destruction. It is a curious circumstance that this is the identical copy of which Colladon made use when he arranged with Calvin the proceedings against Michael Servetus. It still bears in its margin the damping marks which that penetrating and inflexible theologian inscribed upon it. It was snatched from the flames by some unknown hand, and we can observe in its blackened leaves the marks of fire. It is from the pages of this volume, full of tragical mementoes—by means of these lines, in parts half effaced by the rust of age, in parts obliterated and reduced to ashes by the flames—that we have attempted to extract the buried thoughts of the sacrificed author." (*Christian Reformer*, New Series, vol. iv. p. 271.)

A third printed copy of the *Christianismi Restitutio* once existed at Basle; but Father Simon informs us that this was transferred to Dublin. Gerard à Maastricht mentions a fourth copy, which he had seen and examined, in the public library at Dussburgh; but Theodore Haef says that, in his time, this was no longer to be found. The only copy now known to exist, besides the one in the National Library at Paris, is in the Imperial Library at Vienna; and it is not improbable that this is the one which formerly belonged to Daniel Mark Szent-Ivani, and which disappeared from his library in so mysterious a manner, on the

occupation of Transylvania by the Emperor Leopold.

Reprints of this scarce work, purporting to be copies of the original edition, are sometimes to be met with in catalogues; and written copies of it also are occasionally seen in England, as well as on the continent. One of these was made for Dr. More, Bishop of Ely, from the printed copy in the library of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel; and M. Souverain, author of *Le Platonisme dévoilé*, had access to another.

The original manuscript, written by Servetus's own hand, once belonged to Caelius Horatius Curio. It afterward found its way into the library of M. Du Fay, with the rest of whose books it was sold at Paris, in 1725. The purchaser was the Count De Hoym, Polish ambassador at the French court, who bought it for a hundred and seventy-six livres. It was afterward the property of M. Gaignat, and was sold, with the rest of that gentleman's library, in 1769. What next became of it, and whether it is now in existence, the present writer has not been able to ascertain. It was in a very tattered and mutilated state when in the possession of M. Gaignat.

For an account of the contents of the *Christianismi Restitutio*, the reader may consult Sandius's *Bibliotheca Antitrinitariorum* (pp. 14, 15); the *Monthly Repository* for 1810 (vol. v.), pp. 526–528; and Trechsel's *Michael Servet und seine Vorgänger*, S. 119–144.

Peter Palmer, a London bookseller, projected an edition of the Works of Servetus in quarto, 1723, but was prevented from carrying his design into execution by the interference of the ecclesiastical and civil powers. At the instance of Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, John Kent, messenger of the press, and William Squire, messenger in ordinary, seized the whole impression, before it was completed; and a very few copies escaped destruction.

VII. For an account of other writings, of which Servetus contemplated the publication, if his life had been spared, the reader may consult Article 42 of the present work.

VIDEND. Sandii B. A. pp. 6-15. *Bock*, Hist. Ant. T. II. pp. 321-395. *Trockel*, Michael Servet und seine Vorgänger, *passim*. *Allwoerden*, Hist. Michaelis Serveti, *passim*. *M. De la Roche*, Biblioth. Anglaise, T. II. P. i. Art. vii. *Jac. G. Chaufepie*, Dict. Hist. et Crit. T. IV. pp. 219-245. *D'Artigny*, Nouv. Mémoires de Critique et de Littérature, 1749, T. II. Art. 11. *Calvini* Epp. Hanov. 1597, 12mo, N. 152, 155, 156, 161. *Calvini* Fidelis Expositio Errorum Mich. Serveti [published among Calvin's Tracts], Geneva, 1576, pp. 793-836. *Ecolampadii et Zuinglii* Epp. Bas. 1592, 4to, L. i. p. 83; L. iv. p. 808, Epp. 1, 2. *Mejarchh.* Epp. Lond. 1642, L. iv. Ep. 140, p. 708. *Histoire de l'Hérésie*. Paris, 4to, pp. 350, 351. *Grotii* Append. ad Commentat. de Antichristo. Opp. T. III. p. 503. *Mon. Rep.* Vol. V. (1810), pp. 105, 163, 222, 277, 328, 377, 430, 525; Vol. X. (1815), p. 695. *Authentic Memoirs of the Life of Richard Mead*, M. D., London, 1755, 8vo, l. c. *The Unnoticed Theories of Servetus*, A Dissertation addressed to the Medical Society at Stockholm: by *George Sigmund*, M. D., &c. London, 1826, 8vo. *Apology for Dr. Michael Servetus*, &c., by *Richard Wright*. *Wilsbeach*, 1806, 8vo. *The Life of Michael Servetus*, &c., by *William Hamilton Drummond*, D. D. London, 1848, 12mo. *The Life and Times of John Calvin, the Great Reformer*: translated from the German of *Paul Henry*, D. D., by *Henry Stebbing*, D. D., F. R. S., &c. London, 1849, 8vo, Vol. II. Part iii. Chap. iv. v. *Christian Reformer*, N. S., Vol. III. (1842), pp. 1-21; Vol. IV. (1843), pp. 264-276, 321-333. *Vogi*, Catal. Historico-Crit. Librorum Rariorum, pp. 622-624. *Jo. Henr. a Seelen*, Selecta Litteraria, Ed. ii. *Lubecæ*, 1726, 12mo; N. II. pp. 52-76. *Schellhornii*, Amoen. Lit. T. IX. pp. 723, 724, etc.

(From *Antitrinitarian Biography*, or *Sketches of the Lives and Writings of Distinguished Antitrinitarians*; exhibiting a View of the State of the Unitarian Doctrine and Worship in the Principal Nations of Europe, from the Reformation to the Close of the Seventeenth Century: to which is prefixed a History of Unitarianism in England during the Same Period. By *ROBERT WALLACE*, F. G. S., and Member of the Historico-Theological Society of Leipzig. 3 vols. London: E. T. Whitfield, 2 Essex Street, Strand. 1850.)

A DISSERTATION UPON PAMPHLETS.

In a Letter to a Nobleman.

[BY WILLIAM OLPYS.]

(Concluded from No. XXII., p. 121.)

MY LORD,

This particular Notice of, our most voluminous Pamphleteer, will lead us to a general Review of the numerous Produce of the Press, during that turbulent Series afore said, wherein he was such a fruitful Instrument, to impregnate the same, and promote the licentious Superfotation thereof. For, by the grand Collection of Pamphlets, which was made by Tomlinson the Bookseller*, from the latter-end of the Year 1640, to the Beginning of 1660, it appears, there were published, in that Space, near Thirty Thousand several Tracts, and that these were not the complete Issue of that Period, there is good Presumption, and, I believe, Proofs in Being. Notwithstanding, it is enriched with near a Hundred Manuscripts, which no Body then (being written on the Side of the Royalists) would venture to put in Print; the Whole, however, for it is yet undispersed, is progressively and uniformly bound, in upwards of Two Thousand Volumes, of all Sizes. The Catalogue, which was taken by *Marmaduke Foster*, the Auctioneer, consists of Twelve Volumes in Folio,† wherein every Piece has such a punctual Register and Reference, that the smallest, even of a single Leaf, may be readily repaired to thereby. They were collected, no doubt, with great Assiduity and Expence, and not preserved, in those troublesome Times, without great Danger and Difficulty;

* *Memoirs for the Curious*, 4to, 1708. Vol. 2.

p. 176.

† *Id.*, *Ibid.*

the Books being often seized from Place to Place, out of the Army's Reach. And it seems were many of these Tracts, even in their first Publication, that King Charles the First is reported to have given ten Pounds for only reading one of them over, which he could no where else procure, at the Owner's House, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.* And yet this *Collection*, will, perhaps, not now produce the Tenth, and, some think, not the Twentieth Part of the *Four Thousand Prands* which he is said to have refused for it. Whatever is the Reason, that they may seem to be thus depreciated, I presume not to distinguish, perceiving so many Reasons offering themselves to our choice for the same: As, Whether it lies not in the *Way* of the present Possessor, to make the best Use or Advantage of them: Whether abundance of extraneous Volumes, or more extended Treatises, published in that *Interstice*, upon Subjects foreign to a *Collection of Occasional Pamphlets*, Historical and Political, interfere not to make up the Number: Particularly, Whether it is not surcharged with the canting Divinity of those Times, which may be thought too crude, lean, and dull for the Edification of these: But more particularly, Whether those who would be Purchasers, having, doubtless, some Knowledge of Pamphlets, the Use which has been, and what remains to be made by Historical Writers, of them, do not apprehend, that so many copious Collectors, general and special, who were contemporary with that important Period, have already sufficiently gleaned, and displayed whatever is Material among these more compendious Assurances. For so it is evident, that Mr. *Rushworth*, the most voluminous of them all, did, most plentifully, supply himself from these Fountains, how abundantly soever he represents the Facts therein corrupted with Fiction:

How fondly soever he seems to magnify his own Sagacity, in the distinguishment of one from the other; and how suspiciously so ever he disavows all farther Examination into them, than that wherewith has been pleased to present us; where he expresses himself thus slightly of the very Authorities, which have yet so liberally contributed to such of the massy *Tome*, passing under his Name, whereof he was the real Compiler. "*Patient*, (says he) should know, that some dare write the Truth whilst other Men's Fancies were more busy than their Hands; forging Relations; building, and battering Castles in the Air; putting stirring Speeches, as spoken in Parliament, which were never spoken there; printing Declarations, which were never passed; relating Battles, which were never fought; and Victories, which were never obtained; dispersing Letters, which were never written by their Authors; together with many such Contrivances, to abet a Party or Interest — *Pudet hæc opprobria*. Such Practice and the Experience I had thereof, and the Impossibility for any Man, in After-Age to ground a True History, by relying on the printed Pamphlets of our Days, which passed the Press, while it was without Control, obliged me to all the Pains at Charge I have been at, for many Years together, to make a great *Collection*; and whilst Things were fresh in Memory, separate Truth from Falshood; Thin real, from Things fictitious, or imaginary whereof I shall not at all repent, if I may but prove an ordinary Instrument to undeceive those who come after us."

Otherwise, excepting those more partial and precipitous Products of this Kind wherewith that Age was so much glutted there never was a greater Bazaar, or a better Market; never so many eager Searchers after, or extravagant Purchasers of, scarce Pamphlets, than in these present Times,

* *Memoirs for the Curious*, 4to, 1708. Vol. 2. p. 176.

* *Histor. Coll. Voll. 2. in Pref. L. 2.*

might be made evident, either from the Sales of them in general; as that of *Tom Britton*, the celebrated *Small-coal-Man* of *Clarkenwell*, who, besides his *Chymical* and *Musical Collections*, had one of *Choice Pamphlets*, which, as I have heard, he sold to the late Lord *Somers*, for upwards of Five Hundred Pounds. And, more especially, that of Mr. *Anthony Collins*, the last Year, whose Library, consisting chiefly of *Pamphlets*, and those mostly *Controversial*, mostly *Modern*, yet is reported to have been sold, both Parts of it, for above *Eighteen Hundred Pounds*: Incouragement sufficient to make the Catalogues of other like *Auctions* as expressive, and distinct as these are. Or, whether we descend into Particulars, and consider the exorbitant Value set upon, and Profits which have been made out of some single Pieces: As the *Topographical Pamphlets* of *John Norden*, the *Surveyor*; which, before they were reprinted often sold for *Forty Shillings* a-piece. And some of *Bale's* Tracts; as that of *Anne Askew*: More especially, the *Examination* of Sir *John Oldcastle*, which I have known to sell for *Three Guineas*, though gleaned by *Fox* into his *Book of Martyrs*. The *Expedition* of the Duke of *Somerset* into *Scotland*, also, has been sold for *Four Guineas*, though totally inserted in *Holinshed*. These, and some other personal Narratives, I could Name, are as notorious as the Advancement of *Jordano Bruno's* little Book, called, *Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante*, to near *Thirty Pounds*, at the *Auction* of Mr. *Bernard's* Books, Serjeant-Surgeon to her late Majesty: Or of the uncastrated *Holinshed*, to near *Forty-five Pounds*, some Years after. Though, when the former came to be known in *English*, it would sometimes pass off for so many *Pence*; and the Deficiencies of the Latter, to be supplied out of Auditor *Jett's* Library, it would not always rise to so many *Shillings*, that is to say, above its ordinary

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Estimation. Plainly demonstrating, *that* unreasonable Value arose not from any rich Mines of Knowledge, which the scarce Part would communicate, from nothing intrinsically Curious, or Instructive in it; nor even any material Use to be made of it; but merely from the empty Property of its Singularity, and being, as the contending Purchasers fondly apprehended, no where else recoverable.

Several other Tracts, besides those before specified, I could mention, which the Retailers of them have prized at their Weight in Gold, and for which, more Pounds have been exacted, than, probably, they ever yielded Pence, at their first Publication. But I refrain being too Particular, lest I should, too inadvertently, give Handles for Extortion on one Side, or too distinctly expose this Dotage of Curiosity on the other; nevertheless, I may hereupon seasonably observe, and the rather, because I have had Your LORDSHIP's Noble Concurrence, that this *Caco-zealous* Curiosity it is, which has, of late, been deemed so obstructive to the Advancement of Knowledge, in a Set of reputed *Literati*, who make no more Use of the Books they are beset with in their Studies, than *Eunuchs*, of the Beauties which inviron them in the *Seraglio*; yet can never rest till they have gathered themselves *Libraries* to doze in; like Children, who will not be quiet without *Lights* to sleep by. But those, who are thus diseased, would do well to consider, while they monopolize such Collections as would extensively benefit the Republic of Letters, and bury them in the narrow Circuit of their own private, and un-consequential Possession, only because they have *great* Fortunes which will empower them to do it, how detrimental they may be to industrious and ingenious Scholars, or *small* ones, who really want them for public and important Uses; while the mercenary Salesmen, making no Distinction, but

*all their Lives, but must Flattery accompany them to their Graves? How shall then Princes fear the Judgment of Posterity, if Historians were not allowed to speak Truth after their Death?**

Thus much for the Topics and Arguments arising from those Examples and Authorities, which have occurred, as most observable, upon this sudden Recollection, to illustrate my *present Subject*. What remains to be said of *Pamphlets*, will more especially regard the *present Undertaking*, to make a select Revival of them. The Approbation whereof may be grounded on these Considerations.

First: The Regard we owe to the Preservation of Good Writings in general, and to their Separation from the Bad: But more in particular to these. For, if the Re-printing of good old *Books* is commendable, much more is that of good old *Pamphlets*; they being, not to mention the greater Ease of the Expence, really more in Want of such Justice, to remove that mean Opinion which some, unread therein, have more indistinctly entertained of them *all*, because many indeed are but meanly written; tho' the Proportion is not greater than in *Books*: And for those *Pamphlets* which really are *well* written (as abundance sufficient for any such Undertaking have been, by the ablest Pens, upon the most emergent Points, however they daily perish in the common Wreck, for Want of a helping Hand) they cannot be denied a just Claim to this Care.

Secondly: Because they stand in greater Need of such Care, than Writings better secured by their Bulk and Bindings do. Many good old Family-Books are descended to us, whose Backs and Sides our careful Grand-fires Buff'd, and Bos'd, and Boarded against the Teeth of Time, or more devouring Ignorance, and whose

Leaves they guarded with *Brass*, nay, *Silver* Clasps, against the Assaults of Worm and Weather: But these *Defenseless* Conduits of Advertisement are so much more obnoxious, by reason of their Nakedness and Debility, to all destructive Casualties, that it is more rare and difficult, for Want of a proper *Asylum*, to meet with some *Tracts* which have not been Printed Ten Years, than with many *Books* which are more than ten Times their Age.

Thirdly: As being the liveliest Pictures of their Times. *Pamphlets* having this considerable Advantage, that springing usually from some immediate Occasion, they are copied more directly from the Life; so likelier to bear a Resemblance, than any more extended Draughts taken by a remoter Light. But being therefore a Kind of Reading *à la Mode*, and the Events, their Sources, so suddenly giving Way to every fresh Current of Affairs, it is no Wonder if these little Maps of them are, in like Manner, over-borne, and become as transient as they: And yet whenever the Political Wheel rolls into any of its former Tracks, or present Occurrences tally with those of past Times, doubtless what was *then* advanced for the Public Good, might *now* be conducive thereto: Whereas the Disorders of former Times revive, and the Remedies which were prescribed against them are to seek; many, as well pleasant as profitable, being lost merely for Want of Revival.

Fourthly: The truest Images of their Authors. For, *Pamphlets* running so often upon new, particular, and unprecedented Subjects, the Writers have less Opportunity to *commit*, and their Writings are less liable to *admit* such foul and frequent Practices of *Plagiarism*, as *Books* of Matter more Various, and Bulk more Voluminous, too often exhibit. Besides, the Author being more vigorously prompted to Application, by the Expediency of bringing forth his Work opportunely "is urged (as has been

* Cox *his Hist. of Ireland*.

elsewhere said upon another Occasion*) to strike out the Images of his Mind at a Heat, in the most natural Form and Symmetry, in the most significant Circumstances at once; seldom allowing Leisure for the Writer to doat upon, or dream over his Work: neither to disguise it with the Conceptions of other Men, nor to deform it with Chimeras of his own." Hence are they preferred by many Critics, to discover the genuine Abilities of an Author, before his more dilatory and accumulated Productions.

These, besides many other Arguments which might be deduced from the commodious Brevity, the vast Choice, or Variety of well-written *Pamphlets*, more particularly their regretted Dispersion, Consumption and Obscurity; but, above all, the many surprising scenes to be unfolded, and brought in View, by select and public Collections, from the rich but disregarded Store, are, in my Opinion, sufficient Recommendations to the Encouragement of such a Revival. What few Attempts have hitherto been made, seem either of a short-sighted Nature, or of one too unbounded. Thus *Edward Husband*, circumscribes himself to the Speeches and Ordinances of Parliament, in a few Years of K. *Charles I.* As the Collections in K. *Charles II.* and K. *William's* Reigns, contain only some *State-Tracts* of those Times. And, for *John Dunton's* Collection, it might have succeeded better, had he not been for rambling into foreign, or heavy and unaffecting Subjects. But the Undertaking most likely to succeed, is one wholly unconfined, as to Time, and only confined to Matter domestically applicable; provided the Undertaker chuses judiciously his Materials. And, certainly, the Public might soon be obliged with a very valuable Collection, if in those Particulars whereof the Collector's own Store should

be deficient, he were supplied by such Possessors of these Curiosities, as have a Relish for the Project: Which may be farther rendered a convenient Receptacle for the Restoration of what is not only rare and remarkable, but pertinent and seasonable.

And such, among others, are the Advantages promised us by the present *PHOENIX*; which, if it ever grows into a Volume, and is accommodated with a complete *Index*, I cannot help fancying, we shall imagine ourselves led into new and untrodden Paths; into Regions of neglected but notable Intelligence, which, having lain long dormant, and widely remote from ordinary Observation, will look like a sudden Resurrection of Characters and Descriptions, Schemes and Discoveries; or rather a Kind of Re-Creation of them in the Land of *Literature*: So that it may yield the best Comment upon past Times, and become the grand Expositor of many Incidents, which General Historians are either wholly ignorant of, or very superficially mention.

Thus, my LORD, you have the free, but undigested *Thoughts* of one totally disinterested in the Undertaking aforesaid, and no otherwise concerned for the same, than as a Well-wisher to what I cannot but think may be of public Utility: And the juster Title they may have to your favourable Censure, as being the immediate Consequence of your Commands. I might, indeed, have farther enlarged on a Theme so fruitful; but in handling the Subject of *Pamphlets*, it may not be discommendable to conform my self to their Size: For,

Inter Pygmæos non pudet esse brevem.

More especially when I consider, that I may have already trespassed farther upon your Lordship's Patience, than will admit of an Apology from

Your LORDSHIP's, &c.

W. O.

[WILLIAM OLDYS.]

* *Essay on Epistolary Writings, &c. 8vo, M.S.*

Glosses and Scholia.

I.

THE LOTUS AND THE SUN.

ONE of the most brilliant imaginings of Grecian polytheism, so finely imitated by the Latin poets, was that which represents the Sun (*Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων*) extinguishing his fires every evening in the vast Ocean, father of all springs and rivers; and then, in the morning, appearing upon a radiant chariot, from the humid depths of his bed, to distribute light over the world—

..... "lux immensi publica mundi;"

"while," continues Ovid, "the swift couriers of the Sun, Pyroëis, Eous, Æthon, and the fourth Phlegon, fill the air with their flaming neighing, and reject with their hoofs all bounds:"

"Interea volucres Pyroëis, et Eous et Æthon,
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon, hinnitibus auras
Flammiferis implent, pedibusque repagula pul-
sant."*

The ancient Egyptians, who had a horror of the sea, allegorized the brightness and the setting of the Sun by a no less charming image:

"The lotus," says Pliny, after having described the tree of this name which grows in the environs of Carthage, in the quicksands of Africa, "is also a plant which has its origin in Egypt, and belongs to the water-plants.† Tradition tells wonderful things of it. The leaves bend and close at the setting of the Sun, and open when he appears upon the horizon, until, having arrived at maturity, the flower, which is white, falls." ("Est autem eodem nomine et herba, et in Ægypto caulis in palustrium genere. . . . mirum est quod præter hæc traditur: Sole

* Metamorph., lib. ii. 35, et 153-155.

† The pond-lily, so common in North America, belongs to the same family, and very nearly resembles the lotus.

occidente papavera ea comprimi et integri foliis: ad ortum autem aperiri, donec maturefcant, flosque, qui est candidus decidat.")*

The Egyptians, who were attentive and religious observers of all the phenomena peculiar to their country, thought they could not do better, in remarking the singular habits of this plant, whose leaves float with such mysterious grace upon the surface of the ponds and brooks, than to symbolize by the changes of its flower the periodic departure and return of the Sun. The Christian Gnostics adopted, later, the heliac emblem of the Egyptians, in extending it also to some other divinities, who, by their attributes, might serve equally to characterize the Sun. Montfaucon has preserved for us the picture of an *abraxas*, in which Harpocrates, the god of Silence, is seen in profile, sitting upon the lotus-flower, holding a finger of his right hand upon his mouth, and having in his left hand a whip. The stem of the lotus rests upon the back of a lion. Behind Harpocrates, upon the right, is a crescent. The head of the lion is surmounted with a star, and under his stomach is a sort of trident fixed upon a small cross.†

II.

THE BASKET OF MINERVA.

THE women who, in our day, pass some leisure hours at the fireside or in the open air in embroidering, and who, instead of throwing their skeins of worsted into the drawer of a work-table, arrange them according to shades of color in one of those little fancy baskets of straw, with many compartments, are probably ignorant that this pretty and useful article—somewhat different, it is true, in form and color—was in

* Hist. Nat., lib. xiii. 17.

† L'Antiquité dévoilée, lib. ii. 2d part, plate cxlix. fig. 9.

antiquity called the *basket of Minerva*: *καλαθος* by the Greeks, a term which was also applied to the capital of a column, and to a vase in which water and wine were placed to cool; *qualus* or *qualum*, among the Latins, who, borrowing the name from the Greeks, made of it *calathus*, a basket or hamper used in the vintage, and also the basket in which cheese is drained.

Facciolati, in his *Lexicon*, tells us that "the *calathus*, made of willow, or more generally of any flexible twigs, was round in form, narrow at the bottom, widening by degrees, and ending in a larger opening, like the *fleur-de-lis*, which Pliny," he adds, "compares to the *calathus*."

Such, in fact, is the description which Pliny gives of the *fleur-de-lis*, "whose leaves," he says, "narrow at their commencement, and, striated on the outside, enlarge little by little, in the form of a cup, which bends over upon itself"—

"*effigie Calathi resupinis*."*

The text, as we see, has *calathus*; but, as the word signifies at once *cup* and *basket* or *hamper*, we cannot affirm that Pliny meant by this comparison to designate the *basket of Minerva*.

However that may be, the shape of the *καλαθος* was evidently taken from that of the *fleur-de-lis*, or from the leaves of the *acanthus*, which make the capital of the Corinthian column.

The *basket of Minerva* was made of twigs, and perhaps also of straw; at least we know of no passage of the classics which authorizes us to think the opposite. It was in such that the daughters and daughters-in-law of old Priam, and the matrons of Greece and Rome, following the example of the wife goddess, placed their spools, needles, canvas, and worsted.

"Never had Camilla, of the Volscian

nation, accustomed her womanly hands to the use of the distaff, or the basket of Minerva"—

"Non illa colo, calathifve Minervæ
Femineas assueta manus"—

"but she was hardened to the fatigues of war, and her rapid feet defied the winds in fleetness."*

"Ah, Neobule," cries, in Horace, a young girl of this name, complaining to herself of her troubles, in long and short Ionic verses, "the winged child of Venus takes the spindle from your fingers; the brightness of the image of Hebrus of Liparæus has disgusted you with the laborious duties of Minerva"—

... "tibi qualum Cytheræ
Puer ales, tibi telas, operosæque Minervæ
Studium aufert, Neobule, Liparæi nitor Hebri."†

The writer who, in the *Encyclopædia* of Diderot, has given a few lines—too few, it seems—to the *panier de Minerve*, concludes with this ungracious Laconism: "There is no lack of Neobules." And yet are there not many who, from being preoccupied with some Hebrus, are thus stimulated to "the laborious tasks of Minerva?" The enchanting image hovers over the embroiderers, without causing a single false stitch in the work commenced and pursued under such happy auspices. And is it not to her that we owe so often that exquisite taste in detail, and that delicate and marvellous finish, which characterize a task performed, we may say, *con amore*?

III.

THE ADAGES OF ERASMUS.

THE celebrity of ERASMUS reposes principally upon his *Praise of Folly*. This satire is still consulted or quoted, but only

* Lib. xxi. 5.

* Ænead, book vii. 803-807.

† Horat., book iii. car. xii.

as a very curious historical document, without which it would be almost impossible to arrive at an exact and perfect conception of the first years of the sixteenth century: it is read only as an historical monument of some value. The work, in fact, by mere lapse of time, has lost a great deal of its merit; and this masterpiece, illustrated by Holbein, so full of wit and spirit, is no longer any thing but a somewhat ordinary lucubration, which the most determined philologists confess, when they speak in good faith, is almost insipid.

This is not because Erasmus has not "infinite wit."—"Either you are Erasmus or you are the devil," said Thomas More to him one day, when Erasmus had called upon him *incognito*. But the temperament of his nature was moderation. *Non amo veritatem seditiosam*, he often said. This paints him better than the saying which escaped from him upon the marriage of Œcolampadius, and which nearly cost him his life: "The Lutheran tragedies always end in a marriage." Affable and generous before every thing else, he loved to rail without bitterness. Thus his irony is generally wanting in the pitiless edge which wounds incurably. *The Praise of Folly* is, however, still spoken of, because the name of Erasmus is connected with it, by an immense succession of controversy, surprise, and scandal, the tumult of which drowned the much more legitimate noise of his other works, so full of vast and solid learning, and into which only scholars now deign to sometimes cast a glance.

Let us mention here only the collection of *Apophthegms*, and that of *Adages*. Who has read them through? Who takes the trouble to run through them, unless such a chance as is always happening in the life of a literary man, or the desire or need of deciding an etymology, of verifying a reading, or mounting to the source of a proverbial expression which is not thor-

oughly understood, invites to such a task? The *Apophthegms* and the *Adages*, although they are in reality but a patient and ingenious compilation, such as could be conceived and executed only by such princes of erudition as antiquity possessed, still offer, in their variety, their connection, their explanation and application, an attraction, a novelty, a charm, and an originality, which gain upon the reader, but which can hardly be expressed. The two books, though stuffed full of Latin tinged with Greek, please as much by their manner as their matter. The interest is graduated with the art which results from method. Having once commenced, we boldly continue to turn the leaves. The first steps may be hard, but as we advance the prospect enlarges, and we become more accustomed to the difficulties of the road. When once we have seen, through the tangled wood, the end of the avenue which leads to the Palace of Knowledge, it is seldom that we do not wish to press on to the end.

The *Apophthegms* is a gallery upon whose walls Erasmus has engraved with religious care all the memorable sayings he has collected from the ancients. The gallery is long—it has eight halls.* As for the *Adages*, they are composed of four Chiliads, each one containing ten centuries; then follows a fifth incomplete Chiliad, consisting of two centuries—the first complete, the second ending at the fifty-ninth number.

To attempt, by such meagre quotation as your space would allow, to show the spirit and value of these works, would be useless. They are storehouses of learning to which all scholars return, but whose wealth is never diminished. If our century should see such a revival of learning as Erasmus himself was so instrumental in pro-

* An excellent bibliographical notice of these works will be found in the *Bibliographie Paremiologique*, by M. Duplessis. (Paris, 1847, 8vo.)

ducing, one of the first books to be reprinted and made universal would be the *Chiliasads*. Such a recognition of his labors would be the most grateful one possible to the memory of Erasmus; and if America should take the initiative by such a step, it would be but a just tribute by the new civilization of the New World to the wisdom and learning of the Old.

IV.

THE BIRDS OF PSAPHON.

The puff direct, or indirect, is not so new as is supposed. The ancient historians tell of a certain Psaphon, a Grecian of Libya (probably of Cyrenaica), who, having taught the birds to say, as with human voices, that he was a god, and a very great god, let them fly in the woods, where, thus instructed, they taught the other birds to say the same thing: *Qui . . . quum plurimas aves cepit vocales, et humanis sermonis dociles, quas docuit sonare sua verba*. Megas Theos Psaphon; *atque ita edocuit emissit in montes: at ille quae didicerant caneabant, ac reliquas item aves sonare docebant*.

Finally, the Libyans, adds the history, being ignorant of the trick, and believing that the thing came to pass by the will of Heaven, resolved to render divine honors to Psaphon, and placed him among the gods. Whence the proverb, "The birds of Psaphon." (*Psaphonis aves*). A fine history might be made with this title: THE BIRDS OF PSAPHON. It would be that of many reputations.

POKSON'S SKULL.—To ascertain the cause of Professor Pokson's death, his head was opened; when, to the confusion of all craniologists, and the consolation of all block-heads, he was found to have the thickest skull of any professor in Europe!

VOL. II.—3

THE BIBLIOMANIA.

An Epistle,

RICHARD HERBER, ESQ.

JOHN FERRIAR, M. D.

*Hic, inquit, Veto quisquam faxit Oletum.**Pinge duos Angues:—*

PRÆ. SÆ. 17. 108.

WHAT wild desires, what restless torments seize
The hapless man, who feels the book-disease,
If niggard Fortune cramp his generous mind,
And Prudence quench the Spark by heaven assign'd!

With wistful glance his aching eyes behold
The Princeps-copy, clad in blue and gold,
Where the tall Book-case, with partition thin,
Displays, yet guards the tempting charms within!
So great Facardin view'd, as fagot cell,
Fair Crystalline immur'd in lucid cello.

Not thus the few, by happier fortune grac'd,
And blest, like you, with talents, wealth and taste,
Who gather nobly, with judicious hand,
The Muse's treasures from each letter'd stand.
For you the Monk flum'd his pictur'd page,
For you the press defies the Spoils of age.

Favorites for you infernal tortures bore,
For you ERASMUS har'd on Adria's shore:
The POLIO-ARBUS loads your happy Shelves,
And dapper ELZEVIUS, like fairy elves, [Twelves]

Shew their light forms amidst the well-gilt
In slender type the GIOLITUS shine,
And bold BOBONI stamps his Roman line.
For you the LOUVRE opens its regal doors,

And either DIDEROT lends his brilliant stores:
With faultless types, and costly sculptures bright,
IBARRA'S Quixote charms your ravid sight:
LABORDE in splendid tablets shall explain
Thy beauties, glorious, tho' unhappy SPAIN!
O, hallowed name, the theme of future years,
Embalmd in Patriot-blood, and England's tears,

* *Sages*. Count Hamilton, in the *Quatre Facardin*, and Mr. M. Lewis, in his *Tales of Romanide*.

† See the *Opulentia Sordida*, in his *Colloquia*, where he complains so feelingly of the spare Venetian diet.

Be thine fresh honours from the tuneful tongue,
By Isis' streams which mourning Zion sung!

But levibus off from every daffi Must,
The keen Collector meaner paths will choose:
And first the Margins' breadth his soul employs,
Pure, snowy, broad, the type of nobler joys.
In vain might HOMER roll the tide of song,
Or HORACE smile, or TULLY charm the throng;
If crost by Pallas' ire, the trenchant blade
Or too oblique, or near, the edge invade,
The Bibliomane exclaims, with haggard eye,
"No Margin!" turns in hate, and scorns to buy.
He turns where PYBUS rears his Atlas-head,
Or MADOC's mals conceals its veins of lead.
The glossy lines in polish'd order stand,
While the vast margin spreads on either hand,
Like Russian waters, that edge the stream deep,
Chill with pale glare, and lull to mortal sleep.

Or English books, neglected and forgot,
Excite his wish in many a dusty lot.
Whatever trash Midwinter gave to day,
Or HARPER'S, shining, fons, in paper gray,
At ev'ry auction, bent on fresh supplies,
He goes his Catalogue with anxious eyes.
Where'er the slim Italics mark the page,
Curious and rare his ardent mind engages.
Unlike the Swaps, in Tuscan Song display'd,
He hovers eager o'er Ovidian's Shade,
To snatch obscure names from endless night,
And give CECILIA of FLETCHER back to light.
In red Morocco, drest he loves to boast
The bloody murder, or the yelling ghosts,
Or dismal ballads, sung to crowds of old,
Now cheaply bought, for thrice their weight,
Yet to the unbonour'd dead be Satire just,
Some flow'rs, small, sweet, and blossom in their

* It may be said that Quintilian recommends margins; but it is with a view to their being occasionally occupied: Debet vacare etiam locus, in quo notentur quæ scribentibus solent extra ordinem, id est ex aliis quam qui sunt in manibus loci, occurrere. Irrumpunt enim optimi nonnunquam sensus, quos neque inferere oportet, neque differretum est. — (Instit., lib. x. c. 3.) He was therefore no Margin-man, in the modern sense.

† Fletcher. A translator of Martial. A very bad Poet, but exceedingly scarce.

‡ Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.
Perhaps Shirley had in view this passage of Pex.
Nunc non è tempus, fortunatusque favilla
Nascentur Violæ? — Sat. i. l. 37.

'Tis thus even SHIRLEY boasts a golden line,
And LOVELACE strikes, by fits, a note divine.
Th' unequal gleams like midnight-lightnings play,
And deepen'd gloom succeeds, in place of day.
But human bliss still meets some envious storm;
He droops to view his PAVMENT's mingled form:
Presumptuous grief, while pensive Taste repines
O'er the frail relics of her Attic Shrines!
O for that power, for which magicians vye,
To look through earth; and fetter hoards desery!
I'd spurn such gems as Marinell's be held;
And all the wealth Aladdin's cavern held,
Might I divine in what mysterious gloom
The rolls of sacred bards have found their tomb:
Beneath what mould'ring tower, or waste cham-

pain,
Is hid MENANDER, sweetest of the train,
Where rests ANTIMACHUS' forgotten lyre,
Where gentle SAPPHO's still seductive fire,
Or he, whom chief the laughing Muses own,
Yet still'd with softest accents to Berna
Sweet Philomel, in strains so like her own.
The mortal train has prov'd the Scourge of
Earth's Qued burnt less Science than the pit,
Earthquakes and wars remit their deadly rage,
But ev'ry feast demands some fated page.
Ye Towers of Julius, ye alone remain
Of all the piles that law our nation's stain,
When HARLOT'S sway oppress the groaning realm,
And Lust and Rapine seiz'd the wav'ring helm,
Then ruffian-hands defaced the sacred fane,
Their faintly statues, and their storied panes;
Then from the chest, with ancient art emboss'd,
The Penman's pious scrolls were rudely tost;
Then rich old manuscripts, profusely spread,
The brawny Churl's devouring Oven fed:
And thence Collectors date the heavenly inn,
That wrapt Augusta's domes in sheets of fire.

Taste, tho' misled, may yet some purpose gain,
But Fashion guides a book-compelling train.
Once, far apart from Learling's moping crew,
The travel'd beau display'd his red-bell'd shoe,

and so forth: but this is not the place to discuss the merits of the book.

2 * Pædic Queen.

† Aristophanes.

‡ See his exquisite hymn to the Nightingale, in his *Orythæ*.

§ Brunck supposes these charming verses to have been intended, as a parody on a passage in the *Helen* of Euripides.

|| Gray.

¶ The fire of London.

** Cloud-compelling Jove.

Book's Lind

Till Oxford rose, and told of shining Beers,
Repeating noble words to polish'd ears;
Taught the gay croud to prize a flum'ring name,
In trifling toil'd, nor blush'd to find in fame.
The letter'd sop now takes a larger scope,
With classic furniture, design'd by Horne.
Now warm'd by Oxford, and by Grassano school'd,
In Paper books, superbly gilt and spoil'd.
He pastes, from injured volumes snatched away,
His English Heads, in chronicle array,
Torn from their destin'd page, (unworthy meed,
Of knightly counsel, and heroic deed)
Not FAITHORNE'S stroke, nor FIELD'S own types

can save
† The gallant Vixen, and one-eyed Ogle brave.
Indignant readers seek the image fled,
And curse the busy fool, who wants a head.

Proudly he shews, with many a smile elate,
The scrambling subjects of the private plate;
While Time their actions and their names bereaves,
They grin for ever in the guarded leaves.

Like Poets, born, in vain, Collectors strive
To cross their Fate, and learn the art to thrive.
Like Cacus, bent to tame their struggling will,
The tyrant-passion drags them backward still;
Ev'n I, debarr'd of ease, and studious hours,
Confess, mid' anxious toil, its tugging powers.
How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold
The small, rare volume, black with tarnish'd gold!
The Eye swims restless, like the roving bee,
O'er flowers of wit, or song, or repastee,
While sweet as Springs, new-bubbling from the
stone,

Glides through the breast some pleasing theme un-
known.

Now slip in ROSSI'S terse and classic style,
His harmless tales awake a transient smile.
Now Boucher's motley stores throughout arrest,
With wordy reading, and with learned jest.
Boucher & whole tomes a grateful line demand,
The valued gift of STANLEY'S liberal hand.

* ———— gaudent prænominibus molles
Auriculae.

† The gallant Veres, and one-eyed Ogle. These
fine heads, for the sake of which, the beautiful
and interesting Commentaries of Sir Francis Vere
have been collected by Collectors of English por-
traits.

† Generally known by the name of Janus Ni-
cius Erythræus. The allusion is to his Pinaco-
theca.

‡ Les Serées de Guillaume Bouchet, a book of
uncommon rarity. I possess a handsome copy, by
the kindness of Colonel Stanley.

Now sadly pleased, through faded Rome I stray,
And mix regrets with gentle Du Bellay;
Or turn, with keen delight, the curious page,
Where hardy Palquin braves the Pontiff's rage.

As in the fragrant garden bloomt the rose,
So my rich manuscript in crimson glows.

"Sweet," cries the Sage, "to view the infant-
dressed, the noblest of nobles!"

"The fash rude efforts of the dawning press!"
But sweeter far to me these bright designs,

Ere Caxton's blocks impress their clumsy lines,
"But, oh! my Muse," what madness would en-
gage

To sing the miniatures, and vellum-page?
Stolen from some happy hand a spark of fire,

Whose never-check'd descriptions never tire!

"Pictures a score this curious work adorn,
Of men esteem'd in learning's early morn."

"On vellum stands inscrib'd each sage's name,
Their portraits rich with gold and minium flames."

"Some walk in gardens trim, or books peruse,
Or white-rob'd bards address a Gothic muse."

"No brisk, deep-bosom'd, Attic maiden she,
But starch and prim, and scarcely fair to see."

"Square, heards, and long-ear'd caps, and furs
abound,

"And decent robes depending sweep the ground;
Nay, strange extreme of fashion's foreign rule,

"Some hold what belies have term'd a Ridicule,
(The lovely triflers think not, as they trip,

"Their bag was fashion'd from the Cynic's scrip).
Then happy seats appear in beauteous dyes,

"The softest verdure, and the clearest skies;
Stately and fair the porch and airy hall,

"And costly tapestry clothes the naked wall.

* Les Regrets, by Joachim du Bellay, contain a
most amusing and instructive Account of Rome,
in the 16th Century.

† Pasquillorum Tomi duo.
‡ Les dicts Moraux des Philosophes, an illumina-
ted manuscript; dated 1473. See Dibdin's Ty-
pographical Antiquities, for an account of this
work.

§ Res sane delectationis plena est, jucundo hoc
aspectu pascere oculos, et prima illa aures artis
contemplari experimenta. Ipsa typorum nuditas,
ipsa illa atra crassaque literarum facies, belle tangit
sensus, nobisque vivis veluti coloribus gradus istos
delineat, per quos paulatim a teneris unguiculis, et
ipsis crepundiis in masculam illam, quâ nunc floret,
ætatem ars excusoria crevit.

Schelhorn, Amœnitates Literariæ. T. i. p. 5.

|| Addison.

"St. Gregory hard at study there I spy,
 "His glory and tiths strike the eye;
 "His books well-bound, with many a gilded spot,
 "A clever reading-desk has Gregory got!
 "Had the teath Leo thus his leisure spent,
 "We yet had pray'd in Latin, and kept Lent.
 "But greater bliss the charming picture fills,
 "When golden sun-beams smile on verdant hills,
 "Or soft retreats in flow'ry vales are made,
 "Where the young forest rears its tender shade.
 "Then at safe distance pinnacles are seen,
 "And glitt'ring towers surmount the swelling green;
 "Gay belts of war! the city's specious pride,
 "Which fullen cares, and quiv'ring anguish hide.
 "For near the lofty fane or op'ning square,
 "The sad blind alley teems with hopeless care,
 "Dire, in those ancient times, the wretch's plight,
 "Ere the dim pane transmitted scanty light:
 "When ill-join'd shutters barr'd the longing view,
 "And where light flow'd, the winter enter'd too,
 "As shiv'ring hands the wooden leaf withdrew.
 "Their's was the shapeless bolt, the dunghill-floor,
 "And blacken'd thatch the humble eaves peep'd o'er:
 "Without, the putrid kennel choak'd the way,
 "And all was filth, disgust, and deep dismay.
 "No ballads then bedeck'd the lab'rer's cot,
 "Nor Francis Moore foreboded cold or hot:
 "Whose cuts grotesque, and artless rhymes sup-
 ply,
 "(What ev'n the poor require) the poor man's li-
 brary.
 "More solid good the mystic church with-held;
 "Their eyes the sacred volume ne'er beheld,
 "Save when at church the reader turn'd with care,
 "The glitt'ring leaves, and spoke the foreign prayer:
 "With doubtful hope the pauper's bosom beat,
 "He left, unedified, his gloomy seat.
 "Or when the Freer, on some high festal day
 "Would relics rare, and miracles display;
 "And prate, as tell the fly Italian drolls;
 "Of Gabriel's feather, or St. Lawrence' coals;
 "In sin the wretch might live, in sin might die;
 "Give money—money, was the preacher's cry:
 "Then light arose—the darkling cot was blest,
 "When TINDAL's volume came, a hoarded guest.

"Fierce, whicker'd guards that volume sought in vain,
 "Enjoy'd by stealth, and hid with anxious pain,
 "While all around was penury and gloom,
 "It shew'd the boundless bliss beyond the tomb;
 "Freed from the venal priest, the feudal rod,
 "It led the sufferer's weary steps to God;
 "And when his painful course on earth was run,
 "This, his sole wealth, descended to his son.
 "Now, when no tyrant-statutes cramp belief,
 "When Smithfield's only martyrs are its beef,
 "Amidst the crowds whom rarer books entice,
 "Still TINDAL's Bible is a gem of price.
 "True, the blest owner now no longer fears
 "The bishop's summons thund'ring in his ears,
 "No more he turns the leaves with trembling hope,
 "Or dreads lest Satan come, in gulf of Pope;
 "On that stout shelf, where ev'n Polemics sleep,
 "He shews its boards, inclosed in lasting shep.
 "There long untouch'd may Tindal's labours lie,
 "For book collectors read not what they buy."

(To be continued.)

Messrs. PHILES & CO. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dainty Devils*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir EDGARSON BRYDGES. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of the art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows:

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each;
 100 on large paper, at \$4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dainty Devils* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of old English poetry. The next volume in the series will be "*England's Melancon.*"

July, 1863.]

The Philobiblion.

[Number 19.

NOTICE OF SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT Book-Sales in Europe DURING THE PAST YEAR.

DESPITE the general stagnation of business during the past year, some of the most important sales of books which have taken place for years, have excited the bibliographical world. A brief notice of the most important articles will prove of interest to the readers of *The Philobiblion*. We will mention no article which sold for less than two hundred dollars, and will give the prices in American currency.

The first sale was the remainder of M. Libri's wonderful collection. This universal bibliophile, whose success is equalled only by his learning, parted in this sale with the choicest books which he had reserved from his previous sales. The auction took place in London, the 25th of July, 1862. The catalogue was printed in both French and English; and, as it was issued in haste, all of the copies were marked "*Proof*." The catalogue contains 713 numbers, and produced \$57,800.

No. 3. *Roman d'Agolant*, an important manuscript in French, of the thirteenth century, and one of the most ancient romances of chivalry of the times of Charlemagne; unpublished. \$775

The two following romances of chivalry were also in the sale:

No. 541. *Tristan de Leonois*, a manuscript of the fourteenth century, upon vellum, with miniatures. \$775

No. 543. *Roman de Troyes*, a manuscript of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, upon vellum, with miniatures. \$529

No. 70. A Bible in Latin, of the tenth or eleventh century, in uncial letters, and of great importance for the text. \$325

No. 73. A Bible in French verse, of the twelfth century. \$500

The collection contained three volumes from the library of Leo X., who is so celebrated as an encourager of the arts, and who is known to have formed a remarkable collection, composed principally of splendid manuscripts, executed to his order by the most famous calligraphers and miniature-painters of his time. In the famous portrait of this pope, by Raphael, he is represented examining with a glass the miniatures of a manuscript.

This collection, like the equally famous one made by Mathias Corvin, King of Hungary, was destroyed. It has been generally supposed that the few volumes which escaped from the sack of Rome in 1527 were all in the Vatican; but M. Libri, who has shown a genius in finding impossible books, had three manuscripts from this collection, the only ones which ever appeared in a private collection. These three were—

No. 79. *Flavius Blondus, Roma Triumphans*, which sold for \$300

gilt, richly enamelled with heads in relief; the second in enamel of the twelfth century, with figures, pearls, and precious stones. \$625 and \$700

The work on the binding of this last manuscript was admirable; it contained in relief a figure of Christ, about a foot high. In the other, at the commencement of Saint John, was a miniature, representing a group of women, in the Byzantine costume of the time, attending divine service.

No. 279. *Homiliæ raræ et vitæ sanctorum*, a manuscript of the twelfth century, placed in a binding of the tenth century, of metal gilt and enamelled, with precious stones and cameos. \$575

No. 317. *Lectioarium*, a manuscript of the eleventh or twelfth century, upon vellum, in folio, with long lines, written in red and black, with a binding, forming a diptych, of carved ivory, ornamented with gilt and silver, figures in relief, and enamel. The catalogue thus explains the binding of this volume:

"The border of the two covers is formed of thirty-two large medallions in ivory, sixteen on each side, representing saints and prophets, with their symbols, and some inscriptions in uncial letters; the whole surrounded with a border of leaves in Grecian style.

"In all probability the medallions date from the sixth century, while the enamels and figures in metal are perhaps a little less ancient. The richness of the work, the gilding lavished upon certain parts of the ivory, a thing very rare and ancient, and the fact that the book has both covers equally gilt . . . the costumes of the principal figures, which remind us of those in certain mosaics in Ravenna, all show that this wonderful binding must have made one of the precious gifts which the Emperors of the East, Justinian among others, sent from time to time to the churches of Rome and

Ravenna. It would require a volume to fully describe this monument, which we have nowhere found indicated, and which can be compared to the analogous but much less beautiful ones described in the works of Gori Mabillon, Du Sommerard, and others." This volume sold for \$1,800

No. 356. *Menologium Sanctorum*, a manuscript of the eleventh century, on vellum, 4to, with colored designs; bound in a rich cover of silver gilt, ornamented with enamel, precious stones, cameos, etc., of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. \$495

No. 559. *Vitæ Sanctorum*, a manuscript on vellum, of the eleventh century, with a binding of the time in metal gilt, ornamented with pieces of rock-crystal and ancient enamels. \$600

Count H. de la Bédoyère's Sale.

One of the most important sales of the past year, for choice copies of books of value, was that of Count H. de la Bédoyère. Begun at the commencement of this century, it was enriched with the spoils secured from such distinguished sales as those of Caillard, Didot, Nodier, Pixericourt, De Bure, and others. The Count was also a traveller, and missed no opportunity, on his voyages, of increasing his collection. Each volume, before being placed upon his shelves, was subjected to a minute examination, and often five or six copies were used to make his perfect one.

Once before, in 1837, the Count sold his collection, but soon repented, and has since bought back all the volumes he could find which had belonged to him. Besides this cabinet for a bibliophile, the Count was the proprietor of the collection concerning the French Revolution, a notice of the catalogue of which has already appeared in these pages. This collection has finally been bought by the *Bibliothèque Impériale* of Paris, for 90,000 francs.

Among the gems of his cabinet were the following:

No. 5. *Nouveau Testament*, Paris, Didot, 1793-'95: 5 vols. 4to, large paper, green morocco, by Bozerian; one of twelve copies in this form, with an address *à l'Assemblée Nationale*. It has three sets of plates, before and after the letter and the *eaux fortes*, together with the one hundred and twelve original designs by Moreau.

\$380

No. 23. *Breviarium*, a magnificent manuscript of the fifteenth century, on vellum, with forty-one miniatures; small folio, with a splendid binding in compartments, by Derome. This volume has been in the Valière, Gaignet, and Camus de Limaré collections.

\$800

No. 189. *Histoire Naturelle de Buffon*, 56 vols. 4to; a magnificent copy, with several sets of the figures colored with the greatest care.

\$259

No. 254. A set of twenty-five original designs in sepia, by Moreau, for La Fontaine.

\$324

No. 256. Twelve original designs in sepia, by Tony Johannot, for La Fontaine.

\$200

No. 249. Three hundred original designs by Marillier, for the Bible.

\$799

No. 297. Seventy-seven original designs by Marillier, for the works of the Abbé Prevost.

\$221

No. 776. *Metamorphoses d'Ovide*, translated by the Abbé Banier; 5 volumes 4to, bound by Derome, with plates before the letter, *eaux fortes*, a double set before the *Nudités*, and the set of Zocchi before the letter.

\$230

No. 1023. *Adonis*, by La Fontaine; a valuable manuscript on vellum by Jarry, executed in 1658, for the superintendent Fouquet. The original edition having appeared in 1669, this manuscript presents

notable differences in the text. This manuscript is charmingly bound by Gascon: it was sold in 1825, at the sale of Galitzin, for 2,900 francs; withdrawn at the first sale of Bédoyère, in 1837, at 1,550 francs; and sold now,

\$1,805

No. 1293. *Œuvres de Regnard*, 6 vols. 8vo, moroc., vellum paper; a unique copy, with many sets of the plates, and the original designs.

\$260

No. 1355. *Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloë*. The Regent's edition, splendidly bound by Padeloup.

\$245

No. 1624. *Les Mille et Une Nuits*, 6 vols. 8vo; a splendid copy, with many sets of plates.

\$240

No. 1923. The collection of French classics by Lefèvre; large paper, 73 vols.

\$396

No. 2273. *Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France*, published by Petitot and Montmerqué, 13 vols.; bound by Bauzonnet.

\$220

No. 6280. *Dictionnaire de Bayle*, 4 vols. folio; bound in morocco by Derome, large paper.

\$205

The sale of an amateur of Lyons—M. CAILHAVA—in December, 1862, offers some extracts:

No. 105. *Bonifacii Liber Decretalium*, Moguntiae, P. Schoyffer, 1470; a copy on vellum.

\$252

No. 245. *De Tristibus Franciæ*, a unique copy on vellum. The edition was published by M. Cailhava himself; bound by Bauzonnet.

\$236

No. 289. *Œuvres de Louise Labé*, Paris, 1853. One of two copies on vellum.

\$240

No. 448. *L'Homme Pêcheur, par Personnages, joué en la Ville de Tours*. Paris, P. Le Dru, 1508. An exceedingly rare

mystery. Splendidly bound by Bauzonnet. \$950

No. 788. *Chroniques de Saint-Denis*, Paris, Guill. Eustace, 1514. \$259

No. 793. *Chroniques de Loys de Valoys*, Lyon, about 1488. Bauzonnet. \$309

No. 196. *Roy Modus*. First edition. Chambéry, Ant. Myret, 1486; withdrawn from sale at \$800

The next noticeable sale is that of the collection of M. DOUBLE, which took place this spring, at Paris. If we make two hundred dollars our limit in quoting from this sale, we will be forced to reprint almost the entire catalogue; we shall, therefore, limit ourselves to five hundred dollars:

No. 72. *Roman de la Rose*, Lyon, Guill. Le Roy, about 1485; the first edition, splendidly bound by Trautz-Bauzonnet. \$590

No. 108. *Saint Gelais*, Lyon, P. de Thonnes, 1547; a fine copy, the only one known. \$501

No. 182. *L'Histoire de Saint Greal*, Paris, 1516; 2 tomes in 1 vol. folio; Bauzonnet. \$1,000

No. 184. *Lancelot du Lac*, Vêrard; 3 vols. folio; Duru. \$780

No. 185. *Valentin et Orson*, Lyon, Martin Havar, 1505, folio; Trautz-Bauzonnet. \$620

No. 186. *Olivier de Castille*, Geneva, about 1490; Trautz-Bauzonnet. \$870

No. 189. *Melusine, de Jean d'Arras*, Paris, Maître Thomas du Guernier pour Jehan Petit, about 1500, folio; Trautz-Bauzonnet. \$700

No. 190. *Perceval Le Gallois, Chevalier de la Table Ronde*, Paris, 1530. \$890

No. 212. *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, Vêrard, 1486, folio; Bauzonnet. \$1,600

No. 250. *Chroniques de France*, Paris, Vêrard, 1493; 3 vols. folio, Duru. Talleyrand's copy. \$860

No. 254. *Chronique de Froissard*, Vêrard. \$900

No. 278. *L'Antiquité expliquée, et les Monuments de la Monarchie*, by Montfaucon; 20 vols. folio, Niedrée. \$600

No. 300. *Breviarium Romanum*, Jensen, 1478, on vellum; binding in compartments, of the sixteenth century. \$1,044

No. 319. *Contes de Lafontaine*, a unique copy, with various sets of original designs, among which were those for the edition of the Fermiers Généraux. \$704

No. 321. The original designs by Cochin, eighty-two of which are unpublished. \$782

No. 326. *Voltaire*, the edition of Kehl, 70 vols. 8vo, with the original designs by Moreau; the copy intended by Beaumarchais for Catherine of Russia. \$1,805

No. 327. *Costumier du Poitou*, Poitiers, Marneb, 1516. From the library of Francis I. \$500

No. 330. *Saint Basil*, in Greek, from the collection of Henry II. and Diana of Poitiers; splendid specimen of binding in the sixteenth century. \$630

No. 331. *Saint Epiphanius*, from the same collection. \$545

Nos. 389, 390, 391. Three manuscript volumes of *Chansons et Motets*, from the same collection, \$1,050, \$920, and \$795. In the last sale of M. Libri, these three volumes were sold together for \$107.60.

No. 338. *Jodelle*, 4to, large paper, richly bound with the arms of Marguerite de Valois. \$665

There were five Groliers in this collection.

No. 344. *Heliodorus*. \$701

No. 345. *Virgil*, Aldus; Renouard's copy. \$570

No. 346. *Sannazarius*. \$410

No. 347. *Machiavel*, Aldus. \$730

No. 348. *Juvenal and Persius*, Aldus. \$360

No. 379. A set of the *Gospels*, from the ninth century, with miniatures, and a rich binding of silver gilt, with enamels and figures in relief. \$990

No. 381. A book of *Hours*, executed for Lorenzo de Medicis the Magnificent. \$720

No. 383. The same volume we have noticed in the Libri sale, under No. 88. \$840

No. 386. A manuscript of *Homilies*, with a binding in gold-work, with enamels, of the tenth century. \$520

No. 387. *Diverse Petits Ouvrages, en Prose et en Vers, pour la Bibliothèque de Versailles*, by Charles Perrault, a manuscript, which belonged to Louis XIV., and has his arms; with thirty unpublished designs by Seb. Leclerc. This volume was sold in La Bédoyère's sale for \$317; in this sale it brought \$620.

No. 392. *Petrarca*, a manuscript executed for the Medicis, with miniatures by Attavante. \$500

The whole sale produced \$54,588. It may be interesting to state that M. Double is son-in-law of M. Libri.

A BRIEF NOTICE

OF

MR. THOMAS TAYLOR,

The celebrated Platonist,

WITH A COMPLETE LIST OF HIS PUBLISHED WORKS.

THIS extraordinary man—distinguished for whatever can adorn the scholar, the gentleman, and the philosopher—was born in London, on the 15th of May, 1758 [and died November 1, 1835]. At a very early

age he was sent to St. Paul's school, and, after remaining there about three years, he was placed under the care of a relation, who held a situation in the dockyard at Sheerness, where he resided several years, and assiduously applied himself to the study of mathematics. He subsequently became the pupil of the Rev. Mr. ———, a dissenting minister, possessing considerable classical acquirements, with an intention of completing his studies at Aberdeen; but a premature marriage and pecuniary difficulties compelled him to relinquish his plan, and obliged him to accept a situation in an eminent banking-house. While in this employment, he commenced his study of Aristotle and Plato; and every hour that could be snatched from the duties of his avocation, was zealously devoted to the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of the abstruse and recondite doctrines of these two great philosophic luminaries, as developed by Proclus, Simplicius, Olympiodorus, and the other Greek commentators. By the generous and laudable exertions of a few friends, he was enabled to quit his clerkship, and became a private teacher of languages and mathematics. He also filled, for many years, the office of assistant secretary to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in which situation he obtained the notice and patronage of the late Duke of Norfolk, and at whose expense Mr. Taylor's invaluable translation of Plato was printed. His latter years have been passed in philosophic retirement; and, although seventy years of age, he still [1831] proceeds, with unextinguishable vigor and ardor, in the eminently great and valuable career to which his life has been dedicated; and I trust that he will yet communicate to the world, for the benefit of the uncorrupted and judicious few, many volumes of true science and genuine philosophy. His unexampled efforts in the dissemination of the ancient philosophy, and

the singular felicity with which he has unfolded the recondite doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, entitle him to the grateful thanks of every admirer of the genius and wisdom of antiquity. The tribute of applause which has been so generally paid to his astonishing labors by the discerning *literati* in foreign countries, forms a striking and cheering contrast to the acrimonious scurrility and abusive malevolence with which he has been assailed by the ignorant, the envious, and the bigoted, among his own countrymen.

Mr. Taylor has nothing remarkable in his exterior. He is of the middle size, well proportioned, and firmly put together; his countenance is regular, open, and benevolent. There is a dignified simplicity and unaffected frankness of manner about him which are sure to win the affections of all who have the pleasure of seeing him. In his dress he is simple and unpretending; in his conduct irreproachable. Among friends, he is unreserved and sincere; a determined foe to falsehood; and always ready to make sacrifices, when the end to be obtained is worthy of a noble mind. I verily believe that no man had ever a more passionate love of virtue, a loftier aspiration after truth, or a more vehement zeal for its diffusion. His manners, as already hinted, are peculiarly soft and graceful, alike destitute of pride, haughtiness, or vanity, which, together with his venerable appearance, never fail to inspire both love and reverence. Being gifted with a very extraordinary memory, he is not only enabled to retain the immense stores of knowledge which, in the course of a long life, assiduously devoted to study, he has amassed, but to bring them into complete action at his will. Such is the comprehension and vigor of his mind, that it can embrace the most extensive and difficult subjects—such the clearness of his conception, that it enables him to contemplate a long and intricate series of argument with distinctness, and to express it with precision.

An acute observer of men and manners, he possesses an inexhaustible fund of anecdote; so that the flow of his familiar chat, the cheerfulness of his disposition, and his easy communicativeness, are as attractive as his mental faculties are commanding. Very rarely has an understanding of such strength and comprehension been found united with a heart so pure and ingenuous. "*Nihil unquam produxit rerum natura, aut prudentius, aut prudentius, aut candidius, aut benignius.*"—(ERASMUS, *Epist.* 14, lib. 4, p. 286.) I have the honor to know him most intimately, and can truly say that his whole conduct is in perfect harmony with the principles of his sublime philosophy; that his every thought is in accordance with the whole tenor of his blameless life; and that his intentions are wholly unfilled by views of personal interest. I could adduce many splendid instances of his great disinterestedness and singularly amiable disposition; but "*on ne cherche point à prouver la lumière.*" His very profound and extensive mathematical acquirements, his fine poetical taste, and ready powers of harmonious versification, would have raised other men to distinction, but which in him are only the accompaniments of still higher gifts. I regret that my limits compel me to bring my few cursory remarks to an abrupt conclusion; but I do not think that I can more truly and concisely sum up the character of this great and good man than by applying to him what Shakespeare's Mark Antony says of Brutus:

"His life is gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature may stand up
And say to all the world, This is a man."

The following is, I believe, a complete list of Mr. Taylor's published works:

- I. *The Hymns of Orpheus.* 12mo. 1787.
Sec. ed., considerably augmented. 1824.

In the Introduction and Notes there is much important information respecting the

theology and mythology of the Greeks, derived from ancient sources, and which was here for the first time published in English. In the second edition, which is dedicated to the most learned and enlightened prince in Europe, Mr. Taylor thinks he has incontrovertibly proved that these Hymns were used in the Eleusinian mysteries. Mr. Taylor has performed the very difficult task of translating them in a manner that reflects the greatest credit on his abilities, taste, and judgment. His ear for metrical harmony is exceedingly good; and there is a rich yet varied melody in his versification, which often reminds me of the happiest efforts of Pope. If the reader refers to pages 24-26, of the masterly Introduction to the second edition, he will find a truly beautiful passage descriptive of the sublime and scientific theology promulgated by Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato; and which has been copied nearly *verbatim* by the author of *The Rev. C. Judkin's Oriental Mission*, but without giving the slightest hint of the source from whence he obtained it. I am sorry to add, that this is not the only instance I have met with of writers freely availing themselves, without acknowledgment, of the inestimable labors of my erudite and philosophic friend.

II. *Plotinus on the Beautiful*. 1787.

An excellent and spirited paraphrased translation of one of the most beautiful books of the profound Plotinus; and who, from the exalted nature of his genius, was called INTELLLECT, by his learned contemporaries. This little work has never since been reprinted, and is now very scarce and highly valued.

III. *Proclus on Euclid*. 2 vols. 1792.

Nothing can be conceived more perfectly vigorous, and at the same time more elegant, than the whole of this inestimable commentary. I need scarcely add, that the conclusions are invariably obtained in

strict accordance with the purest rules of ancient geometry. I beg to recommend this profound and deeply interesting commentary to the serious perusal of every lover of true science, as one of the most beautiful and ingenious pieces of mathematical research that antiquity has bestowed on us, and as being replete with all the information which the most persevering and inquiring student could demand. The luminous and powerful reasoning of the learned and philosophic translator on the True End of Geometry, cannot fail of affording the liberal and judicious reader much satisfaction and still more instruction. The printed Greek text of this invaluable work is extremely imperfect; but this deficiency is in a great degree supplied in the Latin version by Barocius, of which Mr. Taylor has avowedly availed himself in his translation.

IV. *The Phædrus of Plato*. 4to. 1792.

There is a considerable difference between the Introduction to this dialogue, and the second edition of it in Mr. Taylor's translation of the whole of Plato's works.

V. *Four Dialogues of Plato; viz. The Cratylus, Phædo, Parmenides, and Timæus*. 8vo. 1793.

There are also several things in the Introduction and Notes to these Dialogues, which are not to be found in the second edition of them.

VI. *Sallust on the Gods and the World*. 8vo. 1793.

After the treatise of Sallust, follow some excellent Pythagorean sentences of Demophilus, which are succeeded by five Hymns of Proclus, in the original Greek, with an English version by Mr. Taylor; and the fifth, which is addressed to Minerva, was first discovered by the translator among the

Harleian MSS. in the British Museum; to which are added five original Hymns by the translator.

- VII. *Two Orationes of the Emperor Julian: one to the Sovereign Sun; and the other to the Mother of the Gods.* 8vo. 1793.

Much novel and valuable information relative to these divinities, and which is derived from ancient sources, is to be found in the Introduction and Notes to this translation; to which is subjoined an original Hymn to Apollo and the Sun.

- VIII. *Five Books of Plotinus; viz. 1. On Felicity. 2. On the Nature and Origin of Evil. 3. On Providence. 4. On Nature, Contemplation, and the One. 5. On the Descent of the Soul.* 8vo. 1794.

The Introduction is replete with important additional information on the first, second, third, and fifth of these books. At the end there is an elegant Hymn to Apollo by the translator.

- IX. *Pausanias's Description of Greece.* 3 vols. 8vo. 1794. *Second edition, enlarged,* 1824.

The Notes to this delightful work contain a treasury of mythological information, which is nowhere else to be found collected; and in the second edition there are several additional notes of very great value. Among them there are two deserving particular mention: 1. A very full and highly interesting account of the perpetual lamps of the ancients; and, 2. A curious history of human bones of prodigious magnitude which have at various times been discovered. In claiming the indulgence of the liberal reader, Mr. Taylor states that he was compelled to translate the whole of this exceedingly difficult work in the short space of ten months.

- X. *Aristotle's Metaphysics.* 4to. 1801.

The Introduction to this first edition is more copious than the one prefixed to the second; the subsequent translation of the whole of Aristotle's works by Mr. Taylor having rendered it unnecessary to repeat in the latter what is contained in the former edition. There are thirty-five pages of additional Notes in illustration of the Platonic doctrine of Ideas; to which is subjoined an elaborate and scientific Dissertation on Nulities and Diverging Series.

- XI. *The Dissertations of Maximus Tyrius.* 2 vols. 12mo. 1804.

In the additional Notes to this excellent work there is much novel and important information concerning Prayer, derived from rare and ancient sources; and also an account of the festivals of the ancients, from Libanius, which had never before been translated into English.

- XII. *An Answer to Dr. Gillies.* 8vo. 1804.

Mr. Taylor, in his profound and luminous Introduction to the first edition of his translation of the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle, had indisputably shown that Dr. Gillies's novel arrangement of these books displays no less presumption than ignorance; that his translation has neither the manner, nor frequently the matter, of Aristotle; that his style, instead of conveying to the reader an idea of the unadorned purity and wonderful compression of that of the "mighty Stagyrte," is pompous and diffuse; and that he frequently ventures to introduce entire sentences of his own, which are wholly unauthorized by the text. This severe, but just accusation, called forth a violent and scurrilous attack from Dr. Gillies, to which Mr. Taylor replied in the above masterly and irrefragable pamphlet, in which he convicts the Doctor of taking the most extraordinary and unwarrantable liberties with his original, and of ignorantly

and basely calumniating some of Aristotle's best and most faithful interpreters.

XIII. *The Works of Plato*. 5 vols. 4to. 1804.

In the Notes to this great and inestimable work, Mr. Taylor has given the substance of the Commentaries of Proclus on the Parmenides and First Alcibiades; of Olympiodorus on the Phædo, Gorgias, and Philebus, which, at the time of the publication of his Plato, were only in MS., but most of which have been since published.

The originals of these Commentaries were copied by him from MSS. in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library of Oxford. He has likewise given copious extracts from the treatise of Damascius *peri aporou*, which were also copied by him from the magnificent MS. of this admirable work in the Bodleian Library. To which may be added, that Mr. Taylor, in the additional Notes to this splendid work, has given a translation of nearly the whole of the Scholia of Proclus on the Cratylus, which Scholia were at that time only extant in MS., but have been since published by Boissonade; the celebrated professor of Greek at Paris, and who in page 23 of his edition calls Mr. Taylor *vir in Platonitarum philosophia versatissimus*.

XIV. *The Works of Aristotle*. 9 vols. 4to. 1812.

This voluminous and elaborate work is a strong and indubitable proof of the translator's extraordinary industry and very great abilities. He persevered in executing it in opposition to a numerous train of unexampled difficulties, and which would have entirely subdued a less resolute spirit. The philosophic reader is indebted for the publication of this magnificent work to the more than princely munificence of William Meredith, Esq., of Harley Place, an ardent admirer of the philosophy of Plato and Aris-

totle, and who has patronized the labors of Mr. Taylor with a liberality unparalleled since the days of the Medicis. I cannot, however, avoid expressing my deep regret at the very limited number (fifty) of copies printed of this *magna mentis opus*, as it is in consequence rendered so exorbitantly dear as to be only within the reach *hominum beatissimum*.

In the *Organon*, or Logical Treatises (a volume of 844 pages), Mr. Taylor has given copious extracts from the Commentary of Ammonius Hermias on the treatise entitled *De Interpretatione*, and also from Simplicius on the *Categorias*. His elucidations from the Commentary of Simplicius on the Physics are still more copious, and contain, in addition to much other valuable matter, extracts from the lost writings of Parmenides, Melissus, Empedocles, Democritus, Anaxagoras, etc., which Simplicius says were very rare even in his time. In the books, *On the Heavens* and *On the Soul*, the reader will find the substance of the Commentaries of Simplicius on these treatises. In the treatises likewise *On Meteors*, and *On Sense and Phantasy*, he will find the Scholia of Olympiodorus on the former, and Priscianus on the latter; both of which are replete with peculiarly important information. The Notes to the *Metaphysics* contain nearly the whole of the Commentaries of Syrianus that are extant, and are almost able and satisfactory defense of the Platonic doctrine of Ideas, against the apparent opposition of Aristotle.

XV. *The Six Books of Proclus on the Theology of Plato*. 2 vols. 4to. 1816.

Never have I read a work more replete with wisdom, or more likely to afford sound instruction on the most important subjects. Every sentence is the result of profound and active thought, and cannot fail of producing a powerful and convincing effect upon all liberal and candid minds. In the

seventh book, which Mr. Taylor has added from his own knowledge of the subject, in order to supply the deficiency of another book, which was written by Proclus, but since lost, he appears to have collected all the information he could find relative to the further development of the theology of Plato. The original of Proclus's *Elements of Theology*, a translation of which is annexed to the above work, has been republished by the very learned Frid. Creuzer, professor of Greek at Heidelberg, who, in the additional Notes to his edition, continually quotes Mr. Taylor's version of these *Elements*, and adopts nearly all his numerous emendations of the text.

XVI. *Select Works of Plotinus*. 8vo. 1817.

The above-mentioned celebrated Professor Creuzer is at present engaged in republishing all the works of Plotinus; and in one of his letters he says that he frequently uses Mr. Taylor's translations, in which he has taught Plotinus to speak in English; and that his own annotations make frequent mention of his opinion of Mr. Taylor's lucubrations in a way which he thinks will not displease him. In a subsequent letter he says that scarcely a day passes in which he does not insert Mr. Taylor's name in his Annotations.

The Introduction contains the substance of Porphyry's *Life of Plotinus*; and annexed to the treatises of Plotinus are copious extracts from Synesius *On Providence*, to which are added forty pages of additional Notes by Mr. Taylor.

XVII. *Iamblichus's Life of Pythagoras*. 8vo. No date.

At the foot of the title-page is an engraved head of Iamblichus, the original of which is to be found at the end of an 18mo volume, published at Geneva, 1607, consisting of Latin translations of Iamblichus,

De Mysteriis, Proclus on the *First Alcibiades*, etc., etc. What authority there may be for this engraving, I have no means of knowing; but, at all events, it is ornamental. I take this opportunity of informing my learned friend and the reader, that there is a fine bust of Pythagoras in the Vatican, and that a correct representation of it may be seen in tome vi., plate 26, *Statue del Museo Pio Clementino*.

XVIII. *Iamblichus on the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians*. 8vo. 1821.

In translating this work, Mr. Taylor has given in his Notes many emendations of the text; and, in his Introduction, says of Gale, the editor, that "for the most part, where philosophy is concerned, he shows himself to be an inaccurate, impertinent, and garrulous smatterer."

XIX. *The Commentaries of Proclus on the Timæus of Plato*. 2 vols. 4to. 1820.

In translating this work, which Fabricius justly calls *opus admirabile*, Mr. Taylor says that he has been obliged to make upwards of twelve hundred emendations of the text; and which, he adds, are not conjectural, but necessary, and will be acknowledged to be so by every one who is an adept in the philosophy of Plato. These Commentaries contain some exceedingly interesting information: such as that the Atlantic, beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, was marshy and full of breakers, in the time of Plato, owing to the subsidence of the Atlantic Island; that the fixed stars have periodic revolutions on their axes, unknown to the moderns; that every planet has a multitude of satellites, etc., etc.

XX. *Political Pythagoric Fragments, and Ethical Fragments of Hierocles*. 8vo. 1847.

The translator most justly remarks, in his Introduction, that these *Fragments* must

be considered by everyone as highly valuable, if their antiquity only is regarded; but by the lovers of genuine wisdom they will be deemed inestimable, as proceeding from the school of the father of philosophy."

XXI. *Select Works of Porphyry*. 8vo. 1823.

The contents of this volume are: *On Abstinence from Animal Food*; *On the Homeric Cave of the Nymphs*; *Auxiliaries to the Perception of Intelligible Natures*; and at the end, Mr. Taylor has given a development of the Wanderings of Ulysses, showing that Homer's narration is allegorical; and, in so doing, he has availed himself of the authority of the ancients.

XXII. *All the Fragments that remain of the Lost Writings of Proclus*. 8vo. 1825.

Among these *Fragments*, there are five very remarkable instances of persons who have returned to life after they had been for a considerable time buried; see page 109. The narration is derived from the MS. Commentary of Proclus of the tenth book of Plato's *Republic*.

XXIII. *Cupid and Psyche, from Apuleius*. 8vo. 1795.

XXIV. *The Metamorphosis, and Philosophical Works of Apuleius*. 8vo. 1822.

In addition to that most entertaining and instructive of romances, *The Golden Ass*, this volume also contains two admirable treatises of Apuleius: 1. *On the God of Socrates*; 2. *On the Philosophy of Plato*—to each of which the learned translator has given copious Notes, replete with the most interesting and valuable information. I beg to call the particular attention of the reader to Mr. Taylor's beautiful and satis-

factory explanation of the tale of *Cupid and Psyche*, the most elegant and philosophical of fables. See page 88.

XXV. *A Dissertation on the Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries*. 8vo.

A second edition of this work is printed in Nos. 15 and 16 of *The Pamphleteer*. By the aid of this little volume, the philosophic reader will be enabled to form a more correct idea of the true end and design of those celebrated mysteries than he could possibly hope to derive from any other source. Mr. Taylor's interpretation is supported and corroborated by very copious extracts from rare and valuable Platonic manuscripts. Dr. Parr, in a note respecting this work (see his *Catalogue*, page 388), calls Mr. Taylor "the learned Mystic," and says that he has been most unjustly derided by Porson and his tribe.

XXVI. *Hedric's Greek Lexicon*. 4to. 1803.

In this edition many words are inserted not found in other modern Lexicons, and an explanation is given of some words agreeably to the Platonic philosophy.

XXVII. *The Elements of the True Arithmetic of Infinities*. 4to.

In this scientific dissertation, the mathematician will find that all the propositions in the *Arithmetic of Infinities*, invented by the celebrated Dr. Wallis, relative to the summation of Infinite Series, as also the principles of the doctrine of Fluxions, are demonstrated to be false.

XXVIII. *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*. 12mo. 1805. Second edition, 1806.

The principal article in this collection is a beautiful Essay on the *Triumph of the Wise Man over Fortune*, according to the doctrine of the Stoics and Platonists.

XXIX. *A Dissertation on the Philosophy of Aristotle.* 4to. 1812.

Mr. Taylor's complete and accurate knowledge of the ancient philosophy is amply and unequivocally displayed in this truly admirable volume, in which the physical and metaphysical dogmas of Aristotle are luminously unfolded. I sincerely confess that this elaborate work has greatly increased my esteem for the Aristotelian philosophy, and at the same time confirmed me in the very high opinion I always entertained of the profound knowledge and eminent talents of its learned and excellent author.

XXX. *Theoretic Arithmetic.* 8vo. 1806.

In this exceedingly curious volume will be found all that has been written on this subject by Theo. of Smyrna, Nicomachus, Iamblichus, and Boetius, with some remarkable particulars respecting perfect, amicable, and other numbers, as also a specimen of the manner in which the Pythagoreans philosophized about numbers, and a development of their mystical and theological Arithmetic.

XXXI. *The Elements of a New Arithmetical Notation.* 8vo. 1823.

Although I have not studied this profound treatise with that persevering and long-sustained attention which is absolutely necessary to justify a decided opinion, yet in the cursory examination I have bestowed on it I have seen quite sufficient to warrant my recommending it to my scientific readers as a work of considerable elegance, subtlety, and ingenuity.

Le Croix, the celebrated French mathematician, has been commissioned by the Academy, to make a report on it.

XXXII. *Collectanea.* 8vo. 1811.

This volume of *Collectanea* was privately printed for the purpose of distributing among the author's friends.

To Mr. Taylor we are also indebted for the most complete and valuable collection of the *Chaldean Oracles* ever published, the result of many years passed in patient and laborious research, in which he has not only added more than fifty oracles which had not been noticed by any preceding editor, but has also accurately arranged them conformably to their proper subjects. And this he has done, not from conjecture, but from the authority of those ancient philosophers by whom these oracles are cited, and who had in their possession the entire work, of which fragments only at present remain. In addition to these extensive and elaborate works, Mr. Taylor has communicated many curious and important articles to the *Classical Journal* and other periodical publications. After surveying such extraordinary labors, I cannot conclude more appropriately than by quoting the words of Milton to Manfo:

"Ergo te Clidus et magni nomine Phæbi
Manse pater, iubeo longum salvere per ævum!"

See *Public Characters of 1798, 1799.* Fourth edition, 8vo, vol. i. pp. 121, 143.

Public Characters of All Nations, &c. vol. iii. p. 480-483. Lond., 1823. 12mo.

[Hacott and Shoberl's.] *Biographical Dictionary of the Living Authors of Great Britain and Ireland, &c.* Lond., 1816. 8vo, pp. 341, 342.

Knight's *Penny Cyclopædia*, Art. TAYLOR.

Catalogue of the Singularly Curious Library of the Late Thomas Taylor, Esq., the celebrated Platonist.

Sold by auction by Mr. Sotheby & Son, Wellington Street, Strand, on Tuesday, February 2, 1836.

A KNOWLEDGE OF BOOKS.—A great scholar who prided himself on his ignorance of men and vast knowledge of books, once received from a plain unlettered man this humiliating rebuke: "The more I double your learning, and then you will be twice the fool you are at present!"

Matarani, Porci.

VIRI HUMANI

SALE ET FACIT

GULIELMI SUTHERLANDI

MULTARUM ARTIUM ET SCIENTIARUM DOCTORIS

DIPLOMA

Ubique gentium et terrarum noceat
 From Supperland to Paderum
 From those who have for months
 Ad Caput uque Bona Spei
 And farther yet a forte tendat
 Ne ignorantiam quae praecedat
 We Doctors of the Mory-Menting
 To all and sundry do send greeting
 Ut omnes habeant compertum
 Pater praefatus in nostra charitatis
 Gulielmum Sutherlandum Scotum
 At home per nomen Regis nuntium
 Who studied stoutly at our College
 And gave good specimens of knowledge
 In multis artibus versatum
 Nunc factum esse doctorem
 Quod the Pater Stitutum potest examini
 Nunc esto Doctoriswell said
 So to you all hunc commendamus
 Ut juvenem quem nos laudamus
 Qui multas habet qualitates
 To please all humours and estates
 He vies, if sober, with Duns Scotus
 Sed multo magis si sit potus

In disputando jure as kess
 Calvin, John Knox, or Tom Aquinas.

In every question of theology
 Versatus multum in triology
 Et in catalogis librorum

Frazer could never stand before him
 For he by page and leaf can quote
 More books than Solomon ere wrote
 A lover of the Mathematicks
 He is, but hates the hydrostatics
 Because she thinks it a cold study
 To deal in water clear or muddy

This Diploma was written by William Melton, A. M., who was Professor of Philosophy in the Marischal College, Aberdeen, about the beginning of the last century. It has been published in different editions of his poetical works, which are now, however, very rarely to be met with in the shops of the booksellers, and, to use their language, are at present out of print.

Doctissimus est medicinus, sed nolit esse
 Almost as Boerhaave, sed Medicus non est
 He thinks the diet of Cornemont
 In meat and drink too scrupulous narrow,
 And that the rules of Lectoria Löffles
 Are good for nothing but to fustle us
 By solid arguments and keen logic
 He has confuted Doctor Chryse, a RW
 And clearly proved by demonstration
 That claret is a good collation, better
 Sanis et aegris, always better than
 Than coffee, tea, or milk and water
 That cheesebun company, much rarer
 Quam vino forti, suavitissimum
 Gustu dulci, still has been a
 A cure for hypochondria
 That hen and capon, perked, with
 Beef, duck and paster, comp. ferina
 Are good stomachics, and the best
 Of cordials, probare potest
 He knows the symptoms of the phthisis
 Et per salivam deinde adspersum
 And can discover in urina
 Quando sit opus medicina
 A good French nightcap still has been
 He says, a proper anodyne, on morrow
 Retter than laudanum or poppy
 Underminatus like a topper
 Affirmat, iustitiam deinde adspersum
 Medicamentum esse clamentem
 Or else a touch at three-hand
 When to take care of our spirits chamber
 Which graft wings on our boots
 And make themselves with ease and pleasure
 Aucupium at venationem
 Post longam mimia potationem
 He has discovered to be good
 Both for the stomach and the blood
 As frequent exercise and travel
 Are good against the gout and gravel
 He clearly proves the cause of death
 Is nothing but the want of breath
 And that indeed is a disaster
 When 'tis occasioned by a plaster
 Of hemp and pitch, laid closely on
 Somewhat above the collar bone
 Well does he know the proper doses
 Which will prevent the fall of noses
 E'en keep them qui praevallunt illis
 Aegre utuntur conpiscillis
 To this, and ten times more, his RRR
 Extends when he could cure or kill
 Immenfam cognitionem legum
 Ne profus hic silentio tegam
 Cum sociis artis, grease his fist
 Torquebat illas as you list

If laws for bribes are made, 'tis plain,
 They may be bought and sold again;
 Spectando aurum, now we find
 That Madam Justice is stone-blind,
 So deaf and dull in both her ears,
 The clink of gold she only hears;
 Nought else has a loud party shout
 Will make her start or look about.
 His other talents to rehearse,
 Brevissimè in prose or verse,
 To tell how gracefully he dances,
 And artfully contrives romances;
 How well he arches, and shoots flying,
 (Let no man think that we mean lying),
 How well he fences, rides, and sings,
 And does ten thousand other things;
 Allow a line, nay, but a comma,
 To each, targetet hoc diploma;
 Quare; ut tandem concludamus,
 Qui brevitatem approbamus,
 (For brevity is always good;
 Providing we be understood)
 In rerum omnium naturis,
 Non minus quam scientiis juris
 Et medicinis, Doctoratum
 Bogsum novimus veratam;
 Nor shall we here say more about him,
 But you may dicker if you doubt him.
 Addamus tamen hoc tantillum,
 Duntaxat nostrum hoc sigillum;
 Hinc testimonio appensum,
 Ad confirmandum ejus sensum,
 Inunctis chirographis cunctorum,
 Blyth, honest, hearty sociorum.
 Dabamus at a large punch-bowl
 Within our proper common school,
 The twenty-sixth day of November,
 Ten years, the date we may remember,
 After the race of Sheriffsmuir,
 (Scotsmen will count from a black hour)
 Ab omni probo nunc signetur,
 Qui denegabit extrudetur.

FORMULA GRADUS DANDI.

Eadem nos auctoritate,
 Reges memorie beate,
 Pontifices et papæ lati,
 Nam alii sunt a nobis spreti,
 Quam quondam nobis indulserunt,
 Quæ privilegia semper erunt,
 Collegio nostro safe and sound,
 As long's the earth and cups go round,
 Te Bogsum hic creamus,
 Stituimus et proclamamus.

Artium Magistrum et Doctorem,
 Si libet etiam Professorem,
 Tibique damus potestatem
 Potandi ad hilaritatem,
 Ludendi porto et jocandi,
 Et mox totum inno medicandi,
 Ad risum etiam fabulandi;
 In profissionis tunc signum
 Caput, honore tanto dignum
 Hoc cyathus condetoramus;
 Ut tibi felix sit oramus;
 Præterea in quantum damus
 Hunc calicem ex quo potamus,
 Spumantem generoso vino,
 Ut bibas more Palatino,
 Sir, pull it off and on your thumb
 Cernamus superaculeum,
 Ut specimen ingenii
 Post studia dedennii.

(While he is drinking, the chorus sings)

En calicem spumantem,
 Faleri spotantem,
 En calicem spumantem,
 Io, io, io!

(After he has drunk, and turned the glass on his thumb, they embrace him, and sing again.)

Laudamus hunc Doctorem,
 Et fidem compotorem,
 Laudamus hunc Doctorem,
 Io, io, io!

Curious Modes of Expression.

DR. DONNE, speaking of the Bible, quaintly says: "Sentences in Scripture, like hairs, in horses' tails, concur in one root of beauty and strength; but, being plucked out one by one, serve only for springs and snares."

CALVIN'S mode of expression was sometimes rather uncourtly. Luther had, in one of his writings, called him a declaimer; and Calvin, to justify himself from such a title, exclaims in reply: "Your whole school is nothing but a stinking sty of pigs. Dog! do you understand me? Do you un-

* Here he was crowned with the punch-bowl.

derstand me, madman? Do you understand me, you great beast?"

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, speaking of those bright omens called *letters*, in the candle, tells us: "They only indicate a moist and *plumbous* air, which hinders the evolution of the light and *favillous* particles; whereupon they settle upon the *snaf*." No explanation could be clearer.

TOM BROWN has a curious figure of speech. Satirizing some person, he says, "He is as dull as a lawfully-begotten citizen's eldest son."

A Dutch ambassador's wife, at Paris, being asked by the Queen of France how many children she had, replied, "*Qu'elle avoit fait deux par devant, et deux par derriere*," meaning that she had two by her first husband, and two by her last.

DRYDEN, in his play, *The Conquest of Grenada*, makes Almanzor say to Boabdilin, King of Grenada—

"Obey'd as sovereign by thy subjects be;
But know, that I alone am king of me."

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. 86, p. 596) is the following extraordinary piece of information: "By the Jewish law, as to adultery, the woman was put to death as well as the man, so that the parties could neither of them marry again."

DR. SMOLLETT, who felt his heart softened at the sight of the famous statue of the Venus de Medicis, says, "Her limbs and proportions are elegantly formed, and the back parts, especially, are executed so happily, as to excite the admiration of the most indifferent spectator." He exclaims, with Lucian, "*Ut exuberantes tumidi amplexantes minus implent*," etc. (*Works*, vol. v. p. 446.)

JEREMY TAYLOR, in his *Holy Living and Dying* (p. 73), says, "Virgins must contend for a singular modesty; whose first

part must be an ignorance in the distinction of sexes."

A Spanish preacher, discoursing on the temptation, exclaimed, "Happily for mankind, the lofty Pyrenees hid this delightful country of Spain from the eyes of the Redeemer, else the temptation had been too strong for the blessed Lord."

CARDINAL DU PERRON complains of a spiritual orator of his time, for saying, "*Saigneur! nettoyez-moi le bec, de la saleté de son amour*." Lord, cleanse thou my lips with the napkin of thy love!

MATTHEW HENRY, in his *Exposition*, has this odd way of expounding part of the ninth chapter of Judges: "We are here told by what acts Abimelech got into the saddle—none would have dreamed of making such a fellow as he king—see how he wheedled them into the choice—he hired into his service the scum and scoundrels of the country. . . . Jotham was really a fine gentleman. The Shechemites, that let Abimelech up, were the first to kick him off. The Shechemites said all the ill they could of him in their table-talk; they drank healths to his confusion.—Well—Gaal's interest in Shechem is soon at an end—exit Gaal."

The learned Dr. Geddes, in his version of the Bible, translates Judges v. 30 ("to every man a damsel or two"), "a girl, or a couple of girls, to each brave man."

"It is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon at the bar, to Judge Burnes, "to hang a poor man for stealing a horse."

"You are not to be hanged, sir," answered the judge, "for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen." (FIELDING'S *Voyage to Lisbon*.)

The Reverend John Boraston, condoling with Sir N. Herbert on the loss of his father, says, "The blessedness of our dearest departed relation is handkerchiefs enough."

to *dry our eyes.*" (WARNER'S *Epistolary Curiosities.*)

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, conversing with an Italian lady at Naples, who was rather proud of her knowledge of English, asked her how many children she had. "*I have done seven,*" said the lady.

URBAN CHEVREAU, a French historian, tells us: "When I was young, I remember attending a sermon preached by a prelate who was celebrated at court for the greatness of his talent. It was on the feast of Mary Magdalen. The bishop, having enlarged much on the repentance of Mary, observed, that her tears had opened to her the way to heaven, and that *she had travelled by water to a place where few other persons had gone by land.*"

COUNT RUMFORD gives us, in the following extract (*Philosophical Essays*, vol. i. p. 251), the useful hint of eating hot "hasty-pudding" by gradual advances, circumventing the outwork, and storming the parapet. These are his words: "THE HASTY-PUDDING being spread out equally on a plate while hot, an excavation is made in the middle of it with a spoon, into which excavation a piece of butter, as large as a nutmeg, is put, and upon it a spoonful of brown sugar, &c.; the butter, being soon heated by the heat of the pudding, mixes with the sugar, and forms a sauce, which, being confined in the excavation, occupies the middle of the plate." Thus far for the array; now for the battle: "Dip each spoonful in the sauce, before it is carried to the mouth, care being had, in taking it up, to begin on the outside, and near the brim of the plate, and to approach the centre by gradual advances, in order not to demolish too soon the excavation, which forms the reservoir of the sauce."

The Reverend Zachary Boyd, who lived about a century and a half ago, was (says

Mr. Pennant) a worthy, learned, and pious divine of Glasgow; when he died, he bequeathed his fortune and manuscripts to the college—a rare and munificent bequest, if we may judge by the following extract from his poem, *Jonah*. The extract forms part of the soliloquy of Jonah in the whale's belly.

"What house is this?—here's neither coal nor candle;
Where I nothing but guts of fishes handle;
And my table are both here within,
Where day ne'er dawn'd, where sun did never shine.
The like of this on earth man never saw,
A living man within a monster's maw!
Buried under mountains, which are high and deep!
Plunged under waters hundreds fathoms deep!
Not so was Noah in his house of trees,
For through a window he the light did see,
He sailed above the highest waves, a whale,
I and my boat are all the waters under!
He and his ark might go, and also come;
But I sit still in such a straighten'd room,
As is most uncouth; head and feet together,
Among such guests as would a thousand smother."

BIBLIOMANIA.

An Epistle,

TO
RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

JOHN FERRIAR, M.D.

(Concluded from No. XXIII., p. 139.)

CAN I forget my Cassias? say nite theme!
Where truth exceeds Romances boldest dream.
In those rude wilds, by wanderers scarcely trod,
Before the pencil, Fancy drops her rod;
O'eraw'd, she sees transcendent nature reign,
And trembling copies what she dares not feign.
But scarcer books had kept their station here,
Had warning Cynthia touch'd my infant ear,
And shew'd the slave's reflection's toll employ'd,
To gain the works my childish sport destroy'd.

Bygone Pursues in Abysses of the Dahmian.

XVIII.

But gilded ore and silken saile:
Might not against the storme pretaile:
The windes blew him and loud stroke:
The sailes were rent, the oares were broke,
The ship was split by lightning stroke:
That burst from angry cloudes.

XIX.

But such Gerald's posture that day,
That though the ship was cast away,
Of all the crew not one,
Not even the ship-boy, then was drown'd,
And old Benormo on drier ground
Imbrac'd his dearest son.

XX.

About the isle they wander'd long;
For still some spirit led them wrong,
Till they were wearie growne;
Then came to old Gerald's cell,
Where he and Idaline dwell;
Though seene, they were not knowne.

XXI.

Much marvel'd they in such a place
To see an Eremit's wring'd face;
More at the maid they start:
And soone as did Alfonso start,
Ida so beautifull, but here,
Felt love within his hart.

XXII.

Benormo heard with grief and shame
Gerald call him by his name,
His brother's voyce well knowne:
Upon his aged knees he fell,
And wept that ere he did rebell
Against his brother's throne.

XXIII.

Brother, he cried, forgive my crime!
I swear, since that unhappy time,
I have not tasted peace.
Returne and take againe your crowne,
Which at your feete I will lay down,
And for our jarres surcease.

XXIV.

"Never," Gerald said, "will I
Ascend that seat of sovereignty;
But I all wrongs forgett:
I have no more to say to thee,
Nor will I ever see thee more."

I have a daughter, you a son,
And they shall rainge over Arragon,
And on my throne be sett.

My head is all to old to weare
The weight of crowne, and kingdomes care;
Peace in my booke I find.

Gold crownes becom not silver lockes,
Like sunbeams upon whitend lockes,
They mocke the tranquill minde."

Behormo, worn with cares of state,
Which worldlie sorrows create,
Saw the advice was good.

The tide of love betwixt the paire,
Alfonso young and Idaline faire,
Had suddaine reach'd the shore.

A galley, too, that was sent out
From Sicilie, in fear and doubt,
As having heard the wracke,
Arrived at the enchanted isle,
And took them all in little while
Unto Maffina backe.

But ere his leave Gerald took
Of the strange isle, he burnt his booke,
And broke his magicke wand.
His arte forbid, be ay forwore
Never to deal in magicke more
The while the earth should stand.

From that dale forth the isle has been
By wandering failors never seene,
Some say 'tis buried deepe
Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
Above its savage rocks in shores,
Nor ere is knowne to sleepe.

In Sicilie the paire was wedd
To Arragon there after sped,
With fathers who them blessed.
Alfonso reide for many a yeare;
His people lov'd him farre and neare,
But Ida lov'd him best.

August, 1863.]

The Philobiblion.

[Number 20.]

NOTICE OF THE
WORKS OF

CHRISTOPHER SANDIUS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF THE

"*Bibliotheca Antitrinitariorum*," etc.

CHRISTOPHER, the son of Christopher SANDIUS (*Germ.* SAND), was born October 12, 1644, at Königsberg. He received instruction in Greek and history from his father, from whom he also imbibed Arian opinions. He became a student in the University of Königsberg in 1658, during the rectorship of Thilo. In 1664, his father sent him to Oxford, to improve himself by reading and study. While there, he lodged in a house near Queen's College, and devoted himself almost exclusively to the perusal of such Antitrinitarian works as he could procure from the public library, and the different colleges, or meet with in the booksellers' shops. When the elder Sandius was deprived of his two secretariats, in the year 1668, the son left Königsberg, and settled at Amsterdam, where he procured a livelihood as a corrector of the press, and an author; and where he died, November 30, 1680, at the early age of thirty-six. His father survived him about six years.

The author of *A Brief History of the Unitarians, called also Socinians*, styles him "a gentleman of prodigious industry and reading, and no less ingenious than

learned," who "in all his books refuses in words to be called either *Arian* or *Socinian*; but has written an Ecclesiastical History in Quarto, with *Addenda* to it, *Colonus*, 1678, on purpose to prove that all antiquity was Arian; and that the Unitarian doctrine has been reduced so low by the persecutions of Rome, and the puissant arms of Charles the Great, and other kings of France, for which services they have been requited by the Roman Pontiff, with the titles of *Most Christian Kings*, and *Eldest Sons of the Church*."

Most of the works of the younger Sandius are extremely rare. A list of them, originally prepared by Benedict Wislownius, Jr., and inserted by him in Sandius's *Bibliotheca Antitrinitariorum*, which was a posthumous work, was enlarged and illustrated with copious notes by Böck. The following account of them is abridged from the *Historia Antitrinitariorum* of the latter writer:

I. *Christopher the Son of Christopher Sandius's Nucleus of Ecclesiastical History; to which is prefixed a Treatise on Ancient Ecclesiastical Writers*. Cosmopolis (another name for Amsterdam), 1669, 8vo. This work is divided into three Books: the first extending from the time of Christ to the Council of Nice; the second, from the Council of Nice to that of Constantinople; and the third, from the Council of Constantinople to the seventeenth century. An enlarged edition, with

a Preface by the author's father, appeared in 4to and 8vo, A. D. 1676, purporting to have been printed at Cologne, by John Nicolai; and an Appendix, containing further additions, was published in 4to a few years later. The real printer's name was Christopher Pezold, of Amsterdam. Bayle calls this work, not improperly, a history of Arianism. The author sent a copy of each part of the first edition, as it issued from the press at Amsterdam, where he then lived, to Königsberg, with a request that it might be deposited in the library of the Elector of Brandenburg; and this copy, with the writer's autograph, is said to be still preserved in the Royal Library. Andrew Wiffowatius wrote *Animadversions upon Sandius's "Nucleus H. E.,"* but they have never yet seen the light. To the Appendix are subjoined three Letters. The first is an apologetical one by Sandius himself, addressed to Samuel Gardiner; the second is addressed by Gardiner to Sandius, and was written in defence of the Ante-Nicene Fathers; and the third contains Sandius's reply, in which he advocates the cause of Arianism. This correspondence arose out of a work which Gardiner had published in opposition to Sandius, and which bore the following title: *Hypotyposis Catholicæ circa Trinitatem Fidei ex Scriptis Patrum Ante-Nicænorum.* Londini, 1677, 8vo. To Sandius's second Letter Gardiner replied; but his answer was not published till the year after Sandius's death. Among others who attacked the *Nucleus H. E.* of Sandius, were Mich. Walther, Bishop Bull, John Wil. Baier, Christopher Nisanius, Calovius, and John Gottlieb Möller.

II. *A Century of Epigrams.* Amsterdam, 1669, 8vo.

III. *Christopher the Son of Christopher Sandius's Peculiar Interpretations of the Four Gospels; to which is subjoined a Dissertation concerning the Word, with an*

Appendix. Cosmopolis (Amsterdam), 1669, 8vo; 1670, 8vo. In this work the author, who was the elder Sandius, has entered upon a vindication of the Arian doctrine. To both editions are subjoined the *Dissertation* and *Appendix* above mentioned. The former was entitled—

IV. *Dissertatio Perì tou λόγου, i. e. De Verbo.* Upon this Dissertation Andrew Wiffowatius wrote an attack, entitled, *Objections to the Opinion that the Son of God was created before the World;* to which he added, *A Defence of "Objections,"* &c. Sandius wrote a reply to each of these, but did not publish it. (*Vide Nos. XXIV. and XXVII.*)

V. *Appendix to the Peculiar Interpretations.* This Appendix was not published in a separate form.

VI. *Christopher the Son of Christopher Sandius's Treatise concerning the Origin of the Soul.* Cosmopolis (Amsterdam), 1671, 8vo. The opinion which the author defends in this Treatise is, that souls pre-existed in a happy state, before the bodies which they have since inhabited. Andrew Wiffowatius drew up a reply to Sandius's arguments, but his answer was not published. Other replies were written by Daniel Zwicker, James Thomafius, and Balthazar Bebelius.

VII. *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of England from the Year 1665 to 1669,* written by Henry Oldenburg, Secretary to the Royal Society, and translated from English into Latin by C. S. Amsterdam, 1674, 12mo; Leipzig, 1675, 4to. The first edition contains a Preface by the translator, which is omitted in the second edition.

VIII. *Notes and Animadversions upon Gerhard John Vossius's Three Books concerning the Latin Historians.* Amsterdam, 1677, 12mo. These *Notes and Animadversions* are described by John Albert Fabricius as rare, learned, and accurate; and

as throwing a clear light upon an infinite number of passages in Vossius. In his Supplements to Vossius's work, Fabricius republished them, together with the *Gleanings* of Mallinkrodt, Nogarola, and Haller-vord.

IX. *Continuation of the Notes and Animadversions upon Vossius's Books concerning the Latin Historians.* This was a fragment, and remained in manuscript.

X. *A Confession of Faith concerning God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, according to Scripture.* (Latin.) A French version of this piece was published, under the title, *Confession du Foy de Dieu le Pere, du Fils, et du S. Esprit, conformément à l'Ecriture, traduit du Latin: à Leyde, chez Jean Le François, 1678, 12mo.* Sandius's name is not prefixed to this *Confession*; but as it was found, after his death, among his own books, written out in Latin by his own hand, there is scarcely a doubt but it proceeded originally from his pen.

XI. *Scripture the Revealer of the Sacred Trinity, by Hermann Lingallus, Gouda (Amsterdam), 1678, 12mo.* The object of this work is the same as that of No. I.; but here Sandius defends himself chiefly against the arguments of Gardiner. He endeavors to prove that all the Fathers of the first three centuries after Christ held and taught the same opinions as Arius, and therefore that the coessentiality, coeternity, and coequality of the three persons of the Trinity cannot be proved from apostolic tradition. Calovius replied to the arguments of Sandius, in a work published at Wittenberg, A. D. 1680.

XII. *C. C. S. Singular Problem respecting the Holy Spirit, Whether or not may be understood by it a Kind of Holy Angels? together with a Refutation of the Opinion of the Socinians, who deny the Personality of the Holy Spirit.* Collogues (Rotterdam), 1678, 8vo. The view

taken of the Holy Spirit in this curious work must not be confounded with that of John Biddle, who thought that the Holy Spirit was God's chief ministering Angel; for Sandius argues that, by "the Holy Spirit," is meant, not one angelic being, but many, and that the term embraces a whole class of spiritual existences. Subjoined to this work of Sandius are additions by R. C. (Florish Crullus?), containing a refutation of Sandius's arguments. Other replies were published by Christopher Wittichius, Justus Christopher Schomach, Buddock, John Frederick Mayer, and Grapius.

XIII. *A Letter by a Friend of the Author of a "Singular Problem," to Mr. Christopher Gatachius (or Gatacher, Wicandchius), &c., thanking him for his most learned Animadversions on the "Problem respecting the Holy Spirit," by which the said Author has been compelled to renounce his Errors.* Cologne (Rotterdam), 8vo. No date. 214 N. V. Aug.

XIV. *An Appendix to the of Nucleus Hist. Eccles., containing Additions, Confirmations, and Emendations.* (These are added to the correspondence between the author and Samuel Gardiner.) (Kild. Not.) 214 N. V. Aug.

XV. *Catalogues of the Patriarchs and Bishops of Jerusalem, Antioch, Abasardria, Ephesus, Smyrna, Sardis, Syria, Casarea in Palestine, Tyre, Byzantium, and Constantinople.* These were added to Andrew Wengler's *Hist. Eccles. Slavon.* Amsterdam, 1666, 4to.

XVI. *Two Papers, which he said his father presented to the Divines of Königsberg.* 214 N. V. Aug.

XVII. *A Book on the Religion of Religion, or concerning the Monarchy of God, by Christian Sophorus Vimerius.* John Will Bajer replied to this Book in a Disputation Concerning the Ancient and Modern Antrimitarian Monarchism. Halle, 1695, 404. 214 N. V. Aug.

- XVIII. *Certain Theological Questions and Problems.* MS.
- XIX. *Expositions upon Various Passages both of the Old and New Testament.* MS.
- XX. *A Letter to Mr. Joh. Ad. Scherzer.* This Letter was inserted in the Preface to Scherzer's *Collegium Anti-Socinianum*.
- XXI. *Some Mathematical Problems.*
- XXII. *Arguments on the Existence and Attributes of God.* MS.
- XXIII. *A Compendium of Logic.* Belg. MS.
- XXIV. *Against the Objections of Andrew Wiffowatius concerning the Son of God treated before the World, and afterwards incarnate.* 1673. MS. (Vide No. IV.)
- XXV. *On "Matter, whether it is without Beginning, and coeval with God, or distinctly formed by Him."* A Disputation with N. N. MS. There seems to be a reference to this paper in one of the Anonymous Writings mentioned in Sandius's *Bibl. Ant.* (p. 179), under the title, *Demonstratio, quod materia materia non sit antiquior, Deoque materia posita ab eo credenda vel producta.* MS. Bock suspects the author of this manuscript to have been either Andrew Wiffowatius, or Daniel Zwickert.
- XXVI. *Substance of a Conversation, held in 1677 with Daniel Zwickert, concerning the Pre-existence of the Lord Jesus Christ before his Birth of the Virgin.* MS. Belg. In this Conversation Zwickert maintained the negative, and Sandius the affirmative side of the question.
- XXVII. *Notes upon Andrew Wiffowatius's Objections concerning the Son of God created before the World, and afterwards incarnate.* 1678. MS. (Vide Nos. IV. and XXIV.)
- XXVIII. *Differences among Christians, from the Times of the Apostles, respecting God, the Father, the Son, of God, and the Holy Spirit.* MS. Belg.
- XXIX. *On putting Restraints upon Conscience.* MS. Belg. This was written in 1680, when a suitable occasion presented itself for some remarks upon this subject. Sandius's object is to show that no man ought to be punished on account of his religion.
- XXX. *A Dutch translation of Andrew Wiffowatius's Stimuli Virtutum, Frena Peccatorum; which Sandius began, but was prevented by death from completing.* MS.
- XXXI. *A Dialogue, the Speakers in which are Christopher, a Papist; Martin, a Lutheran; John, a Calvinist; George, a Calixtine; Abraham, a Fanatic; and Israel, a Jew.* MS. An imperfect work.
- XXXII. *On the Opinions of Simon Magus, and the Advocates of them.* MS. A work only just begun.
- XXXIII. *Letters to Different Persons.* MSS.
- XXXIV. *BIBLIOTHECA ANTI-RENTANORUM, or A Catalogue of Writers, and a succinct Account of the Life of those Authors, who, in the past and present Century, have either impugned the commonly received Doctrine concerning three Persons every way equal in One God, or have taught that the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is the only True, or Most High God; a Posthumous Work of Christopher the Son of Christopher Sandius.* Some other writings are added, the order of which is given in the page following the Preface: and is united exhibit a *Compendium of the Ecclesiastical History of the Unitarians*, commonly called *SOENIANS*. (Amsterdam), sold by John Aconius, 1684; 8vo. Sandius composed this valuable little work about the year 1670. It was edited by Benedict Wiffowatius, Jr., who wrote the Preface to it, and supplied the names, as he himself says, of seventy writers, who had been omitted by Sandius, besides contribu-

ing in other ways to the enlargement and completion of the work. The titles of the tracts forming the *Appendix* are as follow: I. John Stoinius's Epitome of the History of the Rise of the Unitarians in Poland (pp. 181-188). II. George Schomann's Last Will and Testament, containing a brief History of his Life, and various Ecclesiastical Acts (pp. 189-198). III. On the Printing Establishments of the Unitarians in Poland and Lithuania (pp. 199-202). IV. A Brief Narrative of the Martyrdom of John Tyscovicus (pp. 203-206). V. Andrew Wisłowatius's Compendious Narrative of the Separation of the Unitarian Christians from the Trinitarians of the Reformed Church in Poland; with an Appendix, setting forth the History of Spiritus, the Dutchman (pp. 207-217). VI. The Letter of an Anonymous Writer, exhibiting a Brief History of the Life and Death of Andrew Wisłowatius, and also of the Unitarian Churches in his Time (pp. 219-263). VII. The Unitarians' Claim to Religious Liberty in Poland; written by a Polish Knight (pp. 265-296). In the *Bibliotheca Antitrinitariorum*, Sandius follows the order of time, and does not, like Bock, arrange the names of the authors in alphabetical order. The work exhibits marks of uncommon care and diligence, but is not altogether free from errors. The biographical notices are generally short; but the author appears to have bestowed great pains upon the bibliographical part of his undertaking. Pfaff deems the *Bibliotheca* of Sandius an indispensable aid to the study of theological literature, and almost all its departments; and Reimannus says that it is worthy of a careful reading, and nourishes within its bosom many literary, ecclesiastical, and other secrets. Vogt says that the very learned Peter Adolphus Boyser contemplated a republication of this *Bibliotheca*, with supplementary notes, emendations, and additions of various kinds; and Bock has made it the basis of the first volume of his *História Antitrinitariorum*. XXXV. Fabricius says of Sandius, "He found John Gottlieb Möller also an adversary against the edition of the Greek New Testament;" but no vestige of this appears in the *Bibla Antica*. VIDEBO.—Sandius B. A. (pp. 169-172). Moreh, *De Hist. Ant. Sandii*. Bock, *Hist. Ant. T. I.* (pp. 744-760). Nodda's *Fest. Onon.*, 1664. *Acten. Gronov.*, 1733. *Monthly Repository*, vol. xiii. pp. 254, 355. *A Brief History of the Unitarians, called also Socinians*, 1687 (pp. 35, 36). Vogt, *Catal. Rat. Libr.* (pp. 268, 661). *Walsh's Bibl. Theol. Bibliographia*, 1831. ROBERT WALLACE, Esq. Philopartiens Jouing. Solly. Whereunto is added PIGMATIONS IMAGE. With the LOVE of AMOS AND LAURA. And also EPIGRAMMES by Sir I. H. and others. Neuer before imprinted. LONDON: Printed for Richard Haykins, dwelling in Chancery-lane, neare Sarjeants-Inne. 1613. [4to. pp. 96.] Narrated Watt nor Lowndes knew of any edition of *Alcilia* earlier than that of 1619, 8vo; nor was Mr. Payne Collier aware of the impression of 1613 when he noticed this work in his *Poet. Decameron*, and in his *Bridge-water Catalogue*. Of this first edition, the present is the only known copy, and is unfortunately imperfect, wanting two leaves, Sig. M 2 and 3, containing the end of *Amos and Laura*, and the commencement of the *Epigrams*, by Sir John Harington. The poem of *Alcilia* is preceded by *A Letter, written by a Gentleman, to the Author, his friend*, in verse,

signed "Philaretus," and some verses in Latin, *Author ipse Philopartheos ad Libellum suum*. Then follow some six-line stanzas, entitled, *Amoris Prælium: vel, Epistola ad Amicam*, and five others as a sort of preface or introduction, headed, *Sic incipit stultorum Tragicomedia*. The poems are styled sonnets, though they are for the most part only stanzas of six lines each. "These Sonnets following were written by the Author, (who giveth himselfe this fained name of Philoparthen, as his accidentall attribute,) at diuers times and vpon diuers occasions, and therefore in the forme and matter they differ, and sometimes are quite contrary one to another, considering the nature and qualitie of Loue, which is a Passion full of varieties, and contrarietie in itselfe."

The first portion contains sixty-three stanzas, at the end of which are some lines, *Loues Accusation at the Iudgement-seate of Reason, wherein the Author's whole successe in his loue is covertly described; The Author's Evidence against Loue; and Loues Reply to the Author*. After this occur ten stanzas of ten lines each, called *Loue decyphered*, and some couplets, *Loues last Will and Testament*. These close what may be termed the first portion of *Alcilia*.

The second part is thus introduced to the reader: "The Sonnets following were written by the Author, after he beganne to decline from his passionate affection, and in them he seemeth to please himselfe, with describing the vanitie of *Loue*, the frailtie of Beautie, and the sower fruits of Repentance." This part contains forty stanzas, and completes the poem of *Alcilia*, at the end of which are the initials J. C. We believe there is little doubt, both from these initials and from internal evidence, that the poem of *Alcilia* was written by John Chalkhill; and we are also strongly tempted to believe that the introductory "Letter writ-

ten by a Gentleman to the Author his friend," was the production of Isaac Walton under the assumed name of Philaretus. Walton at this time was just twenty years of age; and if Chalkhill be, as we suppose, the same person with the Fellow of Winchester College, whose character as given on his monument in the south cloister of Winchester Cathedral so well accords with that given of him by Walton, he would be nearly about the same age with Walton; and having been unsuccessful in his "louing-folly," remained single the rest of his life, "*Solitudine et silentio*," and died a Fellow of his College, a position he had held for six-and-forty years.

Mr. Bright, to whom this copy formerly belonged, who was particularly happy in some of his discoveries, and was the first to discern the true person to whom the sonnets of Shakespeare were addressed, is "inclined to think that the initials J. C. annexed to this edition stand for John Chalkhill, the friend of Isaac Walton."—"I am led to suspect too," says he, "that *Il Candido*, which has never yet been appropriated, was a signature of John Chalkhill. See Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, *Il Candido*. This appellation coincides well with Chalkhill, and the initials are the same J. C." But if this were so, the writer of the sonnets prefixed to Florio's *World of Wordes*, fol. 1598, and the friend of Spenser, could hardly be the Fellow of Winchester College who died in 1679. Mr. Bright has farther observed that "*Thealma and Clearchus* has in its style many points of similarity with *Alcilia*. And an acquaintance with Italian literature shewn by *Il Candido* is obvious both in *Thealma* and *Alcilia*." Mr. Collier also remarks, that "although perhaps no particular resemblance can be pointed out, yet in *Thealma and Clearchus* we observe the same flow of the verse, and so great a similarity of pause and rhythm, as, combined with other circumstances, to

make it probable that both that work and *Alcilia* were from one pen.

If Walton was the means of inducing Chalkhill to publish these his "passionate sonnets," as we infer from the "Letter to the Author his friend" prefixed, we are indebted to him for a very pleasing and elegant production, which displays no little poetical talent, combined with much delicacy of expression and smooth and harmonious versification. To exemplify this opinion, the following passages may be adduced. Describing the pangs of love, the author says:

What sodaine chance hath chang'd my wonted cheer,
Which makes me other than I seeme to be?
My dayes of ioy, that once were bright and cleare,
Are turn'd to night, my mirth to miserie:
Ah, well I weene that somewhat is amisse,
But sooth to say, I know not what it is.

What, am I dead? Then could I feele no smart:
But still in me the sense of griefe remaineth:
Am I alive?—Ah no, I haue no heart;
For he that hath it, me of life depriveth:
Oh! that he would restore my heart againe,
Or giue mee hers to counterwaile my paine.

If it be Love, to waste longe houres in griefe;
If it be Love, to wish, and not obtaine;
If it be Love, to pine without reliefe;
If it be Love, to hope, and never gaine:
Then may you thinke that he hath truly lou'd;
Who for your sake, all this and more haue prou'd.
If ought that in mine Eyes haue done amisse,
Let them receiue deserved punishment:
For so the perfect rule of Iustice is,
Each for his owne deedes should be praised or shent.
Then doubtlesse it is both 'gainst Law and sense,
My Heart should suffer for mine Eyes offence.

I am not sicke, and yet I am not sound,
I eate and sleepe, and yet me thinkes I thinke not:
I sport and laugh, and yet my griefes abound;
I am not dead, and yet me thinkes I liue not.
What vncouth cause hath these strange passions bred
To make at once, sicke, sound, aliue, and dead;

Some thing I want, but what I cannot say;
O now I know, it is my selfe I want:
My Love with her hath taine my Heart away,
Yes, Heart and all;—and left me very scant.

Such power hath Love, and thought but Love
alone, can make a man of passion.

To make diuided greatness in one.

The following stanzas contain a pleasing and graceful description of the charms of his mistress *Alcilia*:

Faire is my Love, whose parts so well are framed
By Natures speciall order and direction:
That shee herselfe is more than halfe affamed
In hauing made a worke of such perfection.
And well may Nature blisse in such a creature,
Seeing herselfe excelled in her creature.
Her bodie is straight, slender and vngait,
Her visage comely, and her lookes demure,
Mixt with a chearfull grace, that yeelds delight:
Her eyes like starres, bright shining, cleare and pure,
Which I describing, *Loves* bids stay my pen,
And sayes it's not a worke for mortall men.

The auncient Poets write of Graces three,
Which meeting altogether in one Creature,
In all points perfect make the same to bee,
For inward vertues, and for outward feature:
But smile *Alcilia*, and the world shall see
That in thine eyes an hundred graces bee.

We now subjoin a short extract from that portion of the work which is in rhyming couplets, and may perhaps better exhibit the general resemblance which exists between the style of this poem and that of *Theophrastus* and *Clearchus*. It is taken from "Lopes Reply to the Author."

Fond youth, thou know'st what I for thee effected,
(Though now I finde it little be respected)
I purg'd thy wit which was before but grosse,
The metall pure I seuered from the dross:
And did inspire thee with my sweetest fire,
That kindled in thee courage and desire:
Not like unto those seruile passions
Which cumber mens imaginations
With avarice, ambition, or vaine-glory,
Desire of things fleeting and transitorie,
No base conceits, but such as Powers above
Haue knowne and felt; I meane the *inspiration of Love*;
Which making men all earthly things despiſe,
Transports them to a heavenly Paradise:
Where thou complain'st of sorrowes in thy heart,
Who liues on earth but therein hath his part?
Are these thy fruits? Are these the best rewards
For all the pleasing glances, sweet regards,

The sweet holmeskisses, amorous conceits,
So many smiles, so many faire intreats,
Such kindnesse as Alcilia did bestow
All for my sake, as well thy selfe dost know?
That *Loue* should thus beused, it is hateful,
But all is lost that's done for one yngratefull.
Where he alledgeth that hee was abus'd,
In that he truly louing was refus'd:
That's most vntrue, and plainly may be tri'd;
Who neuer ask'd, could neuer be deni'd.
But he affected rather single life,
Then yoke in marriage, matching with a wife;
And most men now make loue to none but heyres;
Poore loue (God wot) that pueritie impaires:
Worldly respects *Loue* little doth regard;
Who loues, hath onely loue for his reward.
He meriteth a Louers name indeede
That casts no doubts, which vaine suspition breeds,
But desperately at hazard throwes the Dice,
Neglecting due regard of friends aduice;
That wrestles with his Fortune and his Fate,
Which had ordain'd to better his estate;
That hath no care of wealth, no feare of lacke;
But ventures forward, though he see his wracke;
That with *Hopes* wings, like *Icarus*, doth flye,
Though for his rashnesse he like fortune trye;
That to his fame the world of him may tell,
How, while he soar'd aloft, adowne he fell.
And so true *Loue* awarded him this doome,
In scaling heauen, to haue the Sea his Tombe.

A stanza or two from the succeeding
portion of *Alcilia*, called "Loue decy-
phered," will serue to show the author's
versatility of talent, and easy and flexible
manner of writing. Having been rejected
by his mistress, he now rejoices in his free-
dom, and inveighs severely against the blind
and fatal passion:

Love, and I, are now diuided,
Conceit by error was misguided:
Alcilia hath my loue despised,
No man loues that is aduised.
Time at length hath Truth directed,
Love hath misd what hee expected:
Yet missing that which long he sought,
I haue found that I little thought.
Errors in time may be redrest:
The shortest follies are the best.
Loue and *Youth* are now asunder,
Reasons glory, *Natures* wonder.
My thoughts long bound are now enlarg'd,
My follies penance is discharged.

Thus *Time* hath altered my state,
Repentance neuer comes too late.
Ah well, I finde that *Loue* is nought
But folly, and an idle thought:
The difference is twixt *Loue* and mee,
That *Loue* is blinde, and I can see.
Loue is home mixt with gall;
A thraldome free, a freedome thrall;
A bitter sweet, a pleasant sowre,
Got in a yeare, lost in an howre;
A peacefull warre, a warlike peace, [crease;
Whose wealth brings want, whose want in-
Full long pursuite, and little gaine;
Vncertaine pleasure, certaine paine;
Regard of neyther right nor wrong;
For short delights, repentance long.

Loue is a sicknesse of the thought,
Conceit of pleasure dearly bought;
A restless passion of the minde;
A Labyrinth of errors blinde;
A sugred poyson, faire deceit;
A baite for fodies, a furious heate;
A chilling cold; a wondrous passion
Exceeding mans imagination:
Which none can tell in whole nor part,
But onely he that feels the smart.

Two more brief quotations shall con-
clude our extracts from this pleasing and
deservedly popular production. They are
taken from the second part of *Alcilia*, in
which, having been dismissed by her, the
author records his past folly, the vanity of
love, and the bitter fruits of repentance.
The first stanzas are taken from the open-
ing of this part, and the others from its
close; and both, we think, will receive the
cordial approval of the reader for their
smooth and flowing style, and poetical dic-
tion:

Now haue I spun the web of my owne woes,
And labour'd long to purchase my owne losse:
Too late I see, I was beguil'd with thee,
And that which once seem'd gold, now proves but
dross.
Thus am I both of hope bereaued,
He neuer tryed, that neuer was deceiued.

Once did I looe, but more than once repent, [ten,
When vintage came, my grapes were sowre; or rot-
Long time in griefe and penurie thoughts I spent,
And all for that which *Time* hath made forgotten.

O strange effects of Time, which once being lost,
Makes men secure of that they loved most.

Thus haue I long in th' ayre of error loue'd,
And runne my ship vpon Repentance helpe;
Truth hath the vale of Ignorance vncouer'd
And made me see, and seeing, know my selfe.
Of former follies now I must repent,
And count this weeke part of my time ill spent.

What thing is *Loue*? A Tyrant of the minde,
Begot by heate of youth, brought forth by Reth;
Nurst with vain thoughts, and changing as the
wind,

A deepe dissembler, voyd of faith and troth;
Fraught with fond errors, doubts, despite, disdain,
And all the plagues that earth and hell containe.

Like to a man that wanders all the day
Through wales unknown, to seeke a thing of
little worth,

And at the night sees he hath gone astray:
As neare his end, as when he first set forth,
Such is my case, whose hope vntimely crost,
After long errors, proves my labour lost.

Now *Loue* fits all alone in black attyre.

His broken Bow and Arrows lying by him;
His fire extinct, that whilome fed desire,
Himselfe, the scorn of Louers, that passe by him;
Who this day freely may disport and play,
For it is *Philoparthen's* Holy day.

Nay, thinke not *Loue*, with all thy cunning sight,
To catch me once again; thou com'st too late;
Sterne Industry puts Idlenesse to flight,
And *Time* hath changed both my name and state;
Then seeke elsewhere for mates that may befriend
thee,
For I am busie, and cannot attend thee.

Though thou be faire, thinke Beauty is a Mist,
A mornings dewe, a shadow quickly gone;
A painted flower, whose colour will not last;
Time steales away when least we thinke thereon;
Most precious Time, too wastfully expended,
Of which alone the sparing is commended.

Thy large smooth forehead wrinkled shall ap-
peare
Vermillion hue, so pale and wan shall turne;
Time shall deface what Youth hath held most
deare;
Yea, those clear eyes which once my hart did
burne,
Shall in their hollow circles ledge the night,
And yield more cause of terror than delight.

Loe her the record of my follies past,
The fruits of wit vnstaid, and houres mispent;
Full wife is hee that perils can fore-cast,
And so by others harmes his own prevent;
All worldly pleasure that delights the sense,
Is but a short sleepe, and time's vaine expense;
The Sunne hath twice his annuall course per-
form'd
Since first vnhappy I beganne to loue;
Whose errors now by Reasons rule reform'd,
Conceits of Loue but smake and errors prone;
Who of his folly seekes more praise to winne,
Where I haue made an end, let him beginne.

J. C.

The Metamorphosis of Pigmaliō's Image has a separate title-page, with the same date of 1613. It was first published by Marston, in 1598 (12mo), fifteen years earlier, along with *Certaine Satyres*, and is taken from the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Pigmaliō, the sculpor of Cyprus, who had previously resolved never to marry, falls in love with a beautiful statue which he had made, and, at his earnest prayer and request to Venus, the ivory statue was changed into a woman, whom the artist married; and by whom he had a son called Paphos, the founder of the city of that name in Cyprus. The satires are omitted in this edition, which contains only the first poem, written professedly to ridicule certain free and licentious poems then fashionable, such as Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, but falling into the same error and liable to the same condemnation.

Pigmaliō contains thirty-nine stanzas, in the same measure with Shakespeare's poem, and is preceded by "The Argument of the Poeme," and some lines addressed "To his Mistresse," in which he acknowledges that his "wanton Muse lasciuiously doth sing of sportive love." This is the second edition of Marston's poem, the one in 1619 being the third. As it has been so recently reprinted in the third volume of Marston's collected works, any extract would be superfluous.

The short poem entitled, *The Love of Amos and Laura*, is in this edition without any separate title, but commences at once without any prefix. The second edition of this poem, published in 1619, 18mo, of which there is a copy in the British Museum, contains a dedication in verse to Isaac Walton in these complimentary terms, which are not in the present:

To my approved and much respected friend Iz. Wa.

To thee, thou more than thrice beloved friend,
I too unworthy of so great a bliss;
These harsh-tun'd lines I here to thee commend,
Thou being cause it is now as it is:
For hadst thou held thy tongue, by silence might
These have been buried in obliuious night.
If they were pleasing, I would call them thine,
And disavow my title to the verse;
But being bad, I needs must call them mine,
No ill thing can be clothed in thy verse.
Accept them then, and where I haue offended,
Rase thou it out, and let it be amended.

Mr. Payne Collier, and Sir Harris Nicolas after him in his beautiful edition of Walton's *Complete Angler* (8vo, p. iv.), are both inclined to attribute these initials to Samuel Purchas, the author of *The Pilgrimage*; but they seem to have overlooked another person who is much more likely to have written these lines, and to whom we are more strongly disposed to assign the authorship of this poem, than to Purchas, viz.: Samuel Page, who was the son of a clergyman, a native of Bedfordshire, born about 1574, and admitted a scholar of Christ-Church College, Oxford, June 10, 1587; took his degree of B. A. February 5, 1590; admitted Fellow of his College, April 16 in the same year; B. D. March 12, 1603; and D. D. June 6, 1611. With reference to our particular object, Wood's records of him, that in his juvenile years he was counted one of the chiefest among our English poets to bewail and be-

moan the perplexities of love in his poetical and romantic writings. And Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, the second part of *Wit's Commonwealth*, 1598 (12mo), from whom these words are borrowed by Wood, has expressly coupled him in this respect with many of our most celebrated poets. He became afterward Vicar of Deptford, in Kent, and, leaving his former poetical pursuits, applied his talents to the study of divinity, and published several sermons and other religious works. Wood says he was "in much esteem by the clergy of the neighbourhood where he lived, and revered by the laity for his orthodox principles, and continued and unwearied labours in his function. He died at Deptford and was buried in the church there on the 8 August, 1630." It is probable that, from a similarity of tastes, he was a friend of Chalkhill, and that thus also he was made known to Walton, for whom he had evidently great esteem.

The poem of *Amos and Laura*, which is in couplets, contains allusions to *Venus and Adonis*, *Tarquin and Lucrece*, and *Hero and Leander*, the poems on which by Shakespeare and Marlowe had already previously appeared, but is not remarkable for any great or striking merit; a short passage from it, therefore, will be sufficient, in which the lover is pleading his passion:

If in my suite I erre, as by mischance,
Blame not my Love but count it ignorance.
The tongue is but an instrument of nought,
And cannot speake the largesse of the thought;
For when the minde abounds, and almost breaketh
Then through abundance of the heart it speaketh:
No man can speake but what he hath in minde,
Then what I speake I thinke; be not vaine
Vnto your seruant, who obedience proffers,
And makes Arme loue the object of his offers.
I will not boast of Parentage or Lynce,
For all are base, respecting thee diuine:
Nor will I boast of wealth, or riches store,
For in thy face consists all wealth, and more
Pure ere my thoughts as skin betwene thy browes,
And ere my chaunc my speech, my oathes, and vowes.

Speake sweetest fayre, but one kinde worde to me,
How can, alàs, that be offence in thee?

The *Epigrams* at the end, by Sir John Harington and others, occupy only three leaves, and are a mere selection, not demanding from us any particular notice, the best of them being perhaps the following:

Of Faustus, a stealer of Verses.

I heare that *Faustus* oftentimes rehearſes
To his chaste miſtreſſe certaine of my Verſes:
In which, by uſe, ſo perſit he is growne,
That ſhee, poore ſoule, doth thinke they are his
owne.

I would eſteeme it (truſt me) grace, not ſhame,
If *Danyel*, or if *Davies* did the ſame.
Nor would I ſtorme, or would I quarrels picke,
I when I liſt, to them could doe the like.
But who can wiſh a man a fouler ſpight,
Then haue a blinde man take away his ſight?
A begging theefe is dangerous to my purſe,
A beggag Poet to my Verſe is worſe.

An Epitaph by a man of his Father.

God workes wonders now and than,
Here lyes a Lawyer was an honeſt man.

We have already alluded to the extreme rarity of this firſt edition of *Alcilia*, the preſent being the only copy known. It was reprinted in 1619, 18mo, and again for the third time in 1628, 4to. The preſent copy was obtained from the collection of the late Benjamin Heywood Bright, Eſq. It is imperfect, wanting two leaves.

Collation: Sig. A to M 4, in fours.

(CORSEY'S *Colleſtanea Anglo-Poetica*.)

Grave and Gay Poſtſcripts

TO

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.

[Translated from the *Serapeum*.]

AFTER the completion of an extenſive work, it is but natural that the writer ſhould find himſelf in either a gay or a grave ſtate of mind. We find that this

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was the caſe with the old ſcribes, whoſe patience and labor we cannot but admire.

The *Deo Gratias* that is ſo common a poſtſcript to old manuſcripts, may be taken as a truthful expreſſion of many a ſcribe's feelings at the concluſion of his labor. In the oldeſt manuſcripts this poſtſcript is generally the only inſcription left by the ſcribes, for their modeſt ſelf-denial forbade them even to ſign their names.

The oldeſt inſtance I have found of a ſcribe's ſigning his name, occurs in a copy of the *Codex Dyonifio-Hadrianus*, of the tenth century (No. ccxxxix.), in the *Stadt-bibliothek* of Leipſic, and is as follows: *Ego adalhartus indignus preſbyter ſcripſi reginberto epifcopo hunc librum ſicut potui uoluntarie.* Reginbertus was Biſhop of Minden, under Otho the Great.

From the thirteenth century, however, down to the fifteenth, the ſcribes were in the habit of not only ſigning their names, but alſo of adding a few words or verſes, evincing either a grave or gay ſtate of mind. A collection of theſe poſtſcripts would be very intereſting. I give a few of them, taken from the MSS. of the City Library of Leipſic.

It is amuſing to ſee a ſcribe ending a ſelection from Theocritus, Heſiod, and Sophocles (No. III. of the printed catalogue), which fills 276 pages, with the following exclamation: ὥσπερ ξένοι χαιρονσιν ἰδεῖν πατρίδα καὶ οἱ θαλαττεύοντες ἰδεῖν λιμένα καὶ οἱ στρατευόμενοι ἰδεῖν τὸ νίκος, καὶ οἱ πραγματεύοντες ἰδεῖν τὸ κέρδος, καὶ οἱ νοσφ λενόμενοι [for νόσφ λνόμενοι, or νοσηλενόμενοι], ἰδεῖν ὑγίαν, οὕτω καὶ οἱ γράφοντες ἰδεῖν βιβλίον τέλος.

How anxious he is to recover his breath, the ſedulous old ſcribe! After the *Doxology*, τῷ παμβασιλεῖ θεῷ ἡμῶν χάρις τη παμβασιλίῳσῃ μῖα παρθένῳ θῆκῃ μου δόξα, and after the prayer, εὐχεσθε ὑπὲρ τῆς σωτηρίας τοῦ γράψαντος, he adds, by way of apology for future cenſure of his

negligence in copying: ὁ δ' ὁρῶν τὰυτὰ
κἂν σφάλματα εὕροιτο, τὰ πλείονα τοῖς
ἀντιγράφοις ἢ μέμψις.

A copyist of German poems (No. CXII.) shows a less keen sense of duty in this respect, when he says:

Si erravit scriptor debes corrigere lector.

All of the scribes are not, however, men of so few words. Some of them offer examples of politely ceremonious excuses; as, for instance, the following, which occurs at the end of a *Festus* and *Varro* of the fifteenth century (No. XC.):

Parce qui legeris si aliqua minus polita inveneris. Nam ita ex omni parte si seculum fecerit siue librarum volumen quod nimis corruptum erat ut necesse fuerit aucupari hinc inde sententias ideo sine rubore veniam dabis et errori manum imponas Pomponius tuus orat Vale.

The εὐχεσθε ὑπὲρ τῆς σωτηρίας τοῦ γράψαντος, of the first-quoted postscript, does not satisfy Olicus the Younger, the scribe of a *Virgil* of the thirteenth century (No. XXXV.), who ends his manuscript thus:

*Libro perfecto Ludum pro munere posco
Libro finito Lector gaudenter abito.*

After which, in a different handwriting, is the following:

Hic liber est scriptus qui scriptus sit benedictus.

Another, the copyist of a *Horace* of the eleventh century (No. XXXIX.), is still more positive than Olicus the Younger in his wishes:

Finito libro detur bona vacca magistro.

The writer of a fragment *de syllogismis* (No. C.) sympathizes with such a desire:

*Explicit iste liber sit scriptor crimine liber
Scriptoris munus sit bos bonus aut equus unus
Explicit explicat ludere scriptor eat.*

This last verse occurs also in the *Infortiatum* (No. CCXCIV.), with a variation:

Explicit explicat bibere scriptor eat.

And again, as a bad hexameter:

Explicit explicat nunc scriptor ludere eat.

Another monk exhibits the chastity of his secluded life in the following postscript to the *Convivium Kanuti* (No. DCCC, XCVI.):

Detur pro penna scriptori pulchra puella.

Another, having copied a *Priscian* (No. XCVI.), the price of which is given in a note, as being "*XV solidos et sex denarios*," hopes, in consideration of his labor, to be freed from his chiragra, and exclaims:

Dextra scriptoris caveat gravitate doloris.

Frequently, however, the scribe hopes his hand may be blest, as in a manuscript of *Wolfram Von Eschenbach*, of the fourteenth century (No. CIX.):

Qui scripsit scripta manus ejus sit benedicta.

Frequently, also, eternal bliss is promised as a reward to the scribe; as, for instance, in a manuscript of the *Vulgate*, of the thirteenth century (No. CXIX.):

Qui scripsit scribat semper cum domino vivat.

This verse occurs very often; and immediately precedes the scribe's wish to be relieved of his chiragra (No. XCVI.). To this class of postscripts belongs the one found in the *Historia Orientalis Hrithom Armeni*, of the fourteenth century (No. DCXCI.):

*Opere finito sit laus et gloria Christo,
Qui scripsit hunc librum collocetur in paradysum.*

It often happens that a scribe thanks God for the happy termination of his labors:

Sit tibi laus Christe quoniam liber explicit iste.

Thus, also, in the *Glossarium Latino-Teutonicum*, of the fourteenth century (No. CI.):

Finito libro sit laus et gloria Christo.

This is the most usual reading; there is another:

Finito libro referatur gratia Christo.

And again, as it appears in another manuscript:

Finito libro referamus gratia Christo.

Or again, as we find it at the end of a *Legendenbuche* (No. CXC VII.):

*Finis adest operis mercedem posco laboris
Divinum flamen opus istud compleat amen.
Finito libro sit laus et gloria Christo.*

A certain Johannès, in the fifteenth century, writes the following postscript to a copy of the *Argumenta Bibliorum Metrica*:

*Finitur fratris medicus labor ille Johannis
Pro quo sit Christo laus et honor domino.*

The completion of a manuscript was an event in the life of a scribe; and that they were fully aware of its importance is evident from the fact that they often gave the date, and in some instances the hour, at which the consummation so devoutly wished for, came to pass. Thus, in *Hugos Von Trimberg Reuner* (No. CXL):

*Dis buch wart es geschriben also die glocke
Vii slug vor mittage am nechsten samstage
Vor sant paulus des beketers tag in dem
Jore do man salt von cristus geburte
Tusint vier hundert und nuntzen jor.*

Many postscripts implore the reader to take good care of the manuscript, and fulminate imprecations against any one who should injure it. Thus, in a copy of the *Vulgate*, of the thirteenth century (No. CXXV.):

*Liber Sancte Marie sanctique Liboriti in pather-
burnen tollenti maledictio. Servanti benedictio. Si
quis absulerit vel curtaverit solum anathema sit.*

A comical contrast to this anathema is to be found in the following, which frequently occurs on old German manuscripts, the first portion of which is familiar to German schoolboys even to this day:

*Dis buch ist mir lip,
Wer mirs stihlt ist ein dipz
Er sei ruyter oder knacht,
So ist er an den galgen gerecht.*

A certain Stephan, called "der Pfolnchouet," in a long postscript to a German version of the *Evangelists*, of 1327 (No. CXCI.), writes thus:

*Hie habent die ewangelien ein Ende.
Got alle unser sorge wende. Amen.
Swer an dem buch lese da.
Der sprech dem schreiber ein. Ave Maria.
Das im Maria helfe aus aller seiner not
Vnd sei im sei an seinem tod.
Got müze sein pflegen.
Vnd geb im alle zeit seinem seggen.
Vnd darzu ze lon.
Der himelischen thron.
Der daz buch haben sol.
Dem gan ich das himelreich wol.
Der sol mir des nicht wenen.
en sol des schreibers Durch got oft gedenken.
Amen.*

In a copy of the *Infortiatum*, of the thirteenth century (No. CCXCIV.), our attention is called to the fact that two scribes have worked at the manuscript, by the following:

*Est sepultus qui incepit,
Semper vivat qui perfecit,
Mors legalis recte fecit,
Quod expletem non recepit,
Ergo grates do damus.
Illi librum referamus.
Cum legatur gaudeamus.
Sic in fine dimittamus.*

How much pride the scribes felt in their art, appears from a postscript to a copy of extracts from the *Speculum* of Vincentius Bellovacensis (No. CCCXXV.):

Finis adest vere sic cum penna scio nere.

But these extracts must suffice. May those who take an interest in the matter, and have access to libraries, make further extracts; for thus, little by little, insignificant as such trifles may seem, will be gathered materials which will be of great service in enabling us to comprehend these times. In many of the *incunabulas* such materials may be found.

stanzas; *The Flesh and the Spirit; The Author to her Book*. "Several other Poems made by the Author upon diverse Occasions, were found among her papers after her Death, which she never meant should come to publick view, amongst which, these following (at the desire of some friends that knew her well) are here inserted:" *Upon a Fit of Sickness. Anno 1632. Etatis ævæ 19. Upon some distemper of body: Before the birth of one of her Children; four metrical Letters to her Husband: To her Father with some verses; In reference to her Children 23. June 1659; In memory of her grand-child Elizabeth Bradstreet August 1665; ditto of her grand-child Anne Bradstreet June 20. 1669; ditto On her grand-child Simon Bradstreet 16. Novemb. 1669; ditto of her daughter in Law Mrs. Mercy Bradstreet, who deceased Sept. 6. 1669 in the 28. year of her age.* The volume concludes with *A Funeral Elogy upon that Pattern and Patron of Virtue, the truly pious, peerless, and matchless Gentlewoman Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, right Panaretæ, Mirror of her Age, Glory of her Sex, whose Heaven-born-Soul leaving its earthly Shrine, chose its native home, and was taken to its Rest, upon 16 Sept. 1672, subscribed John Norton. "Finis et non.*

Omnia Romanæ fileant Miracula Gentis."

From this second edition we make one more selection of verses from the poem entitled *Contemplations*. If really written by Mrs. Bradstreet, they afford some proof that she was not destitute of poetical power:

Then on a stately Oak I cast mine eye,
Whose rustling top the Clouds seem'd to aspire;
How long since thou wast in thine Infancy?
Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admire,
Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born?
Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell of horn,
If so, all these as nought, Eternity doth scorn.

Then higher on the glistering Sun I gaz'd,*
Whose beams were shaded by the leavie Tree,

The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,
And softly said, what glory's like to thee?
Soul of this world, this Univerſes Eye,
No wonder, some made thee a Deity:
Had I not better known, (alas!) the same had I.
Thou as a Bridegroom from thy Chamber rushest,
And as a strong man, joyes to run a race,
The morn doth usher thee, with smiles and blushes,
The Earth reflects her glances in thy face.
Birds, Insects, Animals, with Vegetative,
Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive:
And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dwell.

Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm
Closely sate I by a goodly Rivers side,
Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,
Which to the long'd for Ocean held its course,
I markt, nor crooks, nor rubs, that there did lye
Could hinder ought, but still augment its force:
O happy Flood, quoth I, that holds thy race
Till thou arrive at thy beloued place,
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

Nor is't enough, that thou alone may'st slide,
But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves do meet;
So hand in hand along with thee they glide
To *Thetis* house, where all imbrace and greet:
Thou Emblem true, of what I count the best,
O could I lead my Rivolets to rest,
So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Anne Bradstreet, the author of these poems, the daughter of Thomas Dudley, Esq., and Dorothy his wife, was the wife of Simon Bradstreet, Esq., Captain-General and Governor of New England, and died September 16, 1672.*

* Was that most singular person, Captain Dudley Bradstreet, whose very curious autobiography (now an exceedingly rare book), entitled, *The Life and uncommon Adventures of Captain Dudley Bradstreet, being the most genuine and extraordinary perhaps ever published*, appeared in Dublin, 1755 (8vo, 356 pages), a descendant of the "Tenth Muse"? If so, he certainly did not imitate her in "her pious conversation and discreet managing of her

A third edition of this work, enlarged with poems found since her death, was published in 1758 (8vo). Lowndes does not notice either of these later editions.

Collation: Title a 2; Sig. a, eight leaves, the first blank; then Sig. A to Q 8, in eights; pp. 272.—CORSEY'S *Colleganea Anglo-Poetica*.

—o—
LES
FANTAISIES
DE
BRUSCAMBILLE,

CONTENANT

PLUSIEURS DISCOURS, PARADOXES, HARANGUES
ET PROLOGUES FACETIEUX.

Revues et augmentées de nouveau par l'auteur.

A LYON,

JOUXTE LA COPIE IMPRIMÉE A PARIS.

M DC XVIII. [12mo, pp. 295.]

M. DESLAURIERS, called BRUSCAMBILLE, was, as is known, an actor of farces during the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIII. The first collection of his writings which

family occasions." Indeed, his revelations would almost induce a belief that the book was a romance, and the captain himself a myth, but for a note in Bindon Blood's copy, by an ancestor: "I bought this book from the author, Mr. Dudley Bradstreet, at an assizes held at Ennis, which began the 27th August 1756. William Blood." The captain also published *Bradstreet's Lives, being a genuine History of several Gentlemen and Ladies, all living within these ten years past remarkable for their virtues or their vices*. (Dublin, 1757, 8vo, 407 pages.) In his own Life, he says: "I was born in Ireland, in the county of Tipperary, in the year 1711. My father had the Command of a Troop of Horse, and was also in the Commission of the Peace: his possessions at that time are now let at 3,000*l.* a year, but being bound to the Crown in large sums, together with an expensive life, in the course of some years reduced his Fortune very low." Dudley Bradstreet was probably a grandson or great-grandson of Anne Bradstreet.

appeared, was printed in 1609, and contained only sixteen *Prologues*. In a new edition of the same *Prologues*, which contained thirty-three, and which appeared the next year, the author repudiates that of 1609, as having been printed from surreptitiously-obtained copy. In a note to the *Soleinne Catalogue* (No. 980), M. Paul Lacroix says that the origin of the name of Bruscambille has never been investigated. Is it anterior to the game of cards called *brusquemille*? We are rather inclined to believe that it is derived from the game of billiards—in French, *billard*, or *trou madame*, and means a strong or *brusque* player.

Advantage was taken of the reputation attached to the name of Bruscambille, to credit him with many of the political squibs produced by the troubles which agitated the regency of Marie de Médicis: *Avertissement du Sieur Bruscambille sur le Voyage d'Espagne*, Paris, 1615; *Discours de Bruscambille, avec la Description de Conchini Conchino*, Paris, 1617; *Péripatétiques Resolutions et Remontrances Sententieuses du Docteur Bruscambille aux Perturbateurs de l'Etat*, Lyon, chez Va-ducul, Gouverneur des Singes (a copy of this pamphlet, the principal merit of which is its title, was sold in 1844, at Nodier's sale, for 41 francs, and resold at Solar's sale for 55 francs); *Advis donné par le Sieur Bruscambille aux Protestants révoltés de France*, à l'Enclosé, par Ti-pe-to-to, 1621 (this title, which we copy exactly, contains only two faults); etc. These pamphlets, devoid of wit, and consisting of tedious argument, long drawn out, in a wearisome style, should not be placed to the account of the amusing author of the *Plaisantes Imaginations et Facétieux Paradoxes*. His name has been boldly stolen.

The selection of pieces which compose the various volumes bearing the name of *Bruscambille*, and the order in which they

are arranged, show great differences. For example, the edition of the *Plaisantes Imaginations*, Paris, 1613, contains forty-two discourses. Two of them are devoted to the consideration of the "*Chastrez*;" the author boasts proudly of their destiny, but it is perhaps permissible to doubt whether his arguments will carry universal conviction.*

A portion of the volume is devoted to the praise of the theatre and actors: Bruscombille preached in favor of his parish. Some discourses contain the praise of women; others, on the contrary, attack them. This subject has hitherto proved inexhaustible, and will probably afford material for crimination and recrimination as long as mankind continues to be divided into the two classes of men and women.

In the *Procez du Pou*, our author satirizes the legal forms and the eloquence of the bar of his time—an eloquence which in fact was ridiculous in its emphasis, and pe-

* At almost the same time appeared two pieces of *facetia*, which may be compared with the *Joyeusetés* of Bruscombille. The first, *Arrest contre les Chastres Trompeurs et Affronteurs de Filles, sans moyens à ce propres*, 1619, immediately provoked a reply. *Les Privilèges et Fidélité des Chastres*, ensemble la *Responce aux Grièfs proposés en l'Arrest donné contre eux au Profit des Femmes*. These two copules of seven or eight pages are in the library of M. Leber, now in the possession of the city of Rouen (No. 2,404 of the catalogue), but this collection wants another piece mentioned in the *Manuel*: *Le Remercement des Servantes de Paris, fait à celui qui a donné l'Arrest contre les chastres*, 1622. Let us add that this subject, which afforded to Bruscombille only an opportunity for adventurous wit, has been studied in a more serious spirit by Withof, *De castratis commentationes quatuor*, 1762, and by the Jesuit Raynaud, who has written two treatises upon the same class in the community. One of them, printed in 1655, and inserted afterward in tome xiv. of this prolific polygraph's works, contains a chapter *De castrandis mulieribus*, a delicately difficult subject of research, to which a doctor of medicine, G. Franckx, has since consecrated a special treatise, *De castratione mulierum*, Heidelberg, 1673, 4to.

dantically overloaded with quotations which had no relation to the subject under trial. A discourse concerning *flees* was not composed when Bruscombille was in his bed vein. It is only a platitude in bad taste.* The burlesque inventory of the treasures brought from Mexico, suggests the *Estrennes Universelles de Tabarin*; in it appear the apples of the Hesperidæ, the ivory of the palace of Menelaus, the chaplet of Mercury, the pipe of Pan, etc.

A trip of Bruscombille to the other world appears to us more worthy of attention. It is known that, in parody of the serious idea which was so widely spread in the middle ages, and which gave Dante the suggestion of his famous poem,† the facetious writers amused themselves by making their heroes traverse regions unknown and inaccessible to mortals. This was a theme for satire ready to hand; Rabelais did not forget it, and in the works of Tabarin which we have just mentioned we find the *Descente de Tabarin aux Enfers*, the *Rencontre de Gautier Garguille avec Tabarin dans l'autre Monde*, etc.

Bruscombille went to the region of the dead to discover an important secret: he wished to know *uter vir aut mulier se magis delectat in copulatione*. We cannot undertake to solve this important question,

* Concerning this insect, we will recall an opusculum of four leaves, which appeared in 1782, at the sale of the Baron d'Heiss, and which has never been seen since: *Le Procès des Femmes et des Pucier, composé par un Frère mineur pèlerin retournant des Hirlandes*. There is also a poem, *L'Origine des Pucier*, à Londres, 1749, 12mo.

† See the curious notice by M. Ch. Labitte: *La Divine Comedie avant Dante (Revue des Deux-Mondes, September, 1842)*. Among the writers who, like Master François and Deslauniers, have given a burlesque character to visions of a future life, we may note the authors of some *fabliaux*; *Le Songe d'Enfer*, by Raoul de Hondan; *La Cour de Paradis*; Folengo, the macaronic poet, well known under the name of Merlin Coccaie; and the Spaniard Quevedo.

which is well calculated to bother even the strongest minds. Sometimes Deslauriers takes a story which was already known, and gives it a ludicrous turn. His prologue of the *Cinq Cents* (fens) commences with a pun, and parodies, in a style which shocks our modern delicacy, the old apologue of the *Members*, and the *Stomach*, which had been already treated by Rabelais and other French writers. (See Robert, *Fables inédites*, l. 479.) Perhaps he took from the *Moyen de Parvenir* the piece entitled *Conculcavimus*, a piece of drollery which appears hardly excusable, and which furnishes an opportunity for a Latin epigram to Bernard de la Monnoye, who willingly braved all decency when he was writing in the language of Martial; Jean-Baptiste Rousseau has also given this witticism in French verse.

Further on we find the praise of the cap of *Jean Farine*, a piece of raillery against the custom of funeral orations, a system of posthumous praise which was abused at that time, and is not altogether above satire at the present day; * this attempt, however, might be better. A prologue in favor of large noses is a paraphrase of the sentence, *Ad formam nasi cognoscatur*. † He undertakes to show that a great nose is a sign of great claims to consideration. This curious theory is maintained in an original style. We find also a prologue relating to beards, to the fashions of the time, which

* The Abbé Galliani came first into notice by a piece of wit of the same kind.

† Upon this subject let us limit ourselves to a quotation from the singular work by Körnmann, *Linca Amoris*: "Johanna, illa regiba Neapolitana, adeo laxaret lasciva, fuit, ut quemlibet robustum et cum longo naso, longum ex eo penem augurans, ad sese accerteret." (Colonia, 1765, p. 341.) In a late romance attributed to Jouy, one of the characters, whose gallant adventures are narrated, is given a nose whose size was excusable from his promise.

in the circle of change have finally become again the fashions of our own times. At the commencement of the reign of Louis XIII., the dandies had invented a number of different forms for their beards: hence resulted a nomenclature which it would not be easy to explain in a way that would be always satisfactory. They trimmed the beard like a dagger-handle, a whiting's tail, a clothes-brush, a duck's tail, a pig's skin, in the style pedantic, like the toe of a wooden shoe, a coarse towel, in the Spanish style, Turkish style, Swiss style, Savoyard style, courtier fashion, etc. The changes of fashion in this matter have been insufficiently explained in the *Histoire de la Barbe*, a small volume published by M. Morteley, a fervent lover of Elzevir editions.

Take, for example, in the *Fantaisies*, the two harangues of Midas: do you not see in them instantly a burlesque of the political assemblies of the times? In the Synods of the Reformers, in the *Etats* of the Catholics, each party loudly proclaimed their fine maxims of public interest, their sonorous declamations upon the interests of religion, and all only to conceal the intrigues of ambition. Beaumarchais need not have been ashamed of this saying of King Midas: "The cause of the fools and the ignorant is always favorable; we will gain ours."

It is not necessary to be endowed with wonderful critical acumen in order to see the meaning of the lawsuit of the frogs against the cooks, during which the eels interiere and demand to be skinned from the tail, while the frogs desire that the operation should in their case commence with the head.

The two paradoxes *supra crepitum* show conclusively, one after the other, to the ample satisfaction of the candid reader, that *crepitum esse quid corporeum*, and *crepitum esse quid spirituale*: a piece of satire which we would not be surprised at finding in Rabelais, upon the vain arguments which

occupied the philosophy of the time, filling the schools with endless syllogisms in frightful Latin.

A new edition of the *Fantaisies*, limited to one hundred copies, has been published this year in Paris. It is prepared from a collation of the edition of 1618 with a copy of that of 1629 which belonged to Jamet, and is enriched with his notes.

In *Tristram Shandy* (vol. iii. ch. xxxv.), we are told of Mr. Shandy's delight at finding, for three half-crowns, a copy of Bruscambille's *Prologue on Noses*. This prologue we reprint, as a specimen of our author, referring those of our readers who desire to further investigate the singular literature of noses, to the works of Gaspar Taliacotus or Tagliacozzo, the famous physician referred to by Butler in the first book of *Hudibras*, and to whom the city of Bologna erected a statue holding a nose in his hand. Addison, in No. 260 of the *Tatler*, has also added his contribution to the literature of noses; while Ferriar, in his *Illustrations of Sterne*, has treated the matter with a fullness of learning and research that makes that work almost an exhaustive bibliographical treatise upon the subject.

Prologue Sacerieux.

SUR LE NEZ.

"A PROPOS, messieurs, j'avois grand besoin de vos presences et encore plus de ce que les medecins prennent en refusant et refusent en prenant. Car *dicendo nolo accipiant pecunias*, et ce faisant ampoulent l'apostume de leurs gibecieres aux depens des crevailles et entrailles de vos bourses: en recompense de quoy aussi sans employer sergent ni autres barbouilleurs de papier, ils rendent vos matieres toutes claires. Mais parlons d'autre chose plus serieuse. Nostradamus en ses centuries nous chante (je ne scay pas s'il a menty) que les escre-

visses courront ceste année la bague avec une lance de beurre de Vanve, contre les harencs fraiz, et davantage que les nez à plusieurs courront pareille fortune que les oreilles en Gascongne. Mais en matiere de nez coupé, c'est le plus beau du visage. Vray est qu'on ne scauroit couper le nez à un homme qui n'en a point. Aussi seroit ce une chose ridicule de faire un demy pied de nez à un homme qui en a suffisamment. Or, puis que nous sommes sur la matiere des nez, ne laissons pas un si beau champ sans le cultiver. Le proverbe si commun en France de dire, voila qui n'a pas de nez, nous y scellera beaucoup. N'est-il pas veritable que, quand on veut mespriser quelque chose, on se sert de ce proverbe? Si un homme comme moy hasarde *parmy le public* quelque œuvre ou discours imparfait comme cestui-cy, ne dira-t-on pas qu'il est mesprisant, voyla qui n'a point de nez! Tout de mesme d'un peintre, d'un orfere, et generalement, etc. De sorte que tout ce qui n'a point de nez, ne merite pas de voir le jour. C'est la raison pourquoy l'on se cache ordinairement le cul comme est un visage qui n'a point de nez, ou au contraire, la face est tousjours decouverte à cause qu'il y a du nez. Un homme sans nez est rejeité des femmes. Platon dit que le grand leur semble estre noble et de bon goust, le mediocre de contentement et le petit de bon appetit. Souvent les plus grands arbres ne raportent pas grand fruit; c'est pourquoy la mediocrité sera plus requise. Mais, pour penetrer plus avant, disons un peu pourquoy le sexe feminin n'est si bien pourvu de nez, que le masculin, *propter ejus inobedientiam*, pour le peu d'estat que fit Pandore de l'ordonnance de Jupiter, lequel luy ayant baillé la boëtte où estoient enfermez tous les malheurs avec deffence expresse de regarder dedans, y voulut neantmoins mettre le nez, et par ce moyen, remplit le monde d'un infinité de miseres et d'encombres, *qua de causa*, elle fut des-

pourveuë de ses principaux membres: car Jupiter, indigné contre elle, voulant former l'homme avec plus de perfection, luy a donné deux yeux, deux oreilles, deux mains, deux pieds, deux jambes, pareillement il l'a accompagné de deux tefmoins (car sans iceux, les exploits de nature seroient de nulle valeur) et pōur le rendre plus venerable, luy a aussi donné deux nez, *primum capiti, secundum jacet in brachiis*, ce qu'il n'a voulu conférer à la femme qu'il a neantmoins pourveuë de deux mains, deux yeux, deux oreilles, deux pieds, etc. Mais en matière de nez, il ne luy en a donné qu'un, *id est capitale; sed abest brigale*. Ceste faveur, ainsi concédée aux hommes, leur a tellement enflé le courage et l'audace qu'ils ont en tout et partout voulu depuis surmonter la femme. De façon que, sur la plainte qu'elle en a formée au bon homme Jupiter, il luy a, au lieu de deux nez, donné deux langues, l'une *in ore*, et l'autre *inter crura*, et si n'estoit un misérable *pone tuum nasum*, qui les rend recommandables, les hommes les auroient bannies de leur congregation. Elles se servent encore d'autres artifices pour nous apaiser et allecher; car leurs pompeux habillemens, fardz, parfums, carquans, joyaux et leurs regards entre-lardez de mille amoureux souz-ris, leur servent d'arbaleste pour tirer à nostre nez. Si quelque amoureux les caresse, et leur demande communication de leurs piéces, elles diront avec un agréable mespris: Ma foy, c'est pour vostre nez! je croy que vous y voudriez mettre le nez! Elles desirant donc le nez en le refusant, et le refusent en le desirant. Pourquoi est-ce que les femmes des Suisses aiment les brayettes de leurs maris? pour ce qu'il y a du nez. Bref, il faict bon d'avoir du nez, si peu que ce soit, et de fait, je trouve qu'un petit nez n'a pas moins de mérite qu'un grand, car si quelque soufflet tombe fortuitement sur un visage pourveu d'un petit nez, les jouës, principale-

ment si elles sont enflées, le garantiront et luy serviront comme de deux bastions entre lesquels il ne pourra estre offensé. Non pas que je veuille blasmer les grands nez; au contraire, parce qu'un homme qui l'a long, large et spacieux est assurée de boire fraiz ès plus grandes chaleurs de l'esté, attendu que son nez ainsi ample et grand sert d'ombrage à son verre. Au regard du nez camus et relevé, il semble n'aspirer qu'aux choses hautes et élevées. Quand au nez plat, il n'est pas moins louable, et est certain que celuy qui le porte a la vue plus penetrante que les autres, à cause que le bout de son nez ne luy empesche point de l'estendre de l'un à l'autre pole, si faire se pouvoit. Le grand nez a beaucoup d'avantage pour les odeurs: conclusion: il est bon d'avoir du nez en toutes choses; car quelque peu qu'on en ayt, on dit à tout le moins, il y a du nez. Briaré, avec ses cent mains, rompit l'entreprise de Junon, qui voulait deposseder Jupiter son mary du celeste heritage; mais, c'estoit une entreprise qui n'avoit point de nez. Le nez discerne des senteurs, le musc, le baume, la civette, la poudre de violette, et aussi generalement toutes les suaves odeurs que produit le mont Himete, sont en valeur par l'experience et jugement du nez; et pour exemple, l'aveugle juge les senteurs et les vents du pays bas qui soufflent à la fourdine dans ses chaufses, et ce, par l'experience de son nez. Un homme qui a du nez sent toutes choses. Mais un homme qui n'a point de nez ne se sent point soy-mesme. Si j'avais un pied de nez davantage, je ferois un discours qui auroit plus de nez; mais par faute de nez, je finiray; priant tous les horifiques nez, croutez, burinez, elephantins, incarnadins et rubicondins, se faire moucher en temps et lieu, sur peine de la roupie."

THE LEAVES AND THE FRUIT.—A French Abbé was asked if he liked books in *folio*. "No," said he, "I prefer them in *fructu*."

Miscellaneous Items.

Ancient Grants---Curious Title-Deeds.

FORMERLY, the wax was bitten by the grantee, instead of sealing. In a rhyming grant of William the Conqueror, are these two lines :

"In witnesse that this thing is soothe,
I byte the wax with my wang toothe."

One of the oldest as well as the shortest charters in England is that of Beverley, in Yorkshire, granted by King Athelstan, who died in the year 941. It consists of the following couplet only :

"Al free mak I thee,
As heart can wish, or een can see."

The following curious poetical title-deed, granted by William the Conqueror, is copied *literatim* from the original grant :

Concessum ad Paulum Roydon.

I William, King, the thurd yere of my reign,
Give to thee, Paulyu Roydon, Hope and Hope-
towne,
With all the bounds both up and downe,
From heaven to yerthe, from yerthe to hel,
For thee and thyn, thereinne to dwel,
As truly as this King right is myn,
For a crofs bowe and a harrow,
When I sal cum to hunt on Yarrow;
And in token that this thing is soothe,
I byte the whyt wax with my wang toothe,
Before Meg, Maud, and Margery,
And my thurd sonne Henry.

English Ale and Beer.

THE usuall and naturall drink of the country is Beer, so called from the French word *boire*, (for wines they have not of their own growing;) which, without controversy, is a most wholesome and nourishing beverage; and being transported into France, Belgium and Germany, by the working of the sea is so purged, that it is amongst them in highest estimation; and celebrated by the name of *la bonne Bière d'Angleterre*. And as for the old drink

of England, Ale, which cometh from the Danish word *oela*, it is questionless in itself, (and without that commixture which some are accustomed to use with it,) a very wholesome drink: howsoever it pleased a poet, in the reign of Henry III., thus to descant on it :

Nescio quid monstrum Stygie conforme paludi,
Cervisiam pleriq. vocant, nil spissus illa,
Dum bibitur, nil clarius est dum mingitur, ergo
Constat quod multas faeces in ventre relinquit.

In English thus :

Of this strange drink, so like the Stygian lake,
Which men call Ale, I know not what to make;
Folk drink it thick and vould it very thin,
Therefore much dregs must needs remain within.
HEYLIN'S Cosmographie.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "CHARLATAN."

The exploits of Charlemagne were chanted in numbers and adorned with fiery superstitions by groups of itinerants, thence called *charlatans*; and the deeds of his paladins still excite the youthful spirit by their daring and romantic character.

NAPIER'S Florentine History.

MESSRS. PHILES & CO. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Daynite Deities*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir EDGERTON BRYDGES. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of the art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows :

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each;

100 on large paper, at \$4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Daynite Deities* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of OLD ENGLISH POETRY. The next volume in the series will be "*England's Wellcome*."

September, 1863.]

The Philobiblion.

[Number 21.]

L'INTRODUCTION

AU

TRAITE DE LA CONFORMITE

DES

Merveilles Anciennes avec les Modernes,

OU TRAITE PREPARATIF A L'APOLOGIE POUR
HERODOTE, DONT L'ARGUMENT EST PRIS
DE L'APOLOGIE POUR HERODOTE, COMPOSEE
EN LATIN PAR HENRI ESTIENNE, &
EST ICI CONTINUE PAR LUI-MEME :

Tant d'actes merveilleux en cest ouvrage lirez,
Que de nul autre après esmerveillés serez.
Et pourrez vous sçavans du plaisir ici prendre,
Vous non sçavans pourrez en sçavoir y apprendre.

L'An M.D.LXVI, au Mois de Novembre. (8vo.)

A WORLD OF WONDERS:

OR AN INTRODUCTION TO

A TREATISE

TOUCHING THE

Conformitie of Ancient and Moderne Wonders:

OR A PREPARATIVE TREATISE TO THE APOLOGIE FOR HERODOTUS. The Argument whereof is taken from the Apologie for Herodotus written in Latine by Henrie Stephen, and continued here by the Author himselfe. Translated out of the best corrected French copie. Plutarch. in Sympos. "Ο ζητών ἐν ἑκάσῳ τὸ εὐλογον, ἐκ πάντων ἀναίρει τὸ θαυμάσιον." London. Imprinted for John Norton. 1607. (Folio.)

THIS French edition is the first of this work. There are three under the same date: the original, of 572 pages, in small character, with the olive-tree of Stephanus upon the title; a reprint, with the same types, but without the olive-tree; and a third, in larger types, with the olive-tree, and containing 680 pages. These last two editions have various changes and suppressions, particularly in chapter xxi.

The English translation is dedicated by the translator, R. C., to *William, Earle of Pembroke*, and *Philip, Earle of Montgomerie*, and contains a curious address of *The Translator to the Reader*.

The history of this book is as singular as the work itself. *Henricus Stephanus*, or in French *Estienne*, the second of his name, had printed in 1566 an edition of the Latin translation, by *Laurentius Valla*, of *Herodotus*, revised, to which he had prefixed a Latin dissertation entitled, *Apologia pro Herodoto, sive Herodoti Historia fabulosis accusata*. The question was one which has lasted down to our own day, and still has its adverse partisans: "Is *Herodotus* a trustworthy historian?" In the *Apologie*, *Stephanus* maintained that he was; but, as it was argued that many of his stories were improbable and impossible, *L'Introduction* was written to show that things as improbable and ridiculous had taken place within the memory of men then living. In a letter to a friend, printed after the *Discours préliminaire*, *Stephanus* says that, having printed *Valla's* Latin translation of *Herodotus*, corrected by himself, and

prefixed to it an *Apologia pro Herodoto*, he was soon after informed that a French translation of the *Apologia* would soon be issued. Having before had one of his books translated—to the translator's satisfaction, perhaps, but to his own disgust—he determined to forestall his enemy on this occasion, by becoming his own translator. But after commencing the work, he threw it aside, and commenced "this work, or rather something resembling this work. For to tell the truth, my design was not to go so far; but in wishing to coast along the shore, I found myself out at sea."

This is probably the real explanation of the work: he commenced it, but, having suffered himself from the persecution of the religious ignorance of his day, and belonging as he did to a family in which learning was hereditary, and against which the sectarian intolerance of the time had consequently exhausted all appliances of annoyance and injury, he found it grow upon his hands, until it became the most admirable satire against the bigotry of ignorance in office, as well as the most interesting picture of the times, which has come down to us.

The following estimate of this work is taken from Renouard's *Annales de l'imprimerie des Estienne*:

"This book, hastily written by a man whose numerous travels, whose deep sagacity and profound studies had furnished with immense knowledge, and to whom the ecclesiastical persecutions exercised against his family had caused an irritation which augmented a certain causticity of character—this book, I say, is stuffed full of anecdotes, bits of satire, short stories, sometimes amusing, sometimes ridiculous or absurd, and too often of bad tone; it shows also that he has thought but little of giving it a proper arrangement. At most, the subject-matter is classed in chapters; and many repetitions, which the slightest care would have avoided, would seem to show that the

book was committed to the press as soon as written. Despite these faults, it is nevertheless a fund of anecdotic knowledge, a treasure of minute facts, true or false, mixed with other things of a more elevated order; therefore this book, so eminently remarkable, had twelve or thirteen editions during the life of the author; and although since it has been less read, many writers have largely borrowed from it without giving it the slightest credit.

"Can we not be allowed to believe that these scandalous revelations, these invectives, these jokes, of Henrie Estienne, and other story-tellers, before and after him, many of whom can with difficulty be excused, have nevertheless had a certain utility, and have by this weakened, in a measure, any just reproaches we may be inclined to make against them?" It cannot be denied that their cynical and bitter pleasantries against bad priests, against the monks in general, were only too well founded, and that in these defamatory reticels there was seldom more than slander."

The first edition was as given above. It has no name, but was most probably printed at Geneva. It contains neither a table of chapters nor subjects, which are in all the others.

The second contains a table, and was probably printed also at Geneva.

The third is the same, and bears on the title, *à Genève, par Pierre Chouët, 1566, au Mois de Novembre*.

The fourth is 1567, *à Anvers, chez Heinrich Wandell*, and has the pages divided into four parts of ten lines each, marked at the margin 10, 20, 30, 40. The type is the same as that of the first edition.

The fifth is 1568, *à Anvers, chez Heinrich Wandell*.

The sixth is 1569.

The seventh is 1572, *de l'imprimerie de Guillaume Maref*. It claims to

be revue & augmentée de plusieurs Histoires dignes de Mémoire; but has only two considerable additions—at page 172, and at page 610. Besides these, are added at the end: *La Proserpine de l'Idole aux Pèlerins*, with a *Huitain* de S. B. aux *Frères rasez*. The type is the same as that of the first edition.

The eighth is 1580, and is exactly like the other, except that the *Huitain*, which is quite free, has been omitted.

The ninth is 1579, *au mois de Mars*, without any name of place, but is supposed by Sallengre to have been printed at *La Rochelle*.

The tenth is 1582, and is supposed by the same authority to have been printed at the same place.

The eleventh is 1592, *à Lyon, par Benoît Rigaud*.

The twelfth is 1607, *sur les Halles*.

The thirteenth edition, which has replaced most of the others, was published at *La Haye*, 1735, three tomes in two volumes. This edition is enriched with the remarks of Le Duchat.

A new edition, which will be the fourteenth, is announced in Paris. It is to be edited by Paul Lacroix (the bibliophile Jacob), and will be in two volumes.

Sallengre, in the *Mémoires de Littérature*, to whom we are mainly indebted for the above list of editions, gives the following analysis of the *Introduction au Traité*: "Opinions have been greatly divided, concerning the merit of this work. The monks, whom the author has so well characterized, have not failed to deery the work with all their might, and to speak of it as abominable; their enemies, on the contrary, to whom it has furnished weapons, have bestowed great praise on the book. Menage has not been favorable to these last. He says: '*The Apology for Herodotus*, by Henri Estienne, is a small affair—it is full of trifles.'

VOL. II.—A

"It seems to me that there is a reasonable middle course to take. It is true, on the one hand, that there are many trifles in the book:

—interque nitentia culta
Infelix solium, sterilesque dominantur avenæ.
VIRGIL. Georg.

The style of Henri Estienne is also diffuse and tiresome; he often repeats himself. For instance, he tells three times, at pages 257, 259, and 272, the story of a man who surprised his wife in adultery, killed her and his children by her, and then killed himself. The words of Leo X., *Quelles richesses nous a apporté cette fable de J. Christ*, are repeated in three different places—at pages 34, 500, and 501; and so with many other things. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that this book contains a great many singular and extraordinary facts, which cannot be found elsewhere, and which, without it, we would not have known, notwithstanding that some of them may not be true.

"The preface, which is long enough, contains principally the justification of Herodotus in many things for which he has been reproached; as for having filled his History with fabulous stories. For example, it was asked, 'Can it be believed that a king could so far forget himself as to show his wife naked to one of his ministers, as this author has written of King Candaules?' Henri Estienne, in order to show that this fact is not incredible, cites two examples: Suetonius, in his Life of Caligula, says that this emperor showed his wife in this condition to his friends. Henry, King of Castile, the son of John, being himself unable to have a child by his wife, had her have one by a young man of the country named Beltramus Cueva.

"They have also called fabulous, says our author, the story of the man who pretended to be a king, and was considered to be so for seven months; but, he says, dur-

ing our times, two notable instances of a similar imposture have taken place: 'The one is that of the Papeſſe *Jeanne*, who was taken for the Pope, until ſhe gave birth to a child; the other was a certain *Arnaud du Tilh*, who found means to make himſelf received as a huſband by the wife of a man named *Martin Guerre*, who was abſent at the time, and held the place of the huſband for three years and more, during which time the wife had two children, without ſuſpecting that he was not her huſband; nor did her relations and friends think differently. Finally, the real huſband having returned, and not being recognized, commenced a ſuit, in the year 1559, the proceedings of which have been printed.'

"Many people will doubtleſs conſider the inſtance of the Papeſſe *Jeanne* as falſe.*

"In the firſt chapters of this book (chap. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5); the author quotes the teſtimony of thoſe who have believed that the wickedneſs of men increaſed with the lapſe of time, *vireſque acquirit eundo*. He does not forget what has been ſaid by Horace:

*Ætas parentum peior avis hiſti
Nobis nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem.*

We can, he ſays, give to our own times the name of the *Golden Age*, but in the ſame ſenſe that Ovid gave this name to his age:

*Aurea nunc verè ſunt ſecula, plurimus auro
Venit honos, auro conciliatur amor.*

In order to prove it, he cites the ſermons of ſuch preachers as *Olivier Maillard*, *Ménage*, and *Barletha*, who have ſtrongly cenſured the vices prevalent during their times, ſuch as laſciviouſneſs, adultery, inceſt, blaſphemy, and other ſimilar abominations—

Quorum animus meminiffe horret.

* See a monograph, by Guſtave Bruſlet, upon the teſtimony on this ſubject, entitled *La Papeſſe Jeanne*, Paris, 1862, 12mo.

"He then (chap. 7) ſpeaks of the vices which theſe preachers have blamed in the dignitaries of the Church; and, for their laſciviouſneſs, he ſays it would have been well, as regards the prelates, to proclaim from one end of the city to the other—'*Gardez bien votre devant, Madame ou Mademoiſelle.*' Pontanus aſſures us that there was no difference between the nunneries at *Valencia*, in Spain, and brothels.

"The avarice of the authorities of the Church is alſo ſtrongly cenſured (chap. 8). Barletha has ſaid that the prieſts, the monks, and the ſea, are three things which never ſay 'Enough.'

"By as much, ſays our author (chap. 9), as the wickedneſs of the laſt age ſurpaſſes that of the preceding ages, by ſo much does the wickedneſs of our age ſurpaſs that of the laſt, although the vices are more ſtrongly blamed, and although God ſends greater puniſhments than ever.

"He then (chaps. 12 and 13) diſcourſes on the ſubjects of wantonneſs, ſodomy, and the ſin againſt nature, a vice very common among the Italians, and from which Rome is not excepted, for, as an ancient proverb ſays:

*Jamais cheval ni homme
N'amenda d'aller à Rome.*

Pafquin has ſaid—

Sed Romæ puero non licet eſſe mihi.

And of all Italy can be ſaid what has been ſaid of Sienna:

*Sienna ſi vanta di quattro coſe,
Di torri & di campane,
Di bardaſſe & di putane.*

"Blaphemies and horrible oaths have never been, ſays our author (chap. 14), ſo common as they are at preſent; while (chap. 15) thieves, cut-purſes, and highwaymen, are as plenty (chaps. 16 and 17) as merchants, doctors, uſurers, lawyers, judges, etc. He makes a long inventory upon

each one of these heads, and it is evident that his materials are not wanting.

"In speaking of the usurers (chap. 16), he says there was one in Venetia who greatly pressed the preacher of the town to declaim against usurers, so as to force them to quit that business, and leave him alone in the field.

"Henri Estienne then (chap. 18) passes to the homicides which had been committed during his time, and says they are so common, that people have commenced to bargain with the assassins, to cut the throats of such and such persons, as they would bargain for a job with a mason or a carpenter! He quotes instances of husbands who have killed their wives, wives who have killed their husbands; fathers and mothers who have killed their children, and who have been killed by them; brothers who have killed each other; and, finally, murders committed by ambushes, between irreconcilable enemies. A single instance will enable us to judge of the rest: An Italian, although reconciled for ten years with his enemy, still kept a secret hatred against him. One day, while they were walking together in a lonely place, the Italian took him from behind, flung him down, and, placing his dagger at his throat, threatened to kill him unless he denied God. The other, after some hesitation, resolved to do so, in order to escape death. The Italian had no sooner obtained what he demanded, than he plunged his dagger in his breast, and afterwards went to boast of having revenged himself in the most glorious way in the world, having thus killed the soul of his enemy as well as his body!

"From this the author comes (chap. 19) to the cruelty of his age, of which he gives surprising instances.

"He then (chap. 20) returns to the consideration of the wickedness of the authorities of the Church, whose good qualities are given thus:

*'Pour nombrer les vertus d'un Moine,
Il faut qu'il soit ord et gourmand,
Paresseux, paillard, mal idoine,
Fol, lourd, yvrogne, & peu s'avant:
Qu'il se creve à table en buvant,
Et en mangeant comme un pourceau,
Pourvu-qu'il sache un peu de chant,
C'est assez, il est bon & beau.'*

"And, he continues, 'it is not long ago, since the strongest proofs that a man was not of the Roman religion, and by consequence deserved to be burnt alive, was—*Qu'il ne paillardoit point, n'ivrognait point, ne jurait point, & qu'il alléguait la Saint Ecriture.*'

"It would take too long to quote here all the stories that Henri Estienne gives (chap. 21) concerning the wantonness of the monks. He also gives a list of those who were discovered to be Sodomites; for, as for those who were convicted of wantonness—

*On compterait plutôt combien dans un printemps,
Guenaud & l'Antimoine ont fait mourir de gens,*

And elsewhere our author tells us that the first Council of Toledo had allowed priests to have each one mistress, for a certain sum of money. This was also the subject of the 75 and 91 articles of the 100 griefs which the Empire in a body presented in the time of the Emperor Maximilian, against the abuses of the court of Rome.

"The gluttony and drunkenness of the authorities of the Church find their place in succession (chap. 22); and, to be brief, *Vin Théologal & Table d'Abbé* are two proverbs which are longly commented.

"Their thefts, homicides, and blasphemies, come in their turn (chaps. 23, 24, and 25). Upon the first point, he tells us, among other things, that a Cordelier of Milan, named Samson, amassed one hundred and twenty thousand ducats in preaching the crusade, and that he afterwards offered them for the papal chair. He next tells of another Cordelier who committed

four consecutive murders for love of a woman. Another assassinated five or six persons in a château, and afterwards set the house on fire. A Jacobin poisoned the Emperor Henry VIII. with the consecrated wafer.

"Blasphemies have always been, according to our author (chap. 25), very common among the authorities of the Church, as is shown by an ancient proverb: *Il jure comme un abbé, or comme un prélat*. He does not forget to class among the blasphemers the Pope (Leo X.) who said to the Cardinal Bembo, *Que de biens nous a acquis cette fable de J. Christ!*

"But if," continues our author (chap. 26), 'there is greater wickedness in our time than ever before, God has also punished it in stranger ways.' To prove this, he cites the cases of a certain criminal lieutenant, of Bonaventure Desperiers, of the chancellor and legate of Prat, of Etienne Poncher, the Archbishop of Tours, of John Buze, councillor of the Parliament, all of them great burners, etc.

"In the second part of this chapter, the author shows the grossness and dense ignorance which prevailed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

"To prove this, he enters (chap. 28) into the details of how the people fed and dressed themselves in those times. According to him, their ways were exceedingly gross; he shows the same thing from their way of building, their work, their language, and style of thinking. Their verses had an admirable grace, as may be seen from the two following epitaphs:

*Et mourut quatre cens & neuf,
Tout plein de vertu comme un œuf.*

*Qui jacet intus
Fuit Carolus Quintus
Dic pro illo bis vel ter
Ave Maria & Pater noster.*

"According to our author (chap. 29), the authorities of the Church at this time

were densely ignorant, and he has no great trouble to prove it. Menot reproaches them that in their chambers, instead of books, were found bows, swords, or other weapons. There were some of them who could not read, and the majority of them did not understand Latin—as, for example, the priest who in baptizing said, *Baptizate in nomine Patria et Filia et Spiritus Sancta*. And the author assures us that he has heard some of them, in consecrating the mass, say, *Hoc est corpus meum*. Another, hearing the laws called *Clementina* and *Novella* quoted, became greatly enraged at the citation of the testimony of wantons. 'As for Greek,' says the author, 'they may be pardoned at never having heard of it, since more learned people than they are not ashamed to say, *Græcum est, non legitur*; or *Transeat, Græcum est*.'

"I have no doubt," continues our author (chap. 30), 'that among the things it will be difficult for posterity to believe, is the fact that our predecessors were prevented the reading of the Scriptures.' He then says that an old man, one of the most reverend, was in the habit of saying publicly: 'I am astonished at what our young people quote to us from the New Testament. By George, I was more than fifty before I knew what the New Testament was.'

"It is impossible not to laugh in reading the facetious commentaries the preachers made upon the texts of Scripture. For example (chap. 31), Menot, in telling of the judgment of Solomon, adds that these two women disputed in the presence of the king, and that one of them swore by her faith, upon which the king said to her, 'Be silent, for, as I see, you have never studied at Angers or Poitiers, in order to know how to plead.'

"The same preachers, as is here proved at length (chaps. 32, 33), abused texts of Scripture, either through ignorance or malice. Among others, he tells of one who

found the mass in these words of Scripture: *Invenimus Messiam*. 'But,' continues our author (chap. 34), 'the episcopal seat of the most idle and really monkish stories is to be found still in the book entitled, *Légende dorée des Saints et des Saintes*, etc.; while the preachers filled their sermons with the stories taken from this and similar books.' We read there, among other things, that Saint Macaire performed seven years of penitence on thorns and bushes, for having killed a flea; and that Saint Francis killed a man with gladness of heart, in order to have the pleasure of resuscitating him. We find also (chap. 35) that '*un jour la Vierge Marie étoit entrée en la chambrette d'un Moine nommé Alain, et lui avoit fait un anneau de ses cheveux, avec lequel elle l'avoit épousé—En somme, qu'elle étoit aussi familière avec lui qu'une femme a coutume d'être avec son mari.*'

"The preachers did every thing to make their hearers laugh or cry (chap. 36), nor did they forget meanwhile to do every thing to acquire a reputation for sanctity, and to obtain money.

"The avarice and great riches of the authorities of the Church make the subject of a long chapter (38). The author shows the means they used to obtain their wealth. They had always before their eyes the maxim, *Lucri bonus odor ex re quâlibet*.

"But," says our author (chap. 39), 'although our predecessors have already discovered the wickedness of the authorities of the Church, and a portion of their false miracles, they still maintain themselves as before.'

"Then follow a great number of satirical epitaphs which were made for various popes, and among them one which was made for a bishop who had been a Cordelier:

*Nudipes antistes, non curat clorus ubi ses;
Dum non in cœlis, ses ubicumque velis.*

This bishop was Henri Knoders, called in

German *Gurtelknopf*, the son of a baker of *Ysne*, in Swabia, who, having been taken by the Emperor Rodolph I., in 1278, from a convent of Cordeliers at *Lucerne*, became Bishop of *Bale*, and afterwards Archbishop of *Mayence*, where he made himself so hated, that after his death they composed this epitaph, which may still be seen upon one of the pillars of the cathedral church of that city.

"Henri Estienne finishes his work (chap. 40) by showing that after posterity shall be astonished at the long duration of these great abuses, it will be no less astonished at the fact that the discovery of these abuses has cost their lives to so many persons persecuted by the clergy, and will find such a history much more extraordinary than any surprising thing which may be read in Herodotus."

Thomas Bancroft's Epigrammes and Epitaphs.

TWO BOOKES OF EPIGRAMMES AND EPITAPHS. Dedicated to two top-branches of gentry: Sir Charles Shirley Baronet, and William Davenport Esquire. Written by THOMAS BANCROFT. London. Printed by I. OKES, for MATTHEWE WALBANCE, and are to be sold at his shop in Grays-Inne-gate. 1639. [4to, pp. 86.]

THIS is a scarce and interesting production of THOMAS BANCROFT, who was afterwards the author of *The Heroical Lover* (8vb, 1658), and also of *The Glutton's Feaver* (4to, 1633). The present work commences at once without any prefatory introduction: the first epigram being addressed to his patron Sir Charles Shirley, Baronet; the two next to the Reader; and the fourth *To his Booke*. The great majority of the epigrams in the First Book are addressed to various individuals—some of them friends and neighbors of the author, or public characters, such as poets and eminent men of the

time—among whom may be enumerated Randall, Shirley, Ben. Jonson, May, Sir Philip Sidney, Shakespeare, Sir Aston Cockaine, Overbury, Donne, Ford, Quarles, etc., etc. The Second Book is nearly altogether on sacred and moral subjects.

These epigrams are many of them not without merit, and we quote one or two from the First Book as specimens of the work. Bancroft was a native of Swarkeston, or Swarston, in Derbyshire, not far from the Peak. The first we give is—

An Epitaph on his Father and Mother, buried neare together in Swarston Church.

Here lies a paire of peerelesse friends
Whose goodnesse like a precious Chaine
Adorn'd their soules in liues and ends;
Whom when detractions selfe would staine,
She drops her teares in stead of gall,
And helps to mourne their Funerall.

Bancroft was a contemporary with Shirley, the poet at Catherine Hall, in Cambridge, as we learn from the following epigram *To James Shirley*:

James, thou and I did spend some precious yeeres
At Katherine-Hall; since when, we sometimes
feele

In our Poetick braines (as plaine appeares)
A whirling trickes, then caught from Katherine's
whorle.

21. *To Ben Jonson.*

As Martials Muse by Cæsars ripening rays
Was sometimes cherisht, so thy happier dayes
Joy'd in the Sun-shine of thy Royall IAMES,
Whose Crowne shed lustre on thine Epigrammes:
But I, remote from favours fostering heate,
O're snowy Hills my Muses passage beate,
Where weeping Rocks my harder Fates lament,
And shuddering Woods whisper my discontent.
What wonder then my numbers, that haue rowl'd
Like streames of Tygris, run so slow and cold?

78. *To Trent.*

Sweet River, on whose flowery Margin layd,
I with the slippery Fish haue often play'd
At fast and loose: when ere th' enamour'd ayre
Shall in soft sighes mine ecchoed accents beare,
Gently permit the smother verbe to slide
On thy sleeke bosome, and in triumph ride.

Unto the Mayne: where when it sounds along
Let Tritons dance, and Syrens learne my song.

79. *To Swarston.*

Swarston, when I behold thy pleasant sight,
Whose River runs a progresse of Delight,
Joy'd with the beauties of fresh flowery plaines,
And bounteous fields, that crowne the Plow-man's
paines;
I sigh (that see my native home estrang'd)
For Heaven, whose Lord and tenures never chang'd.

81. *To Grace-dieu.*

Grace-Deu, that under Charnwood stand'st alone,
As a grand Relicke of Religion,
I reverence thine old (but faithfull) worth,
That lately brought such noble Beaumonts forth,
Whose brave Heroick Muses might aspire,
To match the anthems of the Heavenly Quire.
The mountaines crown'd with rocky fortresses,
And sheltering woods, secure thy happinesse,
That highly favour'd art (though lowly plac'd)
Of Heaven, and with free natures bounty grac'd.
Herein grow happier, and that blisse of thine
Nor pride ore-top nor Envy undermine.

89. *On Sir Philip Sidney.*

Idols I hate, yet would to Sidney's wit
Offer Castalian healths, and kneele to it.

112. *To Sir Thomas Overbury, on his Wife.*

Others by Children lengthen out their life,
Thou onely art eterniz'd by thy wife.

118. *To Shakespeare.*

Thy Muses sugred dainties seeme to us
Like the fam'd apples of old Tantalus:
For we (admiring) see and heare thy straines,
But none I see or heare those sweets attaine.

119. *To the same.*

Thou hast so us'd thy Pen (or *shooke thy Spear*)
That Poets startle, nor thy wit come neare.

136. *To Dr. Donne.*

Thy Muses gallantry doth farre exceed
All ours; to whom thou art a *Don* indeed.

192. *To John Ford the Poet.*

The Verse must needs be current (at a word)
That issues from a sweet and fluent *Ford*.

193. *To his brother John Bancroft deceased.*

You sold your Land, the lightlier hence to goe
To forraine Coasts: (yet Fates would have it so)
Did ne're *New-England* reach, but went with them
That journey towards *New Jerusalem*.

It appears, from this epigram, that his elder brother, who inherited the paternal property in Derbyshire, sold it, to go out as a settler in New England, but died before he arrived, probably on his passage there. From the following epigram to Francis Quarles it seems probable that Bancroft had at one time intended to have written a poem upon the principal events of our Saviour's life, but, having been forestalled by Quarles, had afterwards abandoned his intentions:

233. *To Francis Quarles.*

My Muse did purpose with a pious strife
To haue trac'd out my sinlesse Saviours life:
But thou hadst lanch'd into the Maine (I heare)
Before my Barke was rigg'd; which shall forbear
To interrupt so prais'd an enterprise,
(Bout which with Quarles no quarrels shall arise).
Ply then thy steerage, while deficient gales
My wishes still supply, and swell thy failles.

The First Book concludes with another epigram to Sir Charles Shirley, Baronet, to whom this book is dedicated. The Second Book is addressed to William Davenport, Esquire, and is chiefly on religious subjects. The following epigram is the

91. *Of Heaven.*

When I admire some starres, whose magnitude
Doth the earths vastnesse many times include:
And those least Lights more radiant to behold
Than Diamonds, or Diadems of gold:
Methinkes I feele my lightned heart (inflame-
Of rapture) mount to that illustrious frame,
Yet fall backe like a dying sparke, that must
Be turn'd to ashes, and confus'd with dust.
But (O the wonder!) when the pavements are
So rich: how glorious, how transcending faire,
Is the great Chamber!) and how bright that face
Where pretious beames of beauty, glory, grace,
Are sweetly all (as flowers for sacrifice)
Commixt, and offered to joy-ravish'd eyes.

We also give the concluding one:

242. *To William Davenport Esquire.*

Some argue (as blind phantasia invents)
That active discords of the elements
Did worke the World up from its articke masse;
But howsoever (to let that fiction passe)
Some verball jarres betwixt my selfe, and you,
Have made a world of reall love ensue
In our affects: Which when I violate
By mixing friendship with one dramme of hate,
Let Phœbus give me for a Lawrell Crowne
A wreath of Snakes, to hisse my Poems downe.

Bancroft was a near neighbor of Sir Aston Cokaine, in Derbyshire, with whom he lived on terms of friendship, and to whom he had addressed one of his epigrams (No. 126); in return for which Cokaine paid a similar compliment to Bancroft in his *Small Poems of Diverse Sorts*, published in 1658 (8vo), where, in the First Book of Epigrams, is the following:

To Mr. Thomas Bancroft.

Sir, in your Epigrams you did me grace
To allow me 'mong your many Friends a Place.
T' express my gratitude (if Time will be
After my death, so courteous to me
As to vouchsafe some few years to my name)
Freely enjoy with me my utmost Fame. (p. 156.)

He also addressed some other "Encomiastic Verses" *To his very good friend Mr. Thomas Bancroft, on his Works*, in which he speaks of his having redeemed their native land of Derbyshire from obloquy—

that never as I knew
Afforded us a Poet until you—
and that, as—

Virgil by 's birth to Mantua gave renown,
And sweet-tongued Ovid unto Sulmo town,
Catullus to Verona was a fame,
And you to Swarston will become the same.
Live then, my friend, immortally, and prove
Their envy that will not afford thee love.

Cokaine wrote two other copies of encomiastic verses to the same person: one *To my learned friend Mr. Thomas Bancroft, upon his Book of Satires*, meaning, probably his *Epigrammes and Epitaphs*, in which he says—

'Tis hard to write but Satires in these days,
And to write good Satires merits praise;
And such are yours, and such they will be found
By all clear hearts, or penitent by their wound:

and speaks of Bancroft's muse as far transcending that of Withers. The other is addressed *To my learned friend Mr. Thomas Bancroft, on his Poem entitled the Heroic Lover.*

Bancroft is not noticed by Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, nor by Ellis or Campbell, in their *Specimens*; nor is he included by Chalmers in his collection of *British Poets*. He was a contributor to Brome's *Lachrymæ Musarum; or, The Teares of the Muses* (8vo, 1649), in which his poetical offering is thus most humbly and modestly inscribed: *To the never-dying memory of the noble Lord Hastings, &c., the meanest Son of the Muses consecrates this Elegie*; and was living in retirement at Bradley, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, when he published his *Heroical Lover*, in 1658. It is probable that he continued there till his death, of the exact date of which we have no knowledge.

(See the *Revisita*, vol. ii. p. 490, where numerous quotations are given from this work; the new *Gen. Biog. Dict.*, begun by Mr. Rose, vol. iii. p. 105; and the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 80, where a copy is priced at 20*l*. It sold at Mr. Townley's sale, pt. i. No. 391, for 4*l*. 14*s*. 6*d*.; at Mr. Stretell's, No. 363, for 4*l*. 15*s*.; at Mr. Bindley's, pt. i. No. 744, for 4*l*. 17*s*.; and at Mr. Lloyd's, No. 220, for 10*l*. 10*s*.)—*CORNER'S Collectanea Anglo-Poetica.*

RENDERING INTO ENGLISH.—The Rev. C. Colton says: "I remember an half-starved German at Cambridge by the name of *Render*. He had been long enough in England to forget German, but not to learn English. He became, however, a voluminous translator of his native *diablette*; and it was proverbial to say of a bad translation—that it was *Rendered* into English!"

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF THE

Adagia of Erasmus.

(Translated from the *Bibliographie Parémiologique* of M. G. DUFLEMAN.)

- I. DESIDERII ERASMI ROTERODAMI VETERUM MAXIMEQUE INSIGNIUM PARÆMIARUM, *id est*, ADAGIORUM COLLECTANEA. Sapite et hunc tam rarum thesaurum tantillo nummulo venalem vobis redimite et multo præstantiorem prope accepturi.—Duobus in locis hic libellus prostat: in Magistri Johannis Philippi officina, cujus quidem tam industria tum sumptu nitidissimis formulis et emaculatissime impressus, in via Divi Marcelli, ad Divæ Trinitatis signum rursus in via Divi Jacobi ad Pellucani quam vocant notam. (*In fine libri legitur:*) Impressum hoc opus Parisi in via Divi Marcelli, ac domo quæ indicatur Divina Trinitas, Augustino Vincentio, caminado a mendis vindicatore; M. Joanne Philippo Alamanno diligentissimo impresore. Anno MVC. Cum Epistola Fausti Andrelini Poetæ regii ad Erasmus data Parisii M. ccccc. xv Junii. (4to.)
- II. ERASMI ROTERODAMI ADAGIORUM CHILIADES tres, ac Centuriæ ferme totidem (*at the foot of the page*): Præponitur hæc adagiis duplex index. Alter secundum literas alphabeti nostri. Nam quæ Græca sunt, Latina quoque habentur. Alter per capita rerum.—*Venetus, in Ædib. Aldi. Mense Sept. MDVIII; folio, with 26 preliminary leaves, and 250 leaves, the last of which is blank.*—*Reprinted in 1520, folio, with some augmentations in the body of the work, but without the prefaces of Erasmus and Aldus, which are in the edition of 1508.*
- III. D. ERASMI ROTERODAMI ADAGIORUM CHILIADES quatuor, cum sesquicenturia; Henrici Stephani Animadversiones in Erasimicas quorundam adagiorum expo-

sitiones. (*Parisijs*). *Olivæ Rob. Stephani*, 1558 (folio).

IV. ADAGIA OPTIMORUM LITRISQUE LINGUÆ SCRIPTORUM OMNIA, quæque ad hunc usque diem exierunt Pauli Manutii studio atque industria, doctissimorum theologorum consilis atque ope, ab omnibus mendis vindicata, quæ pium et veritatis catholica studio lectorem poterant offendere. *Florentiæ, apud Juntas*, 1575 (fol.).—*Aliqua editio: Ursellæ, ex offic. Corn. Sutorii, impensis Lazari Zetzneri, Bibliopola, 1603.* (Large 8vo, with 2 columns, 4 preliminary leaves, 1414 pages, and 53 leaves for the index.)

V. ADAGIORUM DESIDERII ERASMI ROTERODAMI CHILIADES QUARTOR, cum sequicenturia, magna cum diligentia, maturoque judicio emendata et expurgata. Quibus adjectæ sunt Henrici Stephani Animadversiones, suis quæque locis sparsim digestæ. Præterea indicantur etiam in marginibus quæ proximo contextu digniora notatu continentur. His accesserunt: *Appendix ad CHILIADES ERASMI*;—*Hadr. Junii Centuriæ octo cum dimidia*;—*Joan. Alex. Brassicani Proverbiorum Symmicta, cum Appendice Symbolorum Pythagoræ ex Iamblichis*;—*Joan. Ulp. Adagiorum Epitome*;—*Gilberti Cognati Adagiorum Sylloge*;—*Specimen Adagiorum per Junium, Cantherum, et Giselinum*;—*Melchioris Neipii Adagia*;—*Joannis Ferrerii Pedemontani Proverbiorum Collectanea*;—*Adagia aliquot a Joanne Fratre, Lavalensi, obiter observata*;—*Ex Cælo Rhodigino, Polydoro Virgilio, Petro Godofredo, Carolo Bovillo, M. Antonio Mureto, Joanne Hartungo, Adriano Turnebo, Gulielmo Gentio Noviomago, Claudio Minore, et aliis, Adagia collecta. Indices necessarii, Adagiorum, Locorum communium, Nominum item et Verborum quæ prolixè toto opere explicantur.* *Coloniæ Atto-*

brögum, excudeb. Petrus Aubertus, 1612. (Folio, 6 preliminary pages, 805 pages of 1616 columns, and 30 leaves for the index.)

VI. DES. ERASMI ROTERODAMI OPERA OMNIA emendatiora et auctiora, ad optimas editiones quas ipse Erasmus postremo curavit summa fide exacta, doctorumque virorum notis illustrata. Tomus secundus, complectens Adagia. *Lugdun. Batavorum, cura et impensis Petri Vander Aa*, 1703 (folio). *This edition of the works of Erasmus, edited by John Le Clerc (Joannes Clericus), published at Leyden, between 1703 and 1706, comprises 10 tomes, divided into 11 volumes, and has a high reputation with scholars, and is still high-priced.*

I HAVE designedly given the complete titles of these different editions of the famous work of ERASMUS upon Proverbs, because this work seems to me in every respect worthy of a particular notice, and also because each of the different editions I have mentioned has a character or a special merit which, it seems to me, deserves to be pointed out with precision.

The first edition, which is dated 1500, cannot be omitted, since it is the first, and shows the beginning of the immense work, to which the author's learning and perseverance gave such a subsequent development. This first edition contains the explanation of eight hundred proverbs or proverbial sayings; the last edition, which appeared at *Basle*, in 1536, contains more than four thousand. I do not speak of the intermediate editions, all of which attest the efforts of Erasmus to complete his studies upon this subject; they have now only the claim of a relative curiosity; but it cannot be without some importance in the history of science in itself considered, to compare this first edition of the *Adagia* with the last, if only to display,

those that have suffered from suppressions. As it is almost impossible to indicate with perfect accuracy, among so many various editions, those which contain the text in its integrity and those which give the work either modified or altered, I will give a simple and expeditious rule for distinguishing the two classes of editions.

In the perfect editions, the Adage, *Frons occipitiâ prior* (*Chiliad.* 1, cent. 2, § 19), ends thus: *at hodie fere Episcopi et Reges omnia alienis manibus, alienis auribus, atque oculis agunt; neque quicquam minus ab se pertinere putant quam rem publicam, aut privatis suisque dysenti, aut voluptatibus occupati.* This phrase, as can readily be supposed, has disappeared from all the corrected editions.

The Adage, *Sileni Alcibiadis* (*Chil.* 3, cent. 3, § 1), is very short in the corrected editions, and ends with these words: *nihil minus sunt quam quod titulo speciei præ se ferebant*; while, in the complete editions, this article occupies several columns, devoted to the development of a paradoxical opinion, ingeniously defended, it may be, but at least singular if not exceedingly indecorous in many of its details.

It would doubtless be easy for me to multiply infinitely such indications; the satirical spirit and wit of Erasmus serve only to embarrass me in my selection; but it seems to me that these two remarks will suffice, from a bibliographical point of view, to show immediately whether the edition an amateur may be examining has been submitted to the action of the censor or not; and this is all that is necessary. Farther on I shall give my opinion upon the work itself, considered as a work of erudition, and upon the political and religious dissertations which the author has found occasion to introduce into it.

Very few books obtain at their time, and from the day of publication, a more general and popular success, and I will say more

deserved success, than that obtained by the *Adagia*. The presses of all the countries of Europe hastened to reproduce it; and there are so many editions of it still in existence, that it seems impossible now to know and indicate them all. I will, however, attempt to give here, in a summary way, all those whose titles have come to my knowledge—indicating by an asterisk, when I can do so, those which give the true text of Erasmus, complete and un mutilated:

1st edition,	Paris	1500
2. "	Venice (Aldus)	1508
3. "	Paris	1509
4. "	Straßburg	1509
5. "	Straßburg	1510
6. "	Straßburg	1511
7. "	Straßburg	1512
8. "	Bâle	1513
9. "	Tübingen	1514
10. "	Bâle	1515
11. "	Straßburg	1515
12. "	Straßburg	1516
13. "	Straßburg	1517
14. "	*Bâle	1517
15. "	Straßburg	1518
16. "	Straßburg	1519
17. "	Maguenau	1519
18. "	Bâle	1519
19. "	Venice	1520
20. "	Bâle	1520
21. "	Straßburg	1520
22. "	Mayence	1521
23. "	*Bâle	1521
24. "	Bâle	1522
25. "	Bâle	1529
26. "	Bâle	1530
27. "	Cologne	1530
28. "	Cologne	1533
29. "	Baden	1535
30. "	Magdeburg	1536
31. "	*Bâle	1536
32. "	Bâle	1539
33. "	Bâle	1541
34. "	Bâle	1546
35. "	Its Meniscus	1554
36. "	*Lyons	1556
37. "	*Paris	1558
38. "	Lyons	1558
39. "	(No name of place)	1558
40. "	Bâle	1559

41st edition,	Cologne	1559
42. "	Paris	1572
43. "	Paris	1579
44. "	(No name of place)	1599
45. "	Geneva	1612
46. "	Hanover	1617
47. "	Frankfort	1646
48. "	Frankfort	1670
49. "	Leyden	1703

(This last in the complete works of Erasmus.)

I have not comprehended in this list, which I am far from supposing complete, the editions of Manutius, or those copied from his, which have not the name of Erasmus on the title, and of which I have already spoken. I do not suppose also that it would be necessary to enumerate here the almost infinite editions which have been made of an abridgment of the great work of Erasmus. Such detail would become tiresome, and would not be of any great use; these various editions give nearly the same text, and are of the same interest. They are specially meant for young people, and contain nothing reprehensible. Among these editions I will, however, indicate as good, and as still having a value in the trade, the two following:

ADAGIORUM D. ERASMI ROTERODAMI EPI-
TOME. Editio novissima, ab infinitis ferè
mendis, quibus ceteræ scatebant, repur-
gata, nonnullisque in locis ad aucta, uti
Præfatio ad lectorem indicat, cum triplici
indice, Autorum, Locorum et Proverbio-
rum locupletissimo. *Amstelodami, ex
officina Elzeviriana, 1650, small 12mo;*
a new edition in 1663, small 12mo.

DESIDERII ERASMI ROTERODAMI PROVERBIO-
RUM EPILOGE retractata ab M. Jo. Chr.
Meiſſerſchmid. *Lipsiæ, Hered. Lank-
ſhan, 1759, small 8vo.*

The first of these editions is very ele-
gant, as are all the volumes from the Elze-
vir press, and gives also a very careful text.
The second, despite the expression *retractata*, is only a reproduction of that of the

Elzevirs; but commends itself by a good
preface, in which the editor gives a short
notice of Erasmus and his work.

I have spoken above of certain articles
in this work, which I called real religious
or political *pamphlets*. This notice would
be incomplete; bibliographically, if I did
not show that many of these articles were
not only published separately, but were also
translated into different languages, in order
to give them greater publicity. I will in-
dicate such of these partial editions or trans-
lations as have come under my notice:

D. ERASMI ROT. BELLUM. *Basilæ, 1517, 4to.*

D. ERASMI ROT. SCARABÆUS, cum scholiis.
Basilæ, 1517, 4to.

DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTO. EIN GEMEYN
SPRUCHWORT: *Der krieg ist lustig dem
unerfahrenen durch den geſeierten Erasmus
von Roterdam erſtlich zu latein gar
küntlich aufgelegt. Und ietzo durch
her Vlrichen Varubüler geteuffcht. In
welchem die allerheylſameſt fruchtbar-
keit des fridens meniglich zu leſſen nit
minder nuß dann notturrftig. Basel,
durch Andr. Cratandrum, 1519, 4to.*

ERASMO.—SILENOS DE ALCIBIADES. *Am-
beres, 1555, small 8vo.*

All these partial editions are very rare
now, and deserve to be sought for, less on
account of their rarity, than because they
are the indisputable evidences of the spirit
which reigned everywhere at the time they
were published, and an evident proof of the
authority acquired in the religious and lit-
erary world by the wit, the knowledge,
and the opinions of Erasmus. We may be
astonished now that the illustrious writer
should have chosen a work specially devoted
to the researches of erudition, for the enun-
ciation and propagation of his reformatory
doctrines; but if we will reflect that during
the commencement of the sixteenth century

from this article; which for many reasons deserves to be read entirely, the opinion given upon the *Adagia*:

"Erasmus was living quietly in the city of Boulogne—an important work occupied all his time; he had read and studied the ancient authors, not to correct an *apillon*, or to alter the form of a *dispositio*, but to discover in them the decrees of a wisdom of another age. What had been the thought and morality of this other world? Upon what foundation had its superstructure been raised? Could we not unite and condense the *Axioms*, the *Adages*, the *Theorems*, the *Witticisms*, the *Sentences*, the *Proverbs*, which formed a *resumé* of this departed civilization? For a civilization is always epitomized in this way. Doubtless the enterprise was possible; but it was gigantic. Erasmus accomplished it; but still this did not satisfy him: he thought this labor useless, unless he accompanied it with commentaries, anecdotes, explanations, and copious notes. It was an immense repertory to which all the world, after Erasmus, repaired. The *Adagiorum Chiliades* have been the common treasure of all scholars, men of wit, journalists, writers, polygraphs! The greater part of the original ideas which the moderns have made valuable belong to this general stock; and more than one brilliant page, whose freshness and modern vivacity you have admired, has no other origin than this fine collection, in which the author was not contented to heap up ancient learning, but has pushed complaisance and foresight to the point of facilitating the researches of scholars, and even of offering them their work all performed."

I regard this opinion as being as exact as well expressed; and I will add nothing more here, unless it may be the wish, which I have formed more than once, of seeing the press of our time reproduce, in a commodious and portable form, a book which I consider indispensable to every well-appointed library. An attentive revision of the texts cited by Erasmus, and some short notes, would suffice to make the work thoroughly suited to the present state of learning. I am even astonished, I confess, that Germany, so much less oblivious than we are of the labors of her forefathers, has not yet thought of giving to modern libraries a new edition of this *Adagia*. This should

be, in my opinion, a great service rendered to the science of philology and to the history of civilization.

As Erasmus, in this book, as well as in the greater part of his numerous writings, has not failed, I do not say to seize, but to create the occasion of expressing his ideas upon politics, upon religious institutions, in a word, upon every thing that touches the organization of society, it cannot appear improper to say a few words here of the part Erasmus thought it necessary to take in the agitations of his time.

Erasmus, strengthened by sound theological studies, endowed with a mind keen as it was broad, with a judgment as sure as profound, but dominated by a too strong tendency for satire—Erasmus, by his knowledge and by his good natural sense, belonged to that moderate class, so rare and so seldom listened to in revolutions, who prefer peace before every thing, and who wish to wait for the best and most desirable time for reforms, rather than to compromise them in the present and in the future by passion and violence. This, it seems to me, was the foundation of the thought of Erasmus; but did he perhaps always know how or wish to keep himself thus strictly within the limits of a wise reserve? Why, if he disapproved the bold rage of Luther, and the revolutionary violence of this implacable reformer, why did he show himself so hostile to those in authority? why did he pursue, with his perpetual sarcasms, the princes, the bishops, the priests, and especially the monks? Odious to Luther and to all those who had taken part for an absolute reform, Erasmus began to render himself suspected and then odious to the party of the Catholic Church also; while his apparent moderation passed with both sides for connivance, or at least for weakness. In these periods of troubles and violence, it is difficult, I know, to maintain a perfect neutrality between the good and the

evil, because the good and the evil are perhaps equally divided between the opposing parties; but even the most vulgar prudence, in such a case, advises either silence or at least great reserve in the use of the means of publicity. Erasmus seems to me to have wanted this reserve; for it was in no way necessary, in my opinion, to introduce in a work purely of erudition, a quantity of theological and political digressions, foreign to the matter of the book, and which, by their position even, were much less like serious and profound treatises than like pamphlets, the usual expression of the passions or the irritation of the moment. I would, therefore, have preferred, for the glory of Erasmus himself, that he had remained exclusively a philologist in his works of erudition, as he knew how to show himself a theologian in his works of theology.

Despite this judgment, however, which touches more the form than the matter of the writings of Erasmus, I in no wise intend to condemn all the opinions of this illustrious scholar; on the contrary, I think that he held a sufficiently exact view of the dominating opinions of the period in which he lived, and that his works deserve to be read with attention by any one who might wish to form an exact idea of the condition of the minds of men during the sixteenth century. Only, it is necessary to say that, despite all the knowledge, all the breadth, and all the sagacity of his mind, Erasmus had not that firmness of judgment and that force of character which alone is able to maintain itself above and beyond all passion. The life of Erasmus deserves to be studied as well as his writings; in consequence, I will indicate here the principal works devoted to the biography of this illustrious philologist:

ERASMI VITA, PARTIM AB IPSOMET ERASMO, PARTIM AB AMICIS DESCRIPTA; ACCEDUNT EPISTOLÆ ILLUSTRÆ. Lugduni Batavorum, 1642. or 1649, small 12mo.

SAM. KNIGHT'S LIFE OF ERASMUS. London, 1726, 8vo.

VIE D'ERASME, dans laquelle on trouve l'histoire de plusieurs hommes célèbres avec lesquels il a été en liaison, l'analyse critique de ses ouvrages et l'examen impartial de ses sentimens en matière de religion, par M. DE BURIGNY. Paris, De Bure, 1757, 12mo, 2 vols.

LIFE OF ERASMUS, by J. JORTIN. London, 1758, 4to, 2 vols.; and 1808, 3 vols. 8vo.

CH. BUTLER'S ERASMUS. London, 1805, 8vo.

Neither of these works is completely satisfactory, although they can all be consulted with advantage. It is principally in the writings of Erasmus himself, in his curious prefaces and in his voluminous correspondence, that we must seek the history of the life and opinions of this celebrated man. I will also mention the above-quoted article in the *Edinburgh Review*, translated into French and printed in the *Revue Britannique* for February, 1836. Nowhere, perhaps, has Erasmus been better or more skillfully appreciated. Some ingenious considerations upon the *Character of Erasmus* may be found in a *Notice littéraire* by M. Nisard, which, after being printed in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, is placed at the head of a new translation of the *Eloge de la Folie*, which makes part of the *Bibliothèque d'Elite*, published by M. Gosselin, Libraire, Paris, 1842, 12mo.

In addition to the works quoted by M. Duplessis, we may add the following, for those interested in studying the life and time of Erasmus, as the representative man of the revival of learning:

NAUSEA (FRIDERICUS). *Oratio Funeraria Desid. Erasmi*. Paris, 1537, 8vo.

CALCKZCUTER (BARTHOLOMÆUS). *Oratio de Erasmo Roterodamensi*. Wittem., 1557, 8vo.

MERULA (PAUL). *Vita Des. Erasmi* &

ipfius manu fideliter representata. Lugd.-Bat., 1667, 4to.

LA BIZARDIERE (MICHEL DAVID.) *Histoire d'Erasme, sa Vie, ses Mœurs, sa Mort, et sa Religion.* Paris, 1721, 12mo.

GAUDIN (JOHANN.) *Leben des Erasmus von Rotterdam.* Zürich, 1789, 8vo.

HESS (SALOMON.) *Erasmus von Rotterdam, nach seinem Leben und seinen Schriften.* Zürich, 1790, 2 vols. 8vo.

WAGNER (GOTTLIEB HEINRICH ADOLPH.) *Leben des Desiderius Erasmus.* Leipzig, 1862, 8vo.

MUELLER (ADOLPH.) *Leben des Erasmus von Rotterdam.* Hamburg, 1828, 8vo.

GAYE (JOHANNES.) *Disquisitionis de Vita Erasmi Specimen.* Kilon, 1829, 4to.

BECK (CAROL FRANSSEN VAN.) *Oratio de Des. Erasmi in Doctrinam Moralem Meritis.* Davenport, 1831, 8vo.

MARSOLLIER (JACQUES.) *Apologie, ou Justification d'Erasme.* 12mo.

VIEILLE (PI. GABRIEL DE TOULON.) *Critique de l'Apologie d'Erasme de l'Abbé Marsollier.* Paris, 1749, 12mo.

Miscellaneous Items.

3. Drinking-Song in Honor of Franklin.

In the *Mémoires de l'Abbé Morellet, de l'Académie Française, sur le dix-huitième Siècle et sur la Révolution*, etc., 8vo, Paris, 1821, is the following song, composed by the Abbé Morellet, for a festive occasion, and which gives a very pleasant picture of FRANKLIN as a dinner-companion.

We translate some introductory remarks from chapter xv. vol. i., in which the song occurs.

"I published, in 1786, the translation of the *Notes on Virginia*, by M. Jefferson, Minister of the United States to France, who had in this position succeeded to Benjamin Franklin, and who has since been

secretary of state in his own country, and President of Congress.

"It is a useful book for a knowledge of that country—an interesting work, varied, enriched with philosophical observations, full of justice and reason. This somewhat important work became, as did almost all my works, the prey of the booksellers: a volume in octavo, of more than four hundred pages, was entirely lost for me.*

"About this time a great loss occurred to our society at Auteuil, in the departure of Franklin, who returned to America. He lived at Passy, and the communication was easy between Passy and Auteuil. We were in the habit of dining at his house once a week—Madame Helvetius, Cabanis, and the Abbé de la Roche, his two guests, and myself, who often accompanied them. He also came very frequently to dine at Auteuil, and our reunions were very gay.

"It was for one of these dinners, I forget upon which anniversary of his birthday, or of American liberty, that I wrote the following song:

AIR—*Camarades, lampons.*

Qux l'histoire sur l'airain
Grave le nom de Franklin,
Pour moi, je veux à sa gloire
Faire une chanson à boire;
Le verre en main,
Chantons notre Benjamin.
En politique il est grand;
A table joyeux et franc;
Tout en fondant un empire
Vous le voyez boire et rire;
Grave et badin,
Tel est notre Benjamin.

* Jefferson, in his correspondence, speaks in the severest terms of this work, as a job done by a bookseller's hack, in a slovenly way. He was wrong in this opinion, as in most others where his vanity obscured his judgment. The work was timely and very well done, and should not be overlooked in any bibliographical study of the influence of American literature in hastening the first French Revolution.

To obviate this fatal defect, and yet to meet the ever-growing demand for Shakespeare's early texts, the costly and painful process of tracing every page has latterly been adopted in the case of a few of the quarto plays, and with some success. Even this plan, however, though much less liable to error than reprinting, is by no means infallible. The only possible security against mistake appears to be photography. By the help of this invaluable agent, and an ingenious process of transferring the subject from the collodion negative to zinc or stone, it is practicable, as is shown in the wonderful fac-simile of *Damocles' Book*, to obtain copies of any manuscript, or printed book, so closely resembling the original, as almost to defy distinction.

Profiting by the success of this great experiment, Messrs. Day & Son have undertaken the costly and responsible task of reproducing, in exact fac-simile, all the earliest authentic texts of Shakespeare's works.

The most important by far of these treasures is, of course, the First Folio, printed in 1623. This is the only authority for nearly one-half of Shakespeare's dramatic works; and a fundamental one, also, for the text of the remainder. To this edition, solely, we are indebted for the preservation, among other plays, of *Macbeth*, *Cymbeline*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Timon of Athens*, *King John*, *The Tempest*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *As You Like It*. The First Folio, then, will take precedence in publication of all the rest; and the arrangements made for its production are such, it is believed, as will inspire the fullest confidence in the result. The photographic department of the work will be carried out by Messrs. Ryder, Preston, & Co., formerly of Her Majesty's Ordnance Survey Office; the printing will call into operation the almost unlimited resources of Messrs. Day and Son's vast establishment; and the editorship and general supervision of Mr. H. Staunton, whose services have been expressly secured for the undertaking.

Such a reproduction, published at a price which renders it attainable by hundreds of Shakespeare students, will be valuable not only from its high literary interest, but as furnishing perhaps the most faithful memorial of the approaching centenary celebration of the poet's birth.

Terms of the Reproduction of the First Folio.—The work will be issued in sixteen monthly parts: each part will contain about sixty pages, printed on toned paper, in a wrapper, for 10s. 6d.;

or the work may be ordered (to be delivered when completed), appropriately bound, price, £8 8s.—*The Bookseller* (London).

Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester.

ROBERT DUDLEY, Earl of Leicester, died September 4, 1588. It had been suspected that he died of poison, and that his lady served him as he is said to have served others; but a passage in Drummond's *Conversations* goes far to prove that it was unintentional: "The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his lady, which he willed her to use in any sickness, which she, after his return from Court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died." In the *Hawthornden MSS.* is the following Epitaph "Of the Earle of Leicester," probably communicated to Drummond by Ben Jonson:

"Here lies a valiant warrior,

Who never drew a sword;

Here lies a noble courtier,

Who never kept his sword;

Here lies the Earle of Leicester,

Who govern'd the Estates;

Whom she earth could never living love,

And the just heaves new hates."

Messrs. PHILES & CO. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1819, edited by Sir Egerton Brydges. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges as a basis, but incorporating such information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of the art, upon India paper, and is limited to 300 copies, as follows:

Small paper, at \$2.00 each;

Large paper, at \$4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the price will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies.

Messrs. PHILES & CO. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of old English poetry. The next volume in the series will be "England's Best Son."

October, 1863.]

The Philobiblion.

[Number 22.]

L'ESPADON SATYRIQUE.

PAR LE SR. DESTERNOD.

REVU ET AUGMENTÉ DE NOUVEAU.

[A wood-cut of a Satyr, brandishing a drawn sword with both hands.]

A LYON,

PAR JEAN L'AVTRET, MARCHAND LIBRAIRE,
En rue Merciere.

M. DC. XXVI.

Avec privilege.

[12mo, pp. 152.]

OF the various works belonging to the class of satire, and anterior to the reign of Louis XIV., the *Espadon* is one of the most curious, and the one which is written with the most sprightliness and vigor. It is best to submit beforehand to all the objections which can be made against it. It is almost always gross; it outrages decency almost as boldly as the writers of Latin epigrams; it drags the victims against whom it directs its blows, through the mud of the filthiest ditches. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that it contains a spirit of genuine Gallic wit, and a vigorous hatred of all the wrongheadedness of the times. It strikes forcibly, but justly. It often displays a genuine originality of ideas, numerous instances of which it would not

be difficult to quote. To conclude from the freedom of the conduct of animals, that they have more reason than ourselves, is an idea which Rabelais would not have disavowed; and, of all the oaths which the facetious erudition of one of the editors* of *Maître François* has collected, no one can equal the oath made by the horn of the worst deceived husband in Paris!

It must be confessed that the reader is but slightly respected in the satires we are speaking of; but even while condemning this license, it will be well to indicate some extenuating circumstances. During the latter portion of the reign of Henry IV., and during that of Louis XIII., poetry and facetious literature expressed themselves with a crude energy, which very slightly scandalized the public. This liberty became greatly less as society became more polished, and yet remains of it can still be seen even a half-century after the appearance of the *Espadon*, in writers of the first rank. In the first editions of the *Art Poétique*, Boileau, to make a rhyme with *sél*, employed a word which cannot be written now.†

Do we not also find in Molière expres-

* M. de l'Aulnay.

† Boileau in this only imitated Corneille, who, in 1637, had used the same forcible expression in some verses against Scudéry. It is said that Doctor Arnauld influenced Boileau to modify the original text. The change has been regretted by the editors of his works. See the edition of M. Berriat Saint-Prix (tom. ii. p. 208).

sions which shock the prudery of our modern times?

But this is a question which it is useless to examine here: let us take the *Espadon* for what it is, since it was published with the privilege of the civil governor of Lyons, a worthy magistrate who saw nothing reprehensible in the work submitted to his censorship, and let us give our attention to its author.

With the exception of the first edition, the others designate him under the name of DESTERNOD (it should be written *d'Esternod*). Is this name, Claude d'Esternod, that of the real author of the Satires, or is it a pseudonym? This question has given rise to grave disputes. The oracle of bibliographers, M. J.-Ch. Brunet, has touched upon it in his *Manuel du Libraire*. We cannot do better than refer the reader to the article *Desternod*, of the fifth edition. There did exist a Claude d'Esternod, the author of some small books, which are generally forgotten, published in 1614 and 1615; but it is not absolutely proved that he was the author of the *Espadon Satyrique*; and, according to various authorities, the real author was François Pavie de Fourquevaux. The title *Seigneur de Franchère*, found upon the title-pages of the ancient editions, is explained by an anagram: François Pavie thus concealed the name of his estate of Rebranche.* Let us also notice that Charles Nodier (*Description d'une Folie Collection de Livres*, 1844, p. 221) has no doubt but that the *Espadon* should be attributed to Claude d'Esternod. Regnier addressed to Fourquevaux a copy of verses, which various editors have classed among his *Satires*, but which M. Viollet Le Duc has classed among his *Epistles*:

Puisque le jugement nous croît par le dommage,
Il est temps, Fourquevaux, que je devienne sage.

* Did the estate of Rebranche belong to Fourquevaux or to D'Esternod, as M. Ed. Fournier believes? This point should be examined.

This composition is, besides, worthy of being offered to the author of the *Espadon Satyrique*, and, as is remarked by the writer we have mentioned, "It would be as difficult to excuse Regnier for the choice of his subject as for the manner in which he has treated it."

Brossette, in his notes upon Regnier, has declared himself the partisan of the opinion which attributes the *Espadon* to Fourquevaux—an opinion which the Abbé Goujet has shared, without examination, in his incomplete *Bibliothèque Française* (c. xiv. p. 209), and which was sustained by M. Pavie, the last descendant of the baron, in a letter addressed to the Abbé Mercier de Saint-Léger, and which is quoted in the *Manuel*:

"Thus, as has observed M. Ed. Fournier, in one of the notes to the reprint of the *Caquets de l'Accouchée*, in the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*, in spite of the first edition signed with the supposititious name of Franchère, it has been supposed that the name of Desternod, which is signed to the second edition, is also unreal, and only a new pseudonym." Nevertheless, D'Esternod, born at Salins, in 1590, who was a soldier for a long time, then the Governor of Ornans, was any thing but a myth, as is shown by the article which M. Weiss has given to him in the *Biographie Universelle*.

It is to this provincial, who, having made a trip to Paris in his youth, and there become acquainted with the unscrupulous rhymers, such as Berthelot, Motin, and their friends, that the *Biographie Générale* (t. xvi. p. 476) attributes the *Espadon*.

De Fourquevaux, born about 1561, was thirty years before Claude d'Esternod, and this seems to be a further reason for not attributing the *Espadon* to him, since the liberty of the book, which was perhaps excusable from the pen of a young man, seems hardly possible in a man who held impor-

tant offices at court, was the father of several children, and who died in 1611, eight years before these satires were published.

At least seven old editions are known of the *Espadon*. They are all extremely rare, and fine copies sell at high prices. We give a list of them:

Lyons.—*Jean l'Autret*, 1619, 12mo.
Solar's copy sold in 1860 for 106 francs.

Rouen.—1619, 12mo.

Lyons.—*Jean l'Autret*, 1621, 12mo.
Lyons.—1626.

Rouen.—*David Ferrand*, 1626.

Rouen.—Without date.

Cologne.—*Jean d'Esprimerie*, 1680.

This edition, printed in Holland, is well executed; it is classed by amateurs in the Elzevir series. It does not appear, however, that it came from the press of these celebrated printers; and M. Pieters, of Ghent, who had not mentioned it in the first edition of his *Annales de l'Imprimerie des Elzevir*, has given it only two lines in his second, as printed in Holland, but not by the Elzevirs. Daniel Elzevir printed, in 1680, many volumes to which he did not place his name, but this was not one of them.

Solar's copy of this edition, in red morocco, sold for 210 francs.

Amsterdam.—*A. Mæijens*, 1721, 12mo.

Despite the indication of the title, this edition was printed somewhere in France, and is very incorrect. The title has been changed: for the word *Espadon*, has been substituted—*Satyres amoureuses et galantes, sur l'ambition de certains courtisans, nouveaux Venus et gens de fortune: par le Sœur B.*

L'Espadon Satirique, par le Sieur d'Esternod. Reimpression faite sur l'édition de Lyon, 1626, collationnée et complétée sur les autres éditions du même ouvrage, et augmentée d'un avant-propos. Bruxelles,

imprimerie de A. Mertens et Fils. 1863, 12mo.

This edition was printed for a publisher of Paris, in an issue of only one hundred copies, numbered.

It would be superfluous to dilate upon the differences in the various editions of the *Espadon*. The *Satyre du Temps, à Théophile*, a piece signed with the name of Bezançon, after having appeared in the edition of 1621, was left out of the others, and is restored in the last. It was also printed by M. Edouard Tricotel, in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile* for 1860, and in his *Variétés Bibliographiques*, Paris, 1863.

The Dutch editor of 1680 cut out the sixth satire, which dealt with a Capucin, named Guénar, who, throwing his gown to the dogs, fled to Geneva.* He replaced this piece by an *Ode satyrique d'un amoureux à sa maîtresse*, which had already appeared in the edition of 1626. In this he was followed by the editor of 1721.

M. Brunet has shown, in the *Manuel*, that the first satire of the *Espadon* has also appeared under the modified title, *Le Tableau des ambitieux de la Cour, nouvellement tracé du pinceau de la vérité, par Maître Guillaume, à son retour de l'autre*

* This circumstance furnished Nodier with a proof that the *Espadon* should be attributed to Claude d'Esternod. The apostate Capucin was at Dole, and his escapade made a great noise in Franche-Comté. "It is easy enough to suppose that this event occupied the muse of Claude, who was living at the time at Salins, and who, though a bad member of society, was none the less a very good Catholic, two things easily reconcilable at the time. By what accident could an anecdote, the knowledge of which had extended beyond the walls of only two or three cities of Franche-Comté, have inspired verses in Fourquevaux, who was at Toulouse, and who had passed the greater part of his life away from Europe? How could François de Fourquevaux, of Toulouse, have written against the monk Constance Guénar, of Dole, concerning Guénar's apostasy? François de Fourquevaux was dead."

monde, 1622, small 8vo. In order to conceal this fraud, the first four verses and the last four were changed. M. Edouard Fournier has reproduced and annotated this piece in the curious collection which he has published under the title, *Variétés Historiques et Littéraires*, Paris, 1854, and following years (t. iv. pp. 33-46).

A passage in the *Caquets de l'Accouchée*, which mentions an "extract or transcript of the *Espadon*, word for word," affords grounds for believing that the satire in question was the object of a double counterfeited.

We cannot undertake to show all that the *Espadon Satyrique* contains that is curious for the study of the manners and language of the times; a work of its kind does not require a serious commentary: but we will say that it shows a profound knowledge of the facetious personages of the period, such as Gautier-Garguille, whose songs were not, however, printed until thirteen years after the publication of the *Espadon*. * Master Mouche, whom we find also in the *Ballet des Qualités, dansé au Louvre par Monseigneur, Frère du Roi*, 1627;† the Queen Gillette, the object of many facetiæ, among which we recall the *Description de la Superbe Entrée faite à la Roynne Gillette, passant à Venise*, 1614.‡ An atten-

tive reader needs only a reference to the passage, which is an imitation of the language of the scholar of Limoges who meets Pantagruel, and who "contrefaisoyt le langage François."

The best, and certainly the most cautious, extracts we can give of the *Espadon*, is the table of contents. After the dedicatory verses, follows—

- SATYRE 1.—L'Ambition de certains Courtisans nouveaux Venus.
 " 2.—Le Paranymphe de la Vieille qui fit un Bon Office.
 " 3.—L'anti Mariage d'un Cousin et d'une Cousine de Paris.
 " 4.—L'Importunité, à une Demoiselle.
 " 5.—Le Juif Errant.
 " 6.—La Mort d'un Perroquet que le chat mangea.
 " 7.—Le Méprise d'une Jeune Fille du Languedoc.
 " 8.—La Chaude-pisse.
 " 9.—Le Soufflet qui enfla la Joue.
 " 10.—Le Divorce du Mariage.
 " 11.—L'Ambition d'une Fille exempte de tous Merites.
 " 12.—La Belle Magdelaine.
 " 13.—D'un Petit Avocat Ignorant se disant mōs corival.
 " 14.—A la Quincaillerie qui n'estoit ni riche ni noble et faisoit la Demoiselle.
 " 15.—L'Hypocrisie d'une Femme qui feignoit d'être dévote et qui fut trouvée putain.
 " 16.—Contre l'Apostat Léandre, autre dit Constance Guénar.

Satyre du Temps. A Théophile.
 Ode Satyrique d'un Amoureux à sa Maîtresse.

is not very piquant, can be found in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile* for 1844. Among the imaginary books may be classed a *Histoire de la Reine Gillette*, dedicated to M. de Biron, and cited in the *Inventaire de Maître Guillaume, Aventures du Baron de Faeneste* (edition of 1729, p. 331); but another book, having the same title, and directed against Mme. de Pierine, was circulated about the court in 1644. (See the notice by M. Livet upon Mme. de Fiesque, in the *Revue Européenne* for July, 1859, p. 549.)

* We are not occupied here with this personage; we will only cite his name as being reproduced in an original and unexpected way in a work of Delaurens, the author of the *Chandelle d'Arras* and *Compere Mathieu*. The question is concerning the two old men who wished to outrage the chaste Susannah: "The oldest of these fellows was called Gautier; he was 99 years, 9 months, 28 days, 23 hours, 49 minutes, and 54 seconds old. The younger, Garguille, was at most 98 years, 11 months, 25 days, 19 hours, 55 minutes, and 38 seconds old."

† Concerning this strange production, consult the *Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Dramatique de M. de Saligne*, No. 3265.

‡ Some details concerning this pamphlet, which

Thomas Bastard's Chrestoleros.

CHRESTOLEROS.

SEVEN BOOKES OF EPIGRAMES

WRITTEN BY T. B.

Hunc nouerè modum nostri seruare libelli
Parcere personis : dicere de vitiis.

Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke for J. B. and are to be sold at her shop in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Bible. 1598. (Sm. 8vo, pp. 190.)

It was toward the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or at the beginning of that of James I., that the epigram, in its familiar and satirical style, became so great a favorite with our English writers, though it had been previously in use by Heywood and others in the reign of Henry VIII. But a multitude of writers now arose, who, adopting this low and familiar style, are many of them little more than mere doggerel versifiers, and were it not for the occasional notices, biographical or critical, which they contain of other contemporary writers, and of the manners and customs of the time which we may glean from them, they might well be allowed to remain in the obscurity which now attends them. Of this class were John Heath, Henry Parrot, Thomas Bancroft, and others.

And these effusions of Bastard, though not without some celebrity in his day, are perhaps more valuable for their notices of other contemporary literary and eminent characters of his time than for their poetical or epigrammatic merits. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the wit and humor of much of the poetry of the period depend upon allusions which are now lost, but which were doubtless relished by the public before whom they were produced. The same remark might even be applied

to Shakespeare; many of his allusions being now apparently irrecoverable. Bastard's epigrams are dedicated, in prose, *To the Right Honourable Sir Charles Blount Knight Lord Mountjoy, and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter*; the dedication concluding with an epigram to the same, signed *Your Honour's most affectionate Seruant Thomas Bastard*. There are several other epigrams addressed to the same noble personage, by whom it appears that he was much patronized.

BASTARD, according to Wood, was a native of Blandford, in Dorsetshire; educated at Winchester, and afterward at New College, Oxford, of which he was made actual Fellow in 1588, and B. A. in 1590; but, having indulged his taste for satire by writing a severe attack upon some of the leading characters in Oxford, "who were guilty of amorous exploits," he lost his fellowship and was expelled from the University. He afterward took orders, but does not appear to have obtained any immediate preferment; and being in poverty, he published his epigrams, with a view of obtaining some pecuniary relief by the sale of the work, but without much success. On the accession of James I. to the English throne, he wrote a complimentary Latin poem to that monarch, which was printed in 1605. This probably brought him into notice, for he was soon after appointed chaplain to the Earl of Suffolk, by whose favor he was made vicar of Beer Regis and rector of Almer, in Dorsetshire; but losing his faculties, or, as Wood says, "being crazed," and falling into a state of poverty and want, he was committed to prison at Dorchester for debt, and dying there, was buried on the 19th of April, 1618, in the churchyard of the parish of All Hallows in that place. He was thrice married, as we learn from an epigram of his own, and was considered to be an excellent classical scholar, and "a quaint preacher."

Alluding to the objections that might be made to this kind of epigrammatic writing in one of his sacred profession, he says in the dedication: "If anie obieſt to my calling this kinde of writing, in other things I woulde be glad to approve my studie to your good Lordſhippe. Theſe are the accomptes of my Idlenes. Yet herein I may ſeeme to haue done ſomthing worthy the price of labour, that I haue taught Epigrams to ſpeake chaſtlye, beſides I haue acquainted them with more grauitie of ſence, and barring them of their olde libertie, not onelie forbidden them to be perſonall, but turned all their bitterneſſe rather into ſharpeſſe." And Sir John Harington makes an alluſion to the ſame ſubject in an epigram addreſſed to Baſtard in his collection:

Then let not envy ſtop thy vein of rhyme,
Nor let thy function make thee ſhamed of it;
A poet is one ſtep unto a prophet:
And ſuch a ſtep as 'tis no ſhame to climb.
You muſt in pulpit treat of matters ſerious,
As beſt beſeems the perſon and the place:
There preach of Faith, Repentance, Hope and Grace,
Of Sacraments, and ſuch high things myſterious,
That unto honeſt ſports will grant no ſpace:
For theſe our minds reſreſh, when thoſe weary up.

Wherefore if any think ſuch verſe unreaſonable,
Their ſtoic minds are foes to good ſociety,
And men of reaſon may think them unreaſonable.

It is an act of virtue and of piety
To warn us of our ſins in any ſort,
In proſe, in verſe, in earneſt, or in ſport.

There is little doubt that Baſtard was well acquainted with the Greek anthology, and he acknowledges his obligations to Martial in his ſeventeenth epigram. With ſome claſſical taſte and ſcholarſhip, he alſo poſſeſſed a certain amount of wit and humor, but ſeems never to have forgotten his ſacred profeſſion in the exerciſe of theſe faculties. He was much eſteemed by his contemporaries, and had many friends among the poets and literary characters of his time.

Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum* (page 270), ſays of him, that "he was endowed with many rare accompliſhments, and was excellently ſkilled in Greek, Latin and poetry, and was much courted by ingenious men. He was a moſt excellent epigrammatist, and was always ready to verify on any ſubject, as his compositions proved."

The ſubjoined epigram on this poet, entitled *A Baſtard Poetiſt*, is taken from a MS. Miſcellany temp. James I., and although of not the ſlighteſt poetical merit, is curious as exhibiting the feeling againſt him for having, as it was conſidered, diſgraced his clerical character by becoming an epigrammatist:

Oh I ſhame to you, the holie ſpouſe of Chriſt,
The new-found clericaliſt epigrammatist,
Who ſo deſbaſt power given by God
Shall taſte the bitterneſſe of Satan's rod,
And by his ink-horne ſowe the ſeedes
Of puniſhment for wicked deedes.

Baſtard makes frequent alluſions to his poverty and miſfortunes, as contraſted with his former more proſperous and happy ſtate; and ſuch painful reflections, no doubt, gave occaſion to the following epigram, among others of a ſimilar kind.

Epigr. 21
When I was ſweetly ſotted with delight
Each trifling cauſe could moue me to indite
A little praife would ſtirre me in ſuch wiſe,
My thirſt all Helycon could ſcarſe ſuffice.
My pen was like a howe which ſtill is bent,
My head was like a barrell wanting vent,
Then had you toucht me, you had felt the ſmart,
What fury might, requiring helpe of art,
And then I thought my iudgements ayme ſo cleere
That I would hiet you right, as miſſe you neere,
But nowe left naked of proſperitie,
And ſubiect unto bitter iniurie:
So poore of ſenſe, ſo bare of wit I am,
Not neede herſelfe can driue an Epigram,
Yet neede is miſtreſſe of all exerciſe:
And the all thriving arts did firſt deuife.
But ſhould I thrive on proſper in that ſtate,
Where ſhe is my commandreſſe whome I hate?
For of a key-colde witt what would ye haue?
He which is once a wretch, is thrife a ſlaue.

The following, near the end of the book appears also to allude to some calamity that had happened to him—most probably his expulsion from the University:

Lib. 7. Epigr. 37.

Such was my griefe upon my fatall fall,
That all the world the thought was darke withall;
And yet I was deceiued as I knowe,
For when I prou'de I found it nothing so,
I shew'de the Sunn my lamentable fore,
The Sunne did see and shined as before,
Then to the Moone did I reueale my plight,
She did deminish nothing of her light,
Then to the stars I went and lett them see,
No not a starre could shine the lesse for me,
Go wretched man, thou seest thou art forborne,
Thou seest the heauens laugh while thou dost mourn.

There is little doubt that these epigrams were published to assist in relieving his present wants, but apparently with not much hope of success, if we may judge from the subjoined epigram:

Lib. 1. Epigr. 21. De Typographo.

The Printer when I askt a little summe
Huckt with me for my booke, and came not nere.
Ne could my reason or perswasion
Moue him a whit; though at things now were
deere.

Hath my concept no helpe to set it forth?

Are all things deere, and is wit nothing worth?

He alludes to this subject again in

Lib. 6. Epig. 28 ad Lectorem.

Reader thou think'st that Epigrams be sife,
Because by hundreds they are flocking here.
I reade an hundred pamphlets; for my life
Could I finde matter for two verses there?
Two hundred ballets yielded me no more,
Besides barraine reading and conference.
Besides whole legends of the rustie store
Of stories and whole volumes voyde of sense.
And yet the Printer thinks that he shall leese,
Which buyes my Epigrams at pence a peece.

There are epigrams in this collection addressed to the following English poets: Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Henry Wotton, John Davies, John Heywood, Richard Eedes, Samuel Daniel, etc. We quote those on Sir Philip Sidney and Daniel:

Lib. 1. Epigr. 11 de Philippo Sidneo.

When nature wrought upon her mould so well,
That nature wondred her owne worke to see,
When art so labourde nature to excell,
And both had spent their excellencie in thee.
Willing they gaue the into fortunes hande,
Fearing they could not end what they beganne.

Lib. 6. Epigr. 16 ad Samuelem Danielelem.

Daniell, beside the subiect of thy verse,
With thy rich vaine and stile adorned so,
Besides that sweetnes with which I confesse
Thou in thy proper kinde dost ouerflowe.
Me thinkes thou steal'st my Epigrams away,
And this small glory for which now I waite.
For reading thee me thinks thus would I say
This hits my vaine, this had bene my concept,
But when I come my selfe to doe the like,
Then pardon me, for I am farr to seeke.

There are others also addressed to Queen Elizabeth, Lord Mountjoy his patron, Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, Archbishop Whitgift, the two Universities, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Francis Walsingham, Dr. John Reynolds, Lord-Keeper Egerton, Thomas Strangeways, Esq., etc., etc. There is a curious epigram (lib. iii. epigr. 17) *On Bankes horse*; and the following on another celebrated character of the day, Tarlton the jester:

Lib. 6. Epigr. 39 De Richardo Tharltono.

Who taught me pleasant follies, can you tell?
I was not taught, and yet I did excell.
'Tis hard to learn without a president,
'Tis harder still to make folly excellent.
I sawe, yet had no light to guide mine eyes,
I was extol'd for that which all despise.

As examples more particularly of the author's satirical wit and humor, the reader may be pleased with the two epigrams annexed:

Lib. 5. Epigr. 4 In Cetam.

Greta from wooll and weaving first beganne,
Swelling and swelling to a gentleman,
When he was gentleman and bravely dight
He left not swelling till he was a knight.
At last (forgetting what he was at first)
He swore to be a Lord; and then heurst.

authority for the introduction of our new consonants. For instance, he wishes that *jugés* should be written *juyés*, and *beaucoup* for *beauoup*.^{*} These two words will suffice to give an idea of the rest of his orthography.

It is, therefore, to the *Latin Grammar* of Ramus that we must have recourse in order to find the first traces of these consonants.† I have only the third edition of this book, printed in 1560, octavo, by Vechel; and, as the privilege is dated June 13, 1557, the work must have appeared during the course of the year, and consequently by it we can give the real date to our new consonants: the book contains them all correctly in their places.‡ The *J* and *V* are there exactly distinguished from the *I* and *U*. The *Latin Arithmetic* of the same author, printed in 1555, quarto, by Vechel, has not this improvement. The system of Ramus had not yet been formed; the book is entirely in the old style of the printers.

Ramus has not founded this distinction upon a vague and unreasonable imagination; he goes far back to seek a title of nobility for it, and carries it even to the distinction of *Fod* and *Vau* in the Hebrew language. This principle is repeated in his French Grammar. He adds that he has traced *Vau* according to the authority of Varro and our printers.

* This second example is taken from the second edition of the *Grammar*, p. 57.

† The Greek Grammar, printed in 1562, 8vo, by Vechel, distinguishes these consonants.

‡ See *Gram. Lat.*, p. 9, and *Gram. Franc.*, pp. 19 and 24.

§ The pronunciation of the consonant *V*, in use among the Romans, according to Ramus. Geoffroi de Tory, a skilful printer of Bourges, on leaf 42 of his *Chansonnier*, printed in 1529, quotes a Latin epitaph made in 1007, by which he proves that the ancient Latins used *F* to express the consonant *V*: so that they wrote *Folfo* and *Fifo* for *Polvo* and *Pluvio*. See Maittaire, Lib. ii. *Annal. Typog.*, p. 555; he has inserted the ancient epi-

thaph. In order to comprehend the sense of these last words, I have consulted chapter iii. of the second edition of his French Grammar.* It is there that Ramus develops his secret: he tells us that his printer had used these consonants *J* and *V* in the impression of his Latin books. This scholar required this of him, as he had required a wholly irregular system of orthography in the impression of his French books. I have furnished two examples, which will suffice for the curious: two Greek letters, *ω* and *ου*, employed in the word *beaucoup*, prove as fully the irregularity of the style of orthography of Ramus, as the complaisance of Vechel.

I have also noticed that this printer has not made any use of these *Ramusian* consonants in the other books which he gave to the public. It is curious that after the death of Ramus, who was killed in 1572, the heirs of Vechel always displayed the same complaisance. They showed it in the *Animadversiones Joannis Piscatoris Argentini in Dialecticam Rami*, and in *Guill. Tempelli Philos. Cantabrig. Epistola de Dialectica Rami ad Joann. Piscatorem*. These two books appeared in 1582, in octavo. I could cite others of Ramus which have been printed by the heirs of Vechel, in which appears the orthography of these new consonants. The author, after his death, enjoyed his privilege and new discoveries, and they respected his memory in this matter. But they remembered that this privilege had limits, and was only for the works of Ramus.

Gilles Beys is the first who made a commencement; he broke the barriers; he saw the usefulness of these *Ramusian* consonants, and employed them in the edition which he issued in 1584 of the *Commentaire de Minos sur les Epîtres d'Horace*. He has employed them in some of his other orthographs. See also *Pauli Manutii Orthographia*, page 55. Page 266.

not printed a word in this book which is not according to the rules of these new consonants; the impression of this book is perfectly beautiful. Furthermore, La Caille, in his *Histoire de l'Imprimerie*, tells us that Gilles Beys* died at Paris, the 19th of April, 1593, and that he had married Magdeleine Plantin, a daughter of the famous printer of Antwerp. Beys had a son by her, named Adrien, upon whom the following burlesque epitaph, quoted by La Caille, was made:

"Cy git Beys qui sçavoit à merveille,
Faire des vers et vuidier la bouteille."

Is it not astonishing that La Caille has spoken of works printed by G. Beys, and has not said a word of the one which affords an occasion for this grammatical essay?

A final reflection, which serves to convince me of the real origin of our new consonants, is the fact that the printers have used them exactly as Ramus introduced them, without having changed any one of them. It is, however, true that they used indifferently the U, or the pointed V, to represent the consonant which has this character. What was it that determined them to give the name of consonant to the one rather than the other? The ancients had used them both indifferently; according to their fancy, or as the one or the other happened to be most handy to the compositor. The manuscripts and the printed books are uniform upon this matter, and the Germans of the present day are still religious observers of this ancient custom.

* Beys printed, in 1577, the *Rhetorique Latine* of Talon or Talus, with the notes of Minos: the distinction of these new consonants is not observed in this book. In 1593, he printed the *Pseumes* of Genebrard in 8vo, also without using these consonants. These *Pseumes*, however, have upon the title the names of other printers, who were interested in this edition.

VOL. II.—E

Ramus has placed in his *Latin Grammar* the capital U at the commencement of words. I have seen it at the commencement of his *Latin Grammar*, page 53, and elsewhere. Is it necessary for us to refer to Zetzner* as the inventor of this rounded vowel? Is the invention so remarkable? It is only necessary to give a little air of neatness to this letter; the whole art consists only in cutting off the little line at the right. If by this trifle any one merits immortality and the glory of being considered an inventor, it must then be agreed that there are happy moments in life, and precious rewards, for which no good reason can be given; for such it may be said, *In tenui labore, ac tenuis non gloria*. The English and the Germans have considered it proper to still retain this square mark in the vowel U. They cannot be blamed for so doing, since it affects nothing either in pronunciation or printing.

I should not forget that Jacques Pellerier, of Mentz, in his *Grammaire Francoise*, printed in 1550, at Paris, by the Marnets, had given a foretaste of the consonant J; for it appears to me that the author had placed it in all the words which commence with this consonant.† I have also noticed that in the Latin verses which Adalf Meckerck has placed before the *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum* of Ortelius, in 1579, the consonant V is always used. It is also distinguished from the vowel U in the Latin *Observationes* of Drusius, printed in 1584, *apud Radoxum*, Antwerp, and in the *Rariorum Plantarum Historia* of Clusius, printed in folio, at Antwerp, in 1601; and

* M. de la Monnoye, page 395 of his notes upon the first volume of the *Jugens des Savans de Baillet*, attributed to Zetzner, a printer of Strasbourg, the honor of having first used, about 1609, what Ramus and Joubert had proposed—that is, the distinction of the consonants J and V.

† The *Poetique* of the same Pellerier, in 1555, printed at Lyons, in 8vo, constantly distinguishes the consonant J from the vowel.

in this last the J is used almost always as a consonant. I do not know why no one has before noticed what I have observed concerning these books.

I also think that the J, with a tail, was first used by the printers to give more variety and beauty to the two i's, when they come together. I may add that, if this letter was first introduced from a principle of beauty, it has been retained on account of its usefulness.

I have, perhaps, said too much concerning a matter which many persons will consider a grammatical trifle. But I am persuaded that the discovery of a truth, of any kind whatsoever, is always important, and should be well received by judicious persons. At any rate, it is one truth more in the world. This word is always respectable. Some thanks should be given, not only to those who find it, but also to those who take the pains to seek for it.

[Translated from DESMOLET's *Continuation of SALLENGRE's Mémoires de Littérature*. Paris, 1749.]

Latin Facetiæ.

(1561-1737.)

THESE facetiæ, though written in the language of Virgil and Cicero, are all modern. The ancients had not a sense of humor such as we have; at least, their works which have come down to us do not give us the right to believe that they had. It certainly is not a poor subject of reflection that such pieces of wit have occupied the leisure moments of Langius, Scaliger, Justus Lipsius, Cardan, Heinsius, Dupuy, Aldrovandus, and other persons of the same stamp.

A rapid glance over these light productions of minds which generally are so grave and solid, will be devoid neither of usefulness nor pleasure:

I. *Tomus primus et secundus Convivialium Sermonum utilibus ac jucundis historiis et sententiis, omni ferè de re, quæ in sermonem apud amicos dulci in convivio incidere potest, refertus ex optimis et probatissimis auctoribus magno labore, etc.; collectus, et jam quarto recognitus et auctus.* Basilæ, M.D.LXI. (2 vols. 8vo.)

The first tome of this collection of table-talk is in this edition printed for the fourth time, and for the first time with the addition of a second volume. In 1566, a third tome was added to the other two, which proves that the collection was very popular, as is generally the case with books which amuse the mind, without occupying it. The honor of making this collection is due to John Gastius de Brisack, if any honor should accrue from it. He concealed himself under the name of John Peregrinus, it is not known why, since his own name was so little known, that it is not to be found in any usual biographical collection. In his dedication to Louis Martrophus, of Frankfort, he assures us that his compilation is so well expurgated, that the bishops and the pope himself could only be edified by it; and thereupon, like the real malicious religionist that he is, he commences to scatter quantities of jokes, anecdotes, and quips, against the pope and cardinals; concerning the tricks which wives have played their husbands, and husbands their wives; against the monks, the ecclesiastical benefices; against the institution of the bigots of Brabant; against confession, and the confessors; concerning a somewhat cunning trip of Erasmus; against the manners of the monks, etc., etc.

"Fuit mulier, quæ cum recentem jam puerum peperisset, cæteræque mulieres gratularentur ei, dicerent quæ (ut fit) puerum omnius patri similem, interrogavit an etiam rasuram haberet in capite: designans sacerdotis esse filium, et ita de se adulterium suum notum fecit."

"Les commères d'une accouchée
 La congratulaient à l'envi :
 Ah ! quel superbe enfant voici !
 C'est de son père, Dieu merci !
 La semblance toute crachée !
 A quoi la dame répondit,
 D'un ton de voix doux et honnête :
 'Il aura donc sans contredit,
 Un beau rond d'abbé sur la tête.' "

These anecdotes are generally well told ; but it is certain that, whatever expurgations the author tells us they have been subjected to, we must not go to this collection for edification, and it has served as material for many other questionable collections of more modern times.

Bernard de la Monnoye has turned many of these into agreeable verse, both Latin and French, as may be seen in his charming edition of the *Moyen de Parvenir*.

II. *Dissertationum Ludicarum et Amœnitatum scriptores varii, editio nova et aucta.* Lugd.-Batav., apud Franciscum Hegerum, 1644. (1 vol. 12mo.)

The first edition of this amusing book appeared in 1623 ; but this is the amplest, the handsomest, and the best. It contains twenty-one pieces. These are—the *Praise of the Gout*, by Bilibaldus Pirkheimer, who was born in 1470, and died in 1530, and was a writer upon classical and religious subjects ; and another by the celebrated Jerome Cardan, upon the same subject ; the *Praise of the Flea*, by Cœlio Calcagnini, a scholar of Ferrara, who died in 1479, and who had a singular aversion for Cicero ; the *Art of Swimming*, by Nicolas Wünnmann ; the *Praise of the Ant*, by Philip Melanchthon, the most amiable, the saddest and weakest of reformers ; the *Praise of Mud*, by Marc Anthony Majoraggio, the avenger of Cicero against Calcagnini ; the *Praise of the Goose*, by Julius Cæsar Scaliger ; the *Praise of the Ass*, by John Passerat, the cherished poet of Henry III. ; the *Praise of Shade*, by John Doufa, the cele-

brated professor ; the *Death of a Magpie*, by an anonymous author ; the *Creature of Reason*, by Gaspar Barlæus, a Latin poet and professor, of Amsterdam ; the *Peripatetic Ceremonies of Marriage*, by the same ; the *Nuptial Allocution*, by Mark Zuerus Boxhorn, the professor who was so addicted to smoking, that he had a hole arranged in the rim of the hat he constantly wore, through which his pipe was supported, so that he could at his ease both smoke and study without interruption ; the *Praise of the Louse*, by Daniel Heinsius ; the *Grammatical War*, by Andrew Guarina, of Salerno ; the *Praise of the Elephant*, by Justus Lipsius ; the *Praise of the Quatern Fever*, by William Menopus ; the *Praise of Blindness*, by Jacques Gutherius, a lawyer of Paris ; the *Reign of the Fly*, by Francis Scribanus ; *Democritus, or concerning Laughing*, by Henry Dupuy, a professor at Milan, a pupil of Justus Lipsius ; the *Praise of the Egg*, by the same ; and, finally, the *Praise of the Swan*, by the famous naturalist Aldrovandus.

The majority of these pieces are only satires on the dissolute manners of the times, under the form of apposite truths ; a style which is more cold than ingenious, even under the pen of the great Erasmus, as may be seen in his *Praise of Folly*, the masterpiece of this style of writing.

Thus Pirkheimer, in his *Gout*, after having enumerated the injuries which high living, voluptuousness, and the indulgence of the senses, cause to virtue, boasts of the aid it affords to the soul's endeavors in testing the body by all sorts of torments. Here the censure is good, but the conclusion is bad, and the pleasantry is forced. The *Gout* of Cardan is neither better logic, nor more gay, when it pretends to be a benefit in so far as all the good things of this world are accompanied by pain, and when it flatters its own vanity for its nobility in at-

racking only the rich and powerful; for its strength, which plays with all remedies; for its chastity, in that it makes its victims incapable of evil; for its nature, higher and gentler than any other of the maladies.

What a fine thing, in truth, is a *flea*, for, according to Calcagnini, in its littleness it produces great effects, since it purges the blood of men without opening the veins, leaps with incomparable lightness, often lodges most admirably well, and triumphs even over Hercules!

The dialogue upon the *Art of Swimming*, by Wünnmann, has only two faults: first, that it is interminable in its digressions and details; and, secondly, that it by no means teaches us to swim.

It is easily inferred that Melanchthon, by his *Praise of the Ant*, desires to lead men to the practice of economy, prudence, and labor; but, without disrespect to the author, neither the example nor the panegyric of the ant, can lead men to do what morality, laws, and experience, have hitherto failed to accomplish.

According to Majoraggio, *mud* is the noblest and most necessary thing in the world—and why? Because mud has preceded all living beings, and every thing in Nature is made of it. Upon this the author loses himself in declamations of hollow philosophy and poor physics.

Scaliger did well to support himself with the *Goose* of the Capitol; he is neither more happy nor more convincing than his rivals in his praise of the goose.

The *Praise of the Ass*, by Passerat, is agreeable, but the description given of him by Buffon is a much better and more complete eulogy.

The declamation by Doufa, in *Praise of Shade*, is only a boyish and tiresome piece of wit.

The *Being of Reason*, by Barlæus, is only a thesis of abstruse metaphysics, in which reason has nothing to gain.

But this is enough: where there is nothing to retain, there is nothing to quote; and who could or would give a good account of the other pieces of this collection, such as the *Praise of the Louse*, the *Elephant*, and the *Quatern Fever*?

III. *Hippolytus Redivivus, id est remedium contemnendi sexum muliebrum*; auctore S. I. E. D. V. M. W. A. S. Anno M. DC. XLIV. (1 vol. small 12mo.)

The author of this satire against the sex destroys all credit for his words when he confesses to his readers that, if he detests women in theory, he adores them in practice. It is thus that all misogynists generally behave: they wish to have mothers, wives, sisters, mistresses, and daughters, but no women; this is to call one's self a philosopher.

But what are the reproaches which Hippolytus Redivivus makes against women? First, the name of *Eve*, in Syriac, signifies a *serpent*; therefore woman is a serpent. Megara, Alecto, and Tisiphon, are the three women who conceived, nourished, and educated woman; and then the beautiful Helen and the Trojan war; and then the *harlot* who caused the ruin of the tribes of Benjamin; and Medea, and Briseis.

Besides, women are made with a visible intellectual incapacity. Deceit is natural to them, and, as it were, essential. They chatter enough to astonish the magpies. They live by inconstancy. They are devoid of patience, prudence, and strength. What you wish they will not wish, and immediately wish what you do not wish. Modesty is accorded them; but this modesty is only cunning: if it were a virtue, it would necessitate chastity, and this is not to be found. Every one knows to what extent they are curious. The luxury of their dress shows how immensely vain and proud they are. They know nothing, and if perchance any of them become wise, they make us regret those who are ignorant.

In short, no one should marry who desires to live in peace.

IV. *Democritus Ridens, sive Campus recreationum honestarum cum exorcismo melancholice.* Amstelodami, apud Jodocum Janfonium, M. DC. XLIX. (1 vol. small 12mo.)

It is a fine thing to exorcise sadness, but to drive it away is still finer and more difficult. Langius will not have that honor, whatever may be in other respects the merits of his *Democritus laughing*, a second edition of which was printed in 1655.

This little book is a collection of short stories, either true or false, of witticisms and fun, one of the treasures of wit from which the story-tellers of society obtain their materials at no great cost.

"Charles the Fifth, conversing with the Cardinal de Granvelle upon the Germanic heresy, compared it to one of those balls which, when cast upon the ground, rebounds, falls back again, and again rebounds and escapes from your hand."

"Julius II. was accustomed to say that science was silver in an obscure man, gold in a great man, and diamond in a prince."

"An alchemist asked from Leo X. the price of his secret for making gold. The pope gave him an empty purse, and told him to fill it."

"The King Sebastian, of Portugal, was hopelessly defeated by the King of Mauritania. Christopher Fava, one of his generals, cried, in his despair, 'What help remains for us?'—'Celestial help, if we are worthy of it!' answered the king."

"He who knows nothing, knows enough, if he knows how to remain silent."

"Time is the father of Truth."

"All fear is slavery."

V. *Matthæus Delio, de Arte Jocandi Libri quatuor, de lufitudine studentica,*

de osculis Differtatio hiflorica philologica, accedunt et alii Tractatus lectu jucundi, etc. Amstelodami, apud Joannem Pauli, 1737. (1 vol. small 12mo.)

The poem of Delius upon *The Art of Joking* consists of four cantos, in alternate hexameter and pentameter verse. After a very long preface, the poet gives, in good verses, general and very sensible advice—to the apprentices in fun; upon the art of knowing men; studying appositeness; how to seize it; not mingling fun indiscreetly with grave subjects; not laughing at sacred things; travelling, to observe various manners and customs; seeking the topics which suit the various ages of life, and the different social positions; *non fimiles vestes Cræfus et Irus habent*; upon not railing against rusticity before rustics; not being severe before the timid: these are the topics of the first canto.

In the second, the author becomes animated, and, under the influence of the gracious Thalia, urges youth to practise his precepts. There are two sources of fun: one, which arises naturally from the thing itself; the other, which is a happy production of art. Let your words be simply ornate; speak but little of yourself, of your actions, of your sayings, or in your own name; despise no one, and do not estimate yourself above others; avoid inconvenient topics; it is best to joke only with friends; have no envy, no hate; be careful of the absent; do not go beyond certain bounds.

Love is a fruitful theme, but it is apt to entice too far; therefore be careful of it.

Be varied; *oculos hominum res variata capit*. If you tell stories, be careful of the circumstances, the names, the time, place, and all that gives an air of precision to your tales; make but few gestures, remembering that a narrator is not a mimic.

Let your face be smiling, without using grimaces; use no grand airs, nor stoical looks. Do not count too greatly upon the

effect of your jokes; the best are those which escape unintentionally.

Know thoroughly what you are speaking of; this is the price of pleasing in conversation.

Never lie, although fiction is allowable to the skilful. The absurd or incredible are never pleasing. I am not an enemy to certain tricks which consist in changing such a word or syllable for another; but it is here particularly that it is necessary to be sober and ingenious. The enigma and amphiboly have their merits also; but you must judge when and how far. The fables will often serve you as models, among whom Erasmus—the immortal Erasmus—shines without equal. Cicero has joked too much; profit by his example, to moderate yourself.

... *Inde covere decet, ne cui moveatur amico,
Ex salibus fluitans nausea forte tuis.*

In the third and fourth cantos, Delius attacks with vigor the enemies of laughing and joking: he shelters himself under the authority of the greatest poets and philosophers—Homer, Ovid, Terence, Tibullus, Theophrastus, Aristotle himself, and Cicero; he invokes them, proposes them for imitation, and up to a certain point saves himself thus, by digressions and brilliant details, from monotony in his didactic march: we say up to a certain point, because he has not been able to add example to precept, notwithstanding all his wit, and since he has remained serious upon a subject with which he should and could have been gay.

We have said enough of his work, which is remarkable particularly for its versification, to give a desire to become acquainted with it; and we will finish with him, by these modest verses:

*Da veniam, lector, versibus ore meis.
Et placeat studium, placeat propensa voluntas
Quam mihi turba probat, quam probat ipse Deus.
Nunc mea contingunt obtato litore portum
Laxata in multos candida vela dies.*

Matthew Delius indicates, in his poem, that he was a contemporary of the celebrated Jerome Vida, who died in 1566, aged seventy-six; but little else is known concerning his life. We have not found his name mentioned anywhere. This forgetfulness is unjust. It would seem juster to forget the two other authors of this collection, Nicolas Frischlin and Vincent Soppæus—the first of whom was the author of a Latin *Elegy against Drunkenness*; and the second, of a Latin poem on *the Art of Drinking*—although their versification wants neither facility nor elegance.

The *Art of Drinking* is too easily learned without instruction, and drunkenness is too disgusting to require a castigation in verse; therefore it will be necessary to only indicate it to the curious, together with the tiresome methodical discourse *De peditu*; the heavy and soporific inaugural dispute *De jure potandi*; the ridiculous Germano-macaronic piece, *De lusstudine studentica*; the feudal dispute *De cucurbitatione*, or concerning adultery committed by a vassal with the wife of his lord; the judicial centuries *De bonâ muliere*, in which it appears, from Catô, Socrates, Æneas Sylvius, Cœlius Rhodigianus, and others, that women should circulate from hand to hand, as articles of commerce; an historical and philological dissertation upon *Kisses*, though very pleasant, and in which are discussed seventeen sorts of kisses, commencing with the kiss of religion, and ending with the kiss of courtesy, the sharp satire of the manners of literary people, entitled *De jure pennalium*; and, finally, the inaugural thesis *De Virginibus*, which will never teach how, by certain signs, to distinguish virgins.

These pieces complete the volume in which Delius obscurely triumphs. Too much should never be said upon any matter, and especially so upon a tiresome and dangerous matter.—(M. DU ROURE.)

Irenæi Carpentarii Eruditorum Cœlibum Centuria Singularis.

Wittenberg, 1714, 1715, 1717. (8vo.)

THIS dissertation upon LEARNED BACHELORS was written by Godefroi Wagner, a learned Swiss biographer, and rector of the University of Friburg. The title of the edition of 1717, which is the best, runs thus: *Schediasmata varia de eruditis Cœlibibus cum Scriptis Variorum ejusdem Argumenti.*

Wagner was also the author of another pseudonymous publication, with the following title: *Schurzfleischiana ex scholiis Cour. Sam. Schurzfleischii collecta et edita ab Irenæo Sincero.* Vitembergæ, 1729-1744. (8vo.)

His *Dissertation on Learned Bachelors* is noticed by Coupé, who was, however, unaware that the work was pseudonymous.

It cannot be denied that the charms of woman are greatly injurious to the charms of literature. In fact, how can a man who is in love, tear himself from the garlands of flowers which bind him, and rush voluntarily upon the thorns with which the study of all the sciences abounds? There is great difference between the shrubbery of Amathusia and the pointed rocks of Pindus.

If some privileged persons have succeeded in reconciling two so contrary passions, yet such are rare. However this may be, here we see a century of scholars who have abandoned the myrtle of Venus for the laurel of Apollo.

Godefroi Wagner, in giving us an account of them, follows the alphabetical and not the chronological order. A few extracts from his work may prove of interest to those readers who have, with Benedict, either sworn to die bachelors, or, like him, been disappointed at living to become married men:

CLAUDIUS ÆLIANIUS, of Præneste, in Italy, was, according to Philostratus, an excellent sophist, who professed at Rome, under the reign of the Emperor Adrian, and who lived in perpetual celibacy.

RODOLPHUS AGRICOLA, born in Friesland, near Groningen, was the author of an excellent work, *De Inventione Dialecticæ*, and inspired a taste for Greek literature in all Germany during the three years he taught at Heidelberg. He was none the less acquainted with the great writers of Rome and the East. He was a philosopher, an orator, a painter, and also a musician; he had mastered all knowledge. He took pleasure in the society of young women, and played and sang with them in company with his friends. But this was only an innocent amusement, *nunquam amore deperibat*; he was never married.

NICOLAS AMSDORF, of Tscheppe, and EDWARD AUCKELMAN, of Hamburg, lived the same.

There was but little difference between these and ARCESILAS, of Æolia, who, according to Diogenes Laertius, loved women a great deal, although he never wished to attach himself to any one of them, and who, perhaps in consequence, became delirious by the use of wine.

HUGO BABELIUS, born on the borders of the Dowbs, in Franche-Comté, and who taught with great success, in the principal college of Louvain, the three languages, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, was always the most continent and studious of men.

The purity of manners of Saint BASIL, Bishop of Cæsarea, is also well known.

MAURICE BLUMIUS, a celebrated doctor of Saxony, wanted never to hear women spoken of, except in curing them.

ADAM BODENSTEINIUS, one of the most learned scholars of Basle, preserved the liberty of his heart, as he did that of his country.

SAMUEL BOHLIUS, the famous professor

of Pomerania; OLAIUS BORRICHIVS, surnamed the Galen and Varro of Danish Cimbria; the young and brilliant LEONARDO BOSCHIUS, of Suabia; the profound physician JOHN BRAUNIUS, of Augsberg; JOHN BRODEE, of Tours, the learned disciple of Alcibiades; VIRGIL CÆSARIN, one of the eagles of modern Italy; WILLIAM CANTERUS, the wonder of Utrecht—were all men who always avoided the intercourse of women, and who have preferred enlightening the world to increasing the human family.

But why does Wagner put the famous RENE DESCARTES in the same category? It is well known that this great philosopher did not live in continence; that, far from avoiding the company of women, he greatly liked a young woman who had squint eyes, and that, as a consequence of the lively sentiment he had for her, he could not resist feeling an interest in those persons who had a similar defect of vision. In his more advanced age, he had a tender feeling for a young lady, Mademoiselle de Rosay, who boasted that she was the only woman who had inspired the passion of love in so great a philosopher. It is not known by which of these he had a natural daughter, who was called Francine, and the dates of whose conception and birth were found written upon the cover of one of his books, in his own handwriting. He mourned for this child, whom he afterward lost. Finally, he had a third mistress. "And this," says Wagner, "could not be otherwise; since a man who had such a passion for all that relates to anatomy, could not so strictly observe the rules of celibacy."

The author is also wrong in having placed MARK ANTONY COCCIUS among the number of learned men who lived in celibacy. It is true that Coccius never married; but yet he died from an unfortunate effect of love, as we learn from the following lines:

In venere incertâ tamen hic contabuit, atque.
Maluit Italicus Gallica fata pati.

Still less should Wagner have even mentioned DIOGENES; whose name of Cynic is revolting. Is it possible to regard this licentious philosopher, who wished to destroy the privacy of marriage, who taught that all women should be public, and who practised his corrupting lessons, openly violating decency in the public streets, as one who lived in celibacy?

Wagner is, however, instructive and edifying in his notices of the real celibatists who have enriched literature. Such were PIERRE GAUTHIER DE CHABOT, of Poitou, who taught with honor in the University of Paris; LAWRENCE CIRCLER, of Silesia, who spread the love of knowledge in Germany; NICOLAS CLENARD, of Brabant; and CHARLES CLUSIUS, of Arras, whose knowledge charmed the great Emperors Maximilian and Rodolphus.

Let us mention here particularly MARK ANTONY DE COMITIBUS, a philosopher as much by his conduct as by his wisdom, who condemned himself to an absolute retreat, not in a cloister, but in his chamber. He desired never to see women, and avoided even the meeting of men. He was his own emperor, master, and disciple. Yet, however, he did not wish to so dishonor his hands as to reduce them to the vile ministry of the kitchen; he was, therefore, forced to employ a woman for this purpose. But he did not allow her to prepare his meals in the house; he even forbid her entering there; and with a string let down a basket, in which she placed the dishes, which were returned to her in the same way.

This man, who lived thus alone in the world, like the pelican of the desert, knew how to employ his life well, and became an excellent mathematician and astrologer. Strange contradiction! he fled the society of men, and yet it was doubtless for their

benefit that he thus worked on until his death.

The Venetian CONTARINI and the Breton DUAREN, the doctor VALERIUS CORDUS, the Englishman CHRISTOPHER BRIDFIELD, the old Theban general EPAMINONDAS, the philosopher ULRIC URBARUS, the famous ERASMUS, and JACQUES LEFEBVRE, of Etaples, can but barely be mentioned here.

But a word should be said of the too famous THOMAS HOBBS. If he lived in the practice of continence, it must have been only because he could not do otherwise, since his principles of morality were not very severe. But the inclinations he had during his youth, at Malmesbury, his native place, however slight they may have been, prove that he was not what is called a misogynist, or what the Romans call *abstemius*. He was a man, and, says Wagner, "he believed that nothing pertaining to humanity should be strange to him. He therefore tasted the pleasures of love, but with moderation, without making any permanent alliance with any one woman, so as to be less troubled in his philosophical studies, in which he allowed such free principles."

LOUIS JANGERMANN, of Leipzig, a great physician and a celebrated botanist, regarded love as a tyrant, and women as a quicksand upon which science could not escape being wrecked. Thus he said he would not marry until they showed him a plant he did not know. He was never shown such a plant, and therefore remained a bachelor.

The charming poet, PETER LOTICHIVS, united in himself all the charms of literature. Far from hating the women; he liked to celebrate their graces; he even made amorous verses for many of them; but this was, it is said, not through interest, but only through pure gallantry. In this case, he did wrong to approach these fires a little too near; he should have

feared the cup of Circe more than he did. The result was, that one of these amiable magicians gave him a stroke which wounded him mortally. He did not know all the danger of the fair, until it was too late; he avoided them ever afterward, but the vanquishing shaft remained ever after in his bosom.

Another poet, not less celebrated, FRANCIS JUNIUS, of Bruges; the learned FERDINAND NONIUS, whom M. de Thou regarded as the light of Spain; the great geographer ABRAHAM ORTELIUS, of Antwerp, did not live in a sterile celibacy, since they have left us such excellent works. It is much more easy to produce children, who will die as we do, than to produce works which will pass to immortality.

PETER PAGANUS, of Hesse, the illustrious professor of poetry and history at Marburg, who was held in favor by the Emperor Ferdinand, had at first a desire to marry. He had, at Marburg, loved a young lady of the nobility, who had a great deal of wit; but he wished to know her character before marrying her; she had also the same idea, and being one day with him at a great party, she wished to make him drunk, in concert with other young and foolish persons to whom she imparted the project. She wished, after having made him drunk, to send him away, *ad ambas usque aures vino ingurgitatum*. He pretended not to see her intention, and kept himself sober; but this perfidy, and many other things which she made him see, under the persuasion that he was drunk, destroyed the charm of love: and Paganus, judging all women by this one, wished never to see any of them again.

NICOLAS DE PASSERIBUS, the natural son of a noble of Genoa, preferred to shine through eloquence, rather than to burn by the fire of love, and was never curiously anxious to have either natural or other children.

The celebrated lawyer VINCENT PLACIUS, of Hamburg, had caused to be engraved, upon the front of his house, these words of Horace, *Linquenda tellus et domus*; but he was careful not to add these other words from the same author—*et placens uxor*. He did not desire one, amiable or otherwise.

The famous Norman, WILLIAM POSTEL, who was called the Abyss of Knowledge, the Polyglott, the Divine Mathematician, the Cabalist *par excellence*, fell doubtless into many errors, but never into that of women; at least, he boasts that he never did, and says he was *a congressu venero impollutus*.

The Count Palatine BERNARD PRÆTORIUS, one of the most learned men in Germany, lived in the same continence, as did also JOSEPH SCALIGER. Concerning this last, Wagner tells a fact which appears nowhere else. He says that Scaliger was mutilated (*castratus*) by his own father, the proud Cæsar of Escale, in order to protect him from the greatest obstacle in the pursuit of literature. Nor was he deceived in his attempt, for Joseph Scaliger has been called *a well of erudition; an ocean of knowledge; the sun of literary men; a divine man; one of the gods*—he who was unable to make a mortal. "It is not wonderful," continues Wagner, "that he was continent after this."

Our author says the same of VIRGIL, the greatest of the Roman poets. But in this case he is not the author of the *Priapea*, which may willingly be believed. At any rate, he had the reputation of having lived publicly at Naples with a certain Plotia. It is true that Asconius Pedianus, who was the intimate friend of this great poet, denies this story, and agrees that Varus only offered him this woman, but that he did not wish her.

This notice of nearly fifty of the hundred persons mentioned by Wagner, will

serve to give the reader an idea of his original work.

Miscellaneous Items.

The Eclimud and Repler.

WE see the sun and the stars rise and set, while the earth does not move: this impression has naturally caused the first theory of the system of the world, and has been admitted by all antiquity. Ptolemy (B. C. 175) has given a scientific form to this system, which consists in making the earth *fixed* in the centre of the world, and having all the celestial bodies circle around it. In 1443, the illustrious Pole, Nicolas Copernicus, reversed this system, and established, with great probability, the *hypothesis* that the sun is *fixed* in the centre of the world, and that the planets, comprising the earth, move around him. In 1851, a young Frenchman, named Foucault, * changed this *hypothesis* into a *certainty*; and by the aid of an instrument (the *gyroscope*), which is perhaps more admirable still, the celebrated physicist succeeded not in *demonstrating* but in *showing* the movement of our globe. So that this movement has become a truth beyond all power of attack. The fixedness of our globe is the *spontaneous primitive* belief. Its motion is a *reflective* belief, two kinds of belief which are rarely identical. Several passages of the Bible, however, declare the movement of the sun and the fixity of the earth. Here are the passages:

"Then spake Joshua to the Lord, in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the

* Jean-Bernard-Leon Foucault, born at Paris, the son of a bookseller, the 8th of September, 1819.

sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."—(*Joshua* x. 12, 13.)

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever."—(*Eccles.* i. 4.)

"In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun; which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it."—(*Psalms* xix. 4, 5.)

"Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever."—(*Psalms* civ. 5.)*

It is perfectly plain that in all these passages the motion of the sun and the fixity of the earth are admitted. But since these passages were *inspired*, to maintain the contrary had an air of heresy; therefore Galileo, having *publicly* professed the system of Copernicus, received, on the first of March, 1616, the first warning that he should cease teaching such a doctrine. Having paid no attention to this warning, he was forced to appear at Rome before a commission formed of eleven cardinals, and, the 22d of June, 1633, he was condemned to *abjure* the mobility of the earth. This disgraceful decision would not have been taken, if the commission had known and applied this sage maxim of the *Talmud*, of which so frequent use has been made:

"The words of the *Thora* conform themselves to the ordinary language of men."

Note this fact of the Hebrews, as ignorant as they were thirty-three centuries ago.

Kepler, without ever having read the *Talmud*, employs the same maxim—and, singularly enough, in almost the same words—in order to repel the accusation of heresy

* Kepler showed that this magnificent Psalm was modelled upon the Hexameron of Genesis: the verses 2, 3, 6, 20, 26, and 28, correspond to the six successive formations of the first chapter of Bereschit.

which the theologians brought against the Copernican theory. It occurs thus in the introduction of his *Astronomia Nova* (1609), an immortal work, in which he has given the laws that Newton used in the creation of his celestial mechanism, or, following the style of the doctors of the *Talmud*, the *construction of the car*, comparing the world to a system of wheels, the solid portions of which, united, force the wheels to advance together—a picturesque and just metaphor. This is the text of Kepler:

Fam vero et sacræ litteræ, de rebus vulgaribus (in quibus illorum institutum non est homines instruere) loquuntur cum hominibus humano more, ut ab hominibus percipiantur; utantur us quæ sunt apud homines in confesso, ad insinuandum alia sublimiora et divina.

"The Sacred Writings, in common affairs (in which it is not their affair to instruct men), speak to men in a human manner, in order that they may be understood by men; they employ the terms commonly in use among them, in order thus to inculcate other more elevated and divine truths."

It is unfortunate that in 1633 the cardinals, judges of Galileo, did not regard what Kepler said in 1609. In effect, God, having created man in his own image—that is to say, having made him an intelligent creature—wished him to use this intelligence for the discovery of the sciences: the object of the Bible, therefore, was not to teach science—its only aim was to instruct us in our duties toward men and God; what must be done in order to please the Creator, and what must be avoided in order not to displease him: this is what must be sought for in the Sacred Writings, and nothing else. The attempts which have been made, doubtless with good intentions, to support sciences upon the Bible, and the Bible upon sciences, are unfortunate attempts, which do harm to both the Bible and Science: it is enough, to read the at-

tempts which have been made to reconcile the first chapter of Genesis with the natural sciences. In attempting to change the object of the Bible, nothing but insuperable obstacles can be encountered. The Bible should perfect the moral man, and Science the intellectual man; each has its vocation.*

Let us return to Kepler, who continues thus:

"This is what I have to say concerning the authority of the Sacred Writings; as for the opinions of the *saints*, I will reply by a single word: in theology we must weigh *authorities*, but in philosophy we must weigh *reasons*. Lactantius denies the roundness of the earth; Saint Augustine admits the roundness, but denies the antipodes; the Holy Church admits the smallness of the earth, but denies its motion. But for me the earth is round, there are antipodes, the earth is extremely small and moves in space; for in philosophy the sacred truth should be the preponderant authority."

The celebrated Borelli, who first discovered the law of percussion (*De vi Percussionis*, Bononiæ, 1667), the author of the famous work upon the movement of animals (*De Motu Animalium*, 2 volumes, Romæ, 1681), and who died the 30th of December, 1679, in the greatest poverty, in a convent at Rome, was obliged, when teaching astronomy, to say, *Ita sancta docet Ecclesia, ita credendum*.

M. Lieber, a bookseller, has published an authentic portrait of the immortal astronomer of Würtemberg; in this face the great Creator has displayed a high intelligence, great goodness, and the features of high birth. At the first glance, we see he is a chosen man, distinguished by his thought, by his firmness of character, by his perseverance, the gifts of a creative genius. Kepler, however, spent a part of his life in holding out his hand to his august protectors for the bread his family often wanted: he died struggling against abject poverty.

Albert Girard succumbed under the severe pressure of great want.

* The numerical statements of the Bible hardly ever agree with each other.

Borelli died in an obscure hospital at Rome.

At the age of seventy, Galileo was stigmatized, not by the tortures, but by the agonies and fearful terrors of the Inquisition, that daughter of Hell!

Leibnitz, desired by all the sovereigns of Europe, dying disgraced, was buried in the night, accompanied only by an obscure Jew, his faithful disciple.

In our own days, the inventor of the marine screw, which broke the sceptre of Neptune in the hands of England, died in a hospital on the outskirts of Paris. Where is his statue? That of Madame du Barry stands among the glories of France at Versailles.

Among the high lessons which we owe to the Sacred Writings, the most instructive, in my opinion, is this: "And it repented the Lord that he had made man." (Genesis vi. 6.)

[From the *Bulletin de Bibliographie, d'Histoire et de Biographie Mathématique*, t. vii., 1861.]

MESSRS. PHILES & CO. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir EDGERTON BRYDGES. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of the art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows:

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each;
100 on large paper, at \$4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of OLD ENGLISH POETRY. The next volume in the series will be "*England's Wellcon*."

November, 1863.]

The Philobiblion.

[Number 23]

LETTRES DE GUI PATIN.

THOSE readers who are unacquainted with the Letters of GUI PATIN (and there are probably many who are so), will be able to enjoy, in their perusal, one of the greatest and most useful pleasures which reading can afford. Born in 1601, at Houdan, near Beauvais, not far from the birthplace of Calvin, whose genius he admired too greatly, GUI PATIN, almost forgotten as he is now, stands none the less, in the scientific history of France, as a man of letters, as a philosopher and a physician, among the men of the first rank—full of frankness and honesty. He was primarily exceedingly just—very caustic, it is true, and a great railler; but men of this kind are needed. They are created expressly to counterbalance the enormous influence of the countless charlatans in morals, religion, politics, science, and art; and without them the moral and intellectual world would be overwhelmed. Let us add, that the great disorders which prevailed in the public society of his time justifies only too well his Rabelaisian misanthropy. On the other hand, applying to him the wise rule of judging a man by his friends, it is only necessary to name those with whom he was intimate, in order to make his eulogy. Without mentioning the nearest of them all, Gabriel Naudé (who, though more celebrated than he was, was not nearly his equal), Gassendi, the master of Molière; Lamouignon, the

first president; La Mothe le Vayer; Olivier Patru; M. Talon, the *procureur-général*; the fathers Méricenne and Pétau; the learned physicians Charles Spon; Riolan, Falconet, and many other superior men, honored him with their friendship.

The opposite test is not less favorable to him, since he had as enemies only such persons as the two Renaudots, the doctor and the gazetteer; the doctors Guénaud, Courtaut; and especially the first physician to the king, Valor—all of them persons whose knowledge of life destined them rather to pecuniary fortune than to solid reputation; a characteristic in which GUI PATIN did not greatly resemble them. In his indignation against the thefts of Mazarin, he was doubtless too much a partisan of the Fronde, but this was because he believed, with Mathieu Molé, that the object of the Fronde was to bring about reforms which would be useful to the public. It must also be confessed that his aversion for quackery, which made him exclusively in favor of the ancients against the moderns, led him to excesses in his war against the barber-surgeons, and against the use of antimony, bezoar, treacle, the powder of fine pearls, potable gold, and generally against the remedies of occult medicine. Perhaps he should be pardoned for his fury against antimony; the emetic of his day was a cruel dose; but he was decidedly wrong in his opinion of quinine, which he disdainfully called the *quina* of the Jesuits of Rome, and to which he ap-

plied this well-known verse: *Barbarus ipse jacet, sine vero nomine pulvis*. After all, we owe him thanks for his hygiene, founded as it was upon moderation; and for his natural and conscientious practice, which, as it consisted principally in *the divine art of bleeding*, to use his own expression, and in simple purgatives, such as senna, cassia, and the syrup of pale roses, must have often cured. His three saints in medicine, after Hippocrates, were Galen, Fernel (who flourished under Francis I.), and Simon Pietre, the worthy rival of the former, under Louis XIII. He said of Fernel, whom he always called the Great, that no prince had ever done as much good in the world as he did, and that he would rather be descended from him than from the emperors of Constantinople.

We cannot but wonder how such vast and profound learning as Gui Patin had acquired in the midst of the most assiduous professional labors, was united with an accurate taste in literature, with a perfect knowledge of the world and the affairs of his time, both political and religious, and with the most biting genius for satire. He not only wrote in French with an ease and vigor which the school of Arnaud, Pascal, and Le Maître would not have disavowed, but in his Latin chair he could give to the developments of science the charm of oratorical eloquence, so that all the lettered public of Paris, with the illustrious strangers in the city, crowded to his lectures in the Royal College. He lived for a long time happy, but he died too soon, in 1672, of the regret, it is said, which he felt at seeing his second son, the Doctor Charles Patin, his favorite child, banished from France, under the slight pretext that he displayed a certain boldness of thought, mingled with something of indiscretion in public. So active a paternal sensibility does him honor. May the earth rest lightly upon him, and the heavens be propi-

tious to him! His life has been written by Thomas Bernard Bertrand, professor of surgery, in 1724, and who died in 1751. Patin himself has given, in his first letters to Charles Spon, an account of his birth, and of forty-one years of his laborious life. This account is a finished sketch, which his biographers could have used to better advantage than they have; but it is sufficient to read his correspondence, which is a true mirror of his mind and character, in order to know him well.

His letters, filled with facts, with judicious reflections, with learned remembrances, and anecdotes, which it seems have been too hastily questioned, are written without any art, and so familiarly, that their author blushed one day when in company the father Ménéstrier confessed to him that he had become acquainted with some of them through their mutual friend Falconet, to whom several of them were addressed. Such ease of style is a further merit. Thus we may read all the volumes of his letters, in fine print, without fatigue, and even with a delight and curiosity which does not weary, from the first, dated November, 1642, to the last, dated December, 1671.

After seeking how best to give an idea of this voluminous correspondence, it seemed that a letter supposed to be written in 1650, and composed of accurate extracts selected from the commencement to the end of the collection, would be better than any other method of analysis; and such a letter is here given, for what it really is—that is, for an imaginary sketch, prepared by the master himself, in which only the transitions, and the inevitable anachronisms are not by himself. But it will be seen that the anachronisms are of small importance; and, as for the transitions, we have been so sparing in making them, following the example of the original author, who hardly ever uses them, that the reader

will pardon us for this pious fraud, for the indulgence he gains by them. Let us say, in ending, that the editions of this valuable collection are all so defective, that it is very desirable that some skilful philologist should give us a new one, with such notes as enrich the excellent modern editions of *Madame de Sévigné*. A difficult enterprise, it is true, but one which would procure us much honor. This task has been attempted by M. J. H. Revellée-Parise, whose edition of 1846 (three volumes) is so carelessly done, that a good edition of *Gust. Patin's Letters* is still a desideratum in literature.

A. M. F. D. M. From Paris.

SIR: the 1st of March, 1659.

I have received yours from the hands of 1651: M. Pasquet, for which I thank you. That gentleman is well, thanks to God. We speak very often of you; he loves you very cordially as I do, and I pride myself in doing so for the great obligations that I have long enjoyed from you, and for your great merits. I will do all I can for your son, for your sake. I 1658: have never wished to take any one to live in my family, although I have often been requested to do so; but I can refuse you nothing. You speak of the price of boards; I know nothing about it, and would charge you nothing. Only tell me whether you wish him to follow the course of philosophy, and what wine you wish him to drink. For the rest, he will live as we are in the habit of doing; and for his studies, I will take care of them; and give you a regular account of them. 1643: I am very sorry for the sick knee of Miss Falconet; but what does her new Hippocrates mean by the coagulated tartar which he pretends is the cause of the trouble? All this is nothing but talk and nonsense: he promises a cure, and doubts of nothing because he knows nothing. 1659: I have seen a great many people of his sort, who, like the boaster of the good Plautus, had let a leg for Esculapius. This man is an *amateur*, called as Joseph Scaliger said of Monsieur du Perron, who, ten years before he was cardinal, in order to appear learned before the ladies of the court of Henry II. entered for them *de nobis manis de vera et gravi, et de ente mea*. 1669: *physis*. Beside, I have nothing more to say to you: it is for you to order, since you

are president. There is as much difference between a doctor who prescribes at a distance for a patient, and one who has him under his hands, as there is between Alexander who overcame the Persians at the pass of the Granicus, and the prince who makes war by his lieutenants. Medicine is the science of occasions in the sickness. We are only the advocates of the patients; Death or Nature are the judges. You will see, that, after all, this gentleman will gain money; 1659: it is such impudent men who govern the world; this is not a new arrangement of the present; some one in Herodotus has said it. A certain continuer of the chronology of Gauthier has placed M. Meyssonier in the rank of distinguished men; *Non equidem insidioso, miror, magis*. I am afraid that hereafter paper will serve 1655: only as pimps do, for the prostitution of reputations.

I will say to you that M. Courtault does not appear very wise. He does not leave me alone, and heaps abuses upon me unworthy of a man of letters: I believe that this controversy will end only with his death. He and those like him 1649: have a fine time in enveloping themselves with the grand mysteries of polypharmacy, in having themselves puffed by the apothecaries, for consideration, in poisoning their patients with emetic wine for the consolation of husbands who wish to change their wives, as well as for wives who desire young husbands. They cannot prevent the fact, that medicine should be only the art of healing, and that the art of healing does not consist in the occult receipts of those Arab cooks called apothecaries, monstrous colossuses of thieft, good only to cheat their poor dupes, while killing them; but exclusively in an easy and familiar way, such as by the use of bleeding, of ienna, with the syrup of pale rose, and other similar remedies. I am not the only one who thinks so; besides our old doctors, MM. Marefcor, Simon, Piètre, John Haudin, Bouvard, Du Chemin, Brayer, La Vigne, Merlet, Michel Seguin, Baralis, Alain, Moreau, Baujonier, Charpentier, Launay, Guillemeau, have introduced this good and natural practice among the families of Paris. There is no remedy in the world which performs such miracles as bleeding. Our Parisians take but little exercise, eat 1647: and drink a great deal, and become very plethoric; in this state they are hardly even relieved if bleeding, powerfully and copiously, is not first applied. Age makes no difference 1626: I have bled with success, two or three times in succession, infants of twenty and thirty months, and recently, my father-in-law thought

he was about to die. He is a fat and portly man; he had an inflammation of his lungs, with delirium; besides this, he had the stone in his loins and bladder. At his last attack, I bled him eight times in the arm, taking nine ounces of blood each time, although he was eighty years old; after the bleedings, I purged him well, four times withenna and syrup of pale roses; he was so well relieved, that it seemed like a miracle, and he seems rejuvenated by it, and is consequently very content, and yet he gives me nothing for it, except a statue, such even as he is: old age and avarice always agree with each other; this sort of people are like hogs who leave every thing when they die, and are good only then. The old fellow would be well with the Count de Robé; both of them would willingly discard the stepping-stone, and without scruple would willingly eat the pig which was cooked in its mother's milk. I know what I expose myself to in muzzling the calves who think themselves doctors, and are only pickpockets. They have already published against me a satire, entitled *Painini Vergeratus*, a title which is a stale and outrageous abuse; but I don't care for it. *Vere liqui se pite, distite se esse pite.* As long as I live I will maintain the true doctrine, that of easy and familiar medicine, which is the only good one. As for mineral waters, I will tell you that I do not greatly believe in them, and have never believed more. Master Nicolas Piètre undecieved me concerning them some forty years ago. Fallope calls them an empirical remedy. They make a great many more husbands deceived, than cure sick persons. The book of M. Hufman, *De Medicamentis Officinalibus*, is very good. There are fifty chapters in it which cannot be paid for. The whole first volume is worth gold; except where he says thatenna is windy. It is an abridgement of all the botanics and works on antidotes which have been printed during the last hundred years. Our Dean, my friend M. Riolan, who is the author's enemy, does not hesitate to say that the preface is worth by itself an hundred crowns. This excellent man should be believed, for he has excellent sense, notwithstanding that he grows old in a way to excite pain and pity. We must all of us thus get ready to make the grand voyage from which no one returns. This is sad, and also that it is with a learned man as with a tick, which, however full it may be, becomes finally exhausted and empty by things being taken from it. I am about to move; this will be a great bother to me for my books, and, when I think of it, my hair stands on end.

All my folios are moved and put in place; there are already more than sixteen hundred in place. We have commenced to move the quartos, and then will come the octavos, and so on, until the end of the procession, which will last about a month, after which my ten thousand volumes will be greatly in honor. It is a great many books; so many are not necessary. One can almost be satisfied with the history of Pliny, which is one of the finest books in the world: this is why it has been called *the poor man's library*. If Aristotle is put with him, they make a library almost complete. If Plutarch and Seneca are joined, the whole family of good books will be there: father, mother, eldest and youngest.

Do not confound the Père Labbé, my good friend, who wrote a life of Galén, with a Père Labbé of Lyons, who writes Latin like gingerbread, all in points; they are very different.

There has been a great ceremony here, at the church of the Augustins, for a certain Spanish saint of their order, named Frère Thomas de Villeneuve, whom the pope canonized the last winter. They made fireworks at the end of the Pont Neuf, in which this new saint was represented like a rascal of Quintain. There was a numberless crowd of people to see it, and they said that it seemed peace must be going to be made, otherwise they would not have received a Spanish saint in France.

Des Fougerais, the most violent of our animosities, is dead. The slow fever carried him off, and it is well if you will be allowed to say, *Beautiful soul, before God, if it believed in me!*

Our good friend Gassendi died on Sunday, the 24th of October, at three in the afternoon, aged sixty-five years, and armed with the sacraments *ex more*. This is a great loss for the republic of letters. I should have preferred that ten Des Fougerais and ten cardinals of Rome should have died—it would not have been so much loss for the public.

In order to answer your questions, I will tell you that an honest man, one of my friends, has given me an old register of our schools, in contracted and gothic letters, of the year 1395; I have lent it to M. Riolan, who has found that mention is made in it of a testator who bequeathed, in 1303, a manuscript of Galén to the Medical School of Paris, *De usu partium*; so that we are much the elder of MM. of Montpellier, who are very assuming, both concerning their knowledge and their antiquity.

1665. Another thing is not only concerns Zacutus; Fabius Pacius, in his *Traité de la Vénéréole*, thinks as he did, and that from certain passages of Xenophon, Cicero, and Apuleius, that this disease is not modern. The late Simon Piètre, the elder brother of Nicolas Piètre, two incomparable men, said that before Charles VIII., in France, the syphilitic were confounded with the leprous, from which it happened that so many hospitals for leprous people were established, the majority of which are now empty.

1666. This is not all. Bolduc, a Capucin, has written, as has also Pineda, a Spanish Jesuit, that Job had the syphilis. I would willingly believe that David and Solomon had it also. The third answer: M. Naudé, who was not a liar, told me that Lucas Holstenius, of Hamburg, who is prebend of Saint John of Latran, at Rome, had assured him that he could point out eight thousand mistakes in Baronius, and prove them by the manuscripts of the Vatican, of which he is the keeper.

1658. I am delighted that my description of the Queen Christina, of Sweden, pleased you. It is said that she has passed through Turin and Casel, and has gone from there to Venice, if she is not there already. I know nothing concerning the plans of this princess, nor what will be the end of her adventures; but I think that she travels with her mind as well as with her body. Many people travel thus, who would do better to stop and learn very many good things, of which they are ignorant. What is this spirit of peregrination? An uneasiness of the mind and body, without any result. These moving feet could just as well in this way see a number of steeples of which they have not the offering.

1650. The Queen-Regent, urged on by her red-headed, has had the Prince of Condé arrested in the Cardinal Palace, together with the Prince of Conti and the Duke de Longueville, and has had them sent to Vincennes. Paris has not been at all excited by it; on the contrary, some bonfires have been kindled to celebrate it. It is to be feared that the prisoners do not eat in their prison what Nero, in Suetonius, calls the *food of the gods*; that is, the mushrooms of the Emperor Claudius. M. de Longueville is very sad, and says not a word; the Prince of Conti weeps, and hardly stirs from his bed; the Prince of Condé sings, swears, hears mass, reads French and Italian books, dines, and plays battledore. Two days ago, when the Prince of Conti was asking some one to send him a copy of the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, the Prince of Condé said: "And I beg you, Sir, to send me also the *Imitation of M. de Beaufort*, for

that I am escaped from here, as he did, some two years ago."

What will be the result of all this? Measles robs people, the partisans skin them, the hunting priests deceive them, Condé kills them, and very few have pity on them.

Our young king is, however, in good health; they say he has good intentions, and wait for their results.

At present nothing is spoken of here but the preparations which are making at Versailles for the tournament, and the festival of the ladies of the court. It will be perfectly magnificent. They are preparing ballets, and are building the Louvre, which will also be very beautiful; but M. Talon is about to be removed from his charge and sent back to Parliament, but never any great reduction of the taxes, or relief for the poor people who die of hunger, no assistance for the soldiers who have been dismissed the service, and who are begging in the cities and pillaging in the country. Nothing is sought for except good money, to be taken wherever found.

It is said that there will be 110 millions of taxes notified to the peasants. There have been already 89 millions, 8 millions of which in the island of Notre Dame alone; and many to illustrious persons. It is necessary that these public leeches must have sucked well in order to give up all this, and still have a good quantity remaining.

God give grace to the king to diminish the taxes, and live eighty years after in such good condition. Since Hugh Capet, who was the chief of his race, there has been only one who has reached the age of sixty, who was really a skilful man, but dangerous and malicious: this was Louis XI., by whose fault we have lost the Low Countries. If he had not, by his cursed caprices, committed the singular fault of allowing the hand of Mary of Burgundy to be lost for one of his family, he would have saved the lives of many millions of men; and the house of Austria (*Autriche*), which still calls the house of Austria rich, on account of the great wealth which has come to it by its alliances, would not be so difficult to break down as it is.

Quæ tam dissita terris
Barbaries, Francæ ludibria ne sciat aula.

As all the other things have been unfortunate or debauched, Louis XII. and Francis I. have deserved to be praised by posterity. As for Henry IV., he saved France from the hands of the flu-

guenon and the members of the League, who had become furious *inebriati poculo et zelo cruentæ religionis*, to which they were carried by the ambition of the Pope and the *pistoles* of Spain—who had miserably deceived the people.

1664. The family of idiotic birds was at that time larger. There are not as many now; the world is well cured of its stupidity, thanks to God, and the monks who have sharpened up many people. Would they have said, at the time of the Apostles, that piety would have brought us there? It is because piety engenders riches, and the daughter stifles the mother.

1666. Mr. Benoit de Saumur told me, forty years ago, that in 1664 there would be a great change in the religion of France, and that we would all go to the preaching of which he had had a vision. I have no faith in these chimeras of visions; but there may be a change in the political government of Europe: this can be foreseen, considering the great number there is of rascals, hypocrites, Nebulons, Ardelions, Loyolites, and sharp priests who deserve punishment. However, give me a cent, and you shall have stories enough.

1666. Yesterday morning, in Barbette street, there was a great carnage of waiters, who were fighting duels; there were many wounded, and seven killed on the ground. In the evening five large valets were broken alive on the wheel; they belonged to a band of fourteen, who in open day had gone into the house of a widow in Paris, had strangled her and her servant-woman, and taken away a small quantity of money they had just received. Two brothers have also committed a great theft: one has been caught, and will soon be hung; the other will do well to escape to America, and become king there. Hardly a day passes without giving occupation to the executioners. I believe that the end of the world is coming near, at seeing such things—so many partisans, extortioners, leeches of the people, insatiable red-heads, with so many nests of monks and preachers.

1664. The Duke of Orleans arrived at Paris yesterday, and went to dine with Mazarin. *Cum canibus timidi venit ad pocula domæ.*

The curate of Saint Paul's had been exiled by Mazarin, in order to give satisfaction to the fathers of the Society; soon after, he was recalled; but while he was in exile, a paper was posted on the doors of his church, with these words: *Louis XIV., King of France and Navarre, Archbishop of Paris, and Curate of St. Paul's.*

The little river of Gobelins has made great rav-

ages in the quarter of Saint Marceau; it rose in the night, and drowned a great many poor people: they counted yesterday forty-two bodies, besides those they did not know. Many people say that a great ditch should be made before Saint Maur, which passes across the plain of Saint Denis, and empties into the Seine, between Saint Omer and Saint Denis, seeing that it is the river of Marne which gives us so much water.

There is an Englishman here, the son of a Frenchman, who thinks of making marriages which shall go and return from Paris to Fontainebleau in the same day, without horses, by an admirable machine: the machine is preparing in the Temple.

A great deal is said of the languor of M. the chancellor (Ségner); if this place becomes vacant, there are persons who designate it for M. Colbert, for M. Puffort his uncle, for MM. D'Haligre or Le Tellier. I for my part wish it will be for the most worthy; it is the solstice of honor of our statesmen, our politicians, and learned lawyers.

Is it true that the young wife of the incomparable M. de Lorme died suddenly? If it is so, I am sorry for him: when a man is young, he needs a wife; when he is old, he needs two. I have been greatly troubled in mind concerning the shipwreck of the poor and excellent M. de Campigny: these things make me lose myself in the abyss of Providence, which is full of obscurities for us, as much for human affairs as for divine ones. God governs the world, but in his own way. Predestination is a strange mystery: when I think of the misfortunes of all good people, *sollitor multos esse putare Deos*, but nevertheless I do not say it—my reason restrains my passion.

God-bye, sir. I kiss your hands, and am, from the bottom of my heart, entirely yours.

(*À l'abbé de la Trappe.*)

EPITAPH ON PETER ARETIN.—Sir John Reresby, in his *Travels*, says: "In the church of St. Luke (Venice), lies interred Peter Aretin, that obscene profane poet, with this epitaph, till the Inquisitors took it away: '*Oui jace Aretin, poeta Tusco, qui dicit mal d'ogni uno fuora di Dio. scusandosi decendo so no'l cognosco.*' Here Aretin, the Tuscan poet, lies, who all the world abused but God, and why? He said he knew Him not?"

Brathwaite's Strappado for the
Diuell

A STRAPPADO FOR THE DIUELL
EPIGRAMS AND SATYRES ALLUDING
TO THE TIME, WITH DIVERS MEASURES OF
NOLLESSE DELIGHT. By ΜΥΘΟΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ, to
his friend ΦΙΛΟΚΡΑΤΗΣ.

Nemo me impune lacessit.

At LONDON printed by J. B. for Rich-
ard Redmer, and are to be sold at the
West dore of Pauls at the Starre. 1615.
(8vo, pp. 362.)

This is a highly interesting and amusing
work, from the prolific pen of RICHARD
BRATHWAITE; but it is unfortunately dis-
figured by several gross vulgarities, which
detract considerably from the pleasure that
would otherwise be derived from the perusal
of this writer's works, and for which he
is justly deserving of censure. This is the
more to be regretted, as there is much that
is estimable in this volume, which, like sev-
eral other works of this author, is adorned
with beautiful imagery, set forth in highly-
pleasing language.

Brathwaite (says Mr. Fry, in his *Bibliogr. Memor.*, p. 387) well amply repay
the labour of a perusal; interesting notices
of ancient customs and manners recommend
him to the notice of the antiquary, and his
poetical merits will not be estimated as
slight, or undeserving, by the active and
ardent student in general literature. And
Mr. Collier remarks: "There is, perhaps,
no work in English which illustrates more
fully and amusingly the manners, occupa-
tions, and opinions of the time when it was
written, than the present volume by Rich-
ard Brathwaite."

The work commences with the Author's
Anagram, *Ventu kathi bani Credit*, and others
upon the names of Sir Thomas Gains-
ford and Mr. Thomas Posthumus Digges,
the latter of whom is addressed in this satir-

izing style: "To his much honoured and
endeared Mecenas (the expressive Charac-
ter of a generous Spirit) judicious approver
of best-meriting Poetic, Guerdoner of Arts,
cherisher of Wittes, and serious Protestor
of all freeborne Studies, Mr. Thomas Post-
humus Digges, the Author humbly dedicates
himself, his Time-sung Epigrams, with
the use of his divinely importing Anagram."
These are followed by a prose address *To
the gentle Reader*, apologizing for defects
of the press occasioned by the author's ab-
sence, and a poetical one addressed *To his
Booke*. Then comes *The Epistle Dedicato-
rie* (and one leaf *Vpon the Errata*):

To all Officers, Broakers, and Promoters,
Sergeants, Catch-poles, and Regraters,
Ushers, Panders, Suburber Traders,
Cockneiers that haue manie fathers,
Ladies, Monks, Parachiters, and sawd on
Marmosites, and Catomites,
Falls, high-tines and rebatoes,
Falle-haires, periwigges, moachatoes,
Grays, Gregorians, and She-painters,
Send I greeting at adventures,
And to all such as be euill,
My *strappado** for the diuell.

There is much humor in this and in
some other dedications to his poems, of
which the following, from the first poem in
the present work, may serve as a specimen:
"To the true discepuer of secrets Moun-
seur Bacchus, sole Soueraigne of the Iuy-
bass, Master-gunner of the pottle-pot ordi-
nance, prime founder of Red lattices, cheer-
er of the hunger-starv'd Mules, and their
thred bare followers, singuler Artiss in pew-
ter language, and an obseruant linguist for
anon anon Sir. His dere Canary-Bird with-
eth red-eyes, dropse-legges, and all other

*The *strappado* was a cruel military pun-
ishment, in which a rascal being fastened under the
sufferer's arms, he was drawn up by a pulley to
the top of a high beam, and then suddenly let
down with a jerk by which his arms were broken,
or his joints dislocated. (See Douce's *Illustrated
Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 427; R. Holmes's *Academy
of Arms and Blazon*, book iii. ch. vii. p. 310.)

accoutrements befitting." We give a few of the commencing lines of the poem:

Bottle of Bæchus with thy bladder face,
To thee my Muse comes seeking for a place;
And craves thy Patronage; nor do I feare
But my poore fragments shall be made of there
For good reueitions by thy scrambling crew,
That best, and reade, and at each enterview
Of a sharpe temperd line, commend the vaine,
Digest it, and then sift it up againe.
But know, thou cup shot god, what is exprest
Within these Pages doe deserue the best
Of thy light-headed Shamroes, nor's my tutch
For such as loue to take a cup too-much.
No, no, my lines (though I did seeme to stand
And begge a poore protection at thy hand)
Shall liue in spite of Time, for Time shall see
The curtaine of her vices drawne by me:
And though portraide by a lesse art-full fist,
Yet he that lamm'd them is a Satyrist;
For th' lines he writes (if ought he write at all)
Are drawne by inke that's mixed most with gall.
Yea, he was borne, euen from his infancie,
To tell the world her shame, and bitterly
To taxe those crimes which harbour now and then
Within the bosomes of the greatest men.
"Yea, nought I doe but I againe will doe it,
"Nor ought will write, but I will answer to it."

Among other poems in this portion of the work is *A Satire Upon the Generall Sicolists* [Sciolists] or *Poettasters of Britannie*, which is quoted at length in the *Restituta* (vol. iii. page 145), in which is introduced the following panegyric upon George Wither, who, it is well known, was greatly admired and imitated by Brathwaite—and upon William Brown, whose *Shepherd's Pipe*, written in conjunction with Wither, was published in 1614:

Yet ranke I not (as some men doe suppose)
These worthless swaines amongst the laies of those
Time-honour'd Shepheards (for they still shall be
As well they merit) honoured of mee,
Who beare a part, like honest faithfull swaines,
On witty *Wither's* never-withring plaines,
For these (though seeming Shepheards) have deserved
To haue their names in lasting Marble carv'd:
Yea this I know I may be bold to say,
Thames ne'er had swains that sang more sweet than they

It's true I may acknow't, that nere was song
Chanted in any age by swains so young,
With more delight then was perform'd by them,
Pretily shadow'd in a borrowed name.
And long may Englands *Thespian Springs* be
known,
By lovely *Wither* and by bonny *Browne*,
Whilest solid *Seldon*, and their *Cuddy* too,
Sing what our (Swaines of old) could neuer doe.

At page 54 is an epigram, called *His Catch*:

Singing my catch, if you be not my friend,
For all my catch, I shall be catcht ith' end.

This is inscribed to *The right Worshipfull Rich. Hutton, Sergeant at Lawe*, and was occasioned by the restraint of the Author, who in the justnes of his cause (like *Zenophons Sparrow*) fled for refuge to this person, who appears to have been his godfather and patron, if not more nearly connected:

Who should I flie to (Sir) but unto you
That are a Sergeant, and has power to place
Your God-sonne free from any Sergeants Mace?

And in *Astræa's Teares, an Elegie upon the death of Sir Richard Hutton Knight* (1641, 8vo), he calls his son, Sir Richard Hutton, Knt., "my most endeared Cousin," and again alludes to the father:

Let us then joyne our Funerall odes in thee
His dearest God-sonne with his Eldest Sonne

And again:

Ar't gone just judge? yet ere thou go'st from hence
Receive thy God-sonnes teares in recompence
Of many Blessings thou bestow'd of him.

This circumstance also clearly identifies Brathwaite as the author of this latter work upon the death of Judge Hutton. Some of the remaining poems in this first part are of an amatory description. Among others is one *composed in honour of his Mistress*, allusively shadowing her name in the title (probably Frances), which he entitles *His Frankes Anatomie*. It appears, however, from the next poem, *Upon his Mistress*

Nuptial, entitled, His Franks Farewell,
that she afterward played him false. In
the next Epigramme called the *W. Bear* is
the following pleasing description of rural
scenery:

It chanc'd upon a time (and then was th' time)
When the thigh-fraughted Bee gathered her thyme,
Stor'd her platted Cell, her fragrant bower,
Crop't from each branch, each blossom, and each
flower,
When th' pretty Lam-kin scarce a fortnight old
Skipped and frolicked fore the neighbouring fold,
When th' cheerful Robin, Larke, and Lenaret
Tun'd up their voices, and together met,
When th' scarcefull Hare to chere her quaint de-
light,
Did make her selfe her owne Hermaphrodite,
When th' lovely Turtle did her eyes awake,
And with swift flight follow'd her faithfull mate,
When every Beast prepar'd her wonted den,
For her owne young, and shade to cover them,
When Flora with her mantle ruck'd up,
Gath'rd the dewie flowers, and them did put
In their embossed silks which were deckt festi-
With Prime-rose, Cow-slip, and the violet,
The dill, the daisie, sweet breath'd Eglantine,
The Crowfoote, pansie, and the Columbine,
The pinks, the plantaine, milfoile, every one,
With Marigold that opens with the Sunne;
Even then it was, till may I say it was,
When young Admetus woo'd a country lass,
A countie lass whom he did woe indeede,
To be his Bride, but yet he could not speede.

After a few more epigrams, and a busie
one *Dialogue* in the northern dialect between
Billie and Fokkie called the *Musgrove*,
and a *Panegyrick Embleme*, entitled,
Saint George for England, &c., we come
to all singular and humorous poem *Upon a
Road's Palfrey*, lying in *London*, for the
discharge of his *Providence*. An Epigram
containing numerous allusions to various
works and persons of that age, and com-
mencing with a quotation from *Shake-
speare's play of Richard the Third*.

If I had liv'd but in King Richard's dayes,
Who in his heat of passion, made the force
Of his Affailants troubled many waies,
Crying *A horse, a Kingdome for a horse*,
O then my horse which now at *Leury Hayes*

Had been set free, where now he's forc'd to
stand
And like to fall into the Officers hand.

Besides this, there are allusions to *Don
Quixote*, *Shelton's translation* of the first
part of which had appeared only three
years before.

If I had liv'd but in *Don Quixotes* time,
His *Romant* had been of little worth,
For mine was bred within a younger time, etc.

To *Marlowe's tragedy of Tamburlaine*
the *Cycas* (1599) only has no right to W
If I had liv'd when *Tamora* (1591) was
Displaid his purple signalls in the East
Hallow ye *pamphred lady* had been in vaine
For mine's not *pamphred*, nor was ere at least
But once, which once I nere like to be againe
How methinks would hee have tould the *Wheeler*,
Hauing braue *Tambraine* whipping at's heeles.

To *Banks and his celebrated horse*
If I had liv'd but in our *Banks*, his time
I do not doubt, so witty is my *lady*,
So full of *imitation*.

To *Vennard's or Fennor's England's
Joy*, acted at the Swan in 1693.
If you remember, as was that same top
Of *Banks*, his horse, or *Fennor's England's Joy*.

To *Sir John Mandeville*, and the *Par-
geants* acted at *Bartholomew Fair*.
What none? no *Mandeville*, is *London* growne,
To surfeit of new accidents?—why hee,
Saint *Barilemeu*, where all the *Pageants* shoue
And all thole acts from *Adam* unto *Noe*,
U'd to be represent, canst send me none,
Of any sort, or thou'd not any spare
But keepe them for the *Pageants* of thy *Faire*.

To *Mother Red-cap*—to *Whipping the
Cat at Aking*, and other curious circum-
stances. This is followed by *Hymen's Sa-
tyre*, a *Marriage Song*, &c., another
Upon the *Commendous* though *commendous*
labour of *Mr. Arthur Standish*, in the in-
vention of planting of *Wood*—a *wood-
man's Embleme*—a poem addressed To
the truly worthy the *Alderman* of *Ken*

dall and his brethren; and another To all true-bred Northerne Sparks of the gener-
ous society of the Cottoners who hold their
High-roads by the Pinder of Wakefield,
the Shoo-maker of Bradford, and the
White-Coate of Kendal; Light Gaines,
heavie Purses, good Tradings, with cleere
Conscience. In this he alludes to the tricks
played by the manufacturers, resembling
some of those practised in the present day;
and, describing the introduction of the cot-
ton-trade into the north, makes mention of
Workington and the Curwens, Cartmell,
Staveley (corruptly Staulay), Seabridge fair,
Wakefield, Bradford, Kendal, and the "ru-
in'd Castle of Lord Par." The following is
Brathwaite's description of Wakefield and
her famous Pinder.

The first whereof that I intend to shew
Is merry Wakefield and her Pinder too,
Which Fame hath blaz'd with all that did belong
Unto that Towne in many yeaerlong
The Pinders valour and how firme he stood
In th' Townes defence gainst the Rebel Robin
How stoutly he behav'd himselfe, and would
In spite of Robin bring his horse to the fold,
His many May-games, which were so becom
Yeerely presented upon Wakefield-green,
Where lovely Juggs and lustie Tibs would go
To see him playfully turne upon the toe;
Hob, Lob, and Crayde the fiddler would be there;
And many more I will not speake of here:
Good gods how glad hath been this hart of mine
To see that Towne, which hath in former time
So flourish'd and so glori'd in her name,
Famous by th' Pinder who first rais'd the fame;
Yea I have watcht ore that greene and ore
And th' more I saw, I took delight the more;
"For where we take contentment in a place,
"A whole daies walke, seemes as a cinque paze:
Yet as there is no solace upon earth,
Which is attended evermore with mirth."
But when we are transported most with gladnesse
Then suddenly our ioyes reduce to sadness;
So far'd with me to see the Pinder gone,
And of those jolly laides that were, not one
Left to surmise:—I griev'd more then the fiddler
The author is lavish also in the praises
of Kendal and her excellent pastor

But of all the blessings that were reckoned
In my opinion there is none so great
As that especial one which they receive,
By th' grate and reverend Pastor which they have,
Whose life and doctrine are so ioint together
(As both sincere, there's no defect in either),
For in him both Urim and Thummim be
O that we had more Pastors such as he
For then in Sion should Gods flocke increase
"Hauing such Shepheards would not stea butt fleece;
Thus what wants Kendal that she can desire
Tyr's her Pastor, and her selfe is Tyre,
He to mistrust her people, he to bring
Weale to her Towne by goodlie trafficking."

There is a punning allusion here to the
vicar of Kendal, who, at the time that
Brathwaite wrote, was Ralph Tyre or Ty-
rer, an excellent pastor, who was vicar of
Kendal from 1591 to his death in 1627.
Brathwaite himself was connected with the
neighborhood of Kendal, being descend-
ed from the family of this name of Burnes-
head or Burnside in the barony of Kendal,
and spent much of the earlier part of his
life on this family estate, and there is a
monument still in Kendal Church to the
memory of Sir Thomas Brathwaite, Knt.,
of Burneshead, who died in 1683, and might
possibly be a younger brother. Our author,
according to Anthony Wood, at a later pe-
riod of his life removed to Appleton in the
parish of Catperry near Richmond in York-
shire, where he appears (from a monument
to his tomb in the church of Catperry)
to have died May 1673, at the advanced
age of eighty-five, leaving an only son, Sir
Stamford Brathwaite, Knt., who was slain
when fighting against the Moors in Africa,
and was buried at Tangier.
Kendal was formerly celebrated as a
great place for making cloths and dyeing
them with bright colors. Thus we read
in Drayton's Polygraphon

—where Kendal town doth stand, Dye
For making of our cloth, hence watch d. in all the
The Kendal Dyehouse is celebrated by Shake-
speare, in his Henry VIII. as the place where
the famous only

Robin Hood and his companions when living in Sherwood Forest, when, according to the old play—
 "all these woods in Sherwood
 Are full of outlaws that in Kendal green"
 Follow the out-law'd call off Huntingdon moving
 But while it was formerly noted for its green, it appears from this poem that the men of Kendal were especially remarkable for their *White coats*.

Descending thither where most bound I am,
 To Kendal, white-coats, where your trade began

As for this name of *White-coats*, and a fore-
 It came from the milk-white furniture they wore
 And in good-sooth they were but home-spun fel-
 Yet would their *white-coats* make their faces dy
 Yellow,

Which might by later times be instance
 Even in those border-tervices they did

At the end of this long and curious poem
 allusions are made to some of the cele-
 brated tunes: *Willon's delight*, *Arthur a*
Brady, and *Mal-Du-lan's round*. *Arthur a*
Brady is still a song well known, but the

other two, we fear, are now in exist-
 ence. A few lines *To the Worshipfull Re-*
corde of Kendal follow, and then two
 more poems *To the Landlord whereforever*,
 and *To the Tennant whereforever*, conclude
 this portion of the volume.

After page 254 there is a fresh epaging,
 but with eggnations, signatures; and a sec-
 ond part of the work commences with a
 new title, thus part 2d.

LOVES LABYRINTH, or the true-
 Lovers knot:—including the disastrous
 fates of two star-cross Lovers, Pyramus
 and Thisbe.—A Subject heretofore han-
 dled, but now with much more propie-
 tie of passion, and variety of invention,
 continued.—By RICHARD BRATHWAYTE.

Res. est. (obscure) plena timore amor.

[Imprint and date as before.]

VOL. II.—H

This part commences with a Latin dedi-
 cation to Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart., of
 Harcley, with an anagram upon his name,
 which is followed by some lines *Upon the*
Dedicatorie, in which the author states his
 reason for dedicating this poem to his pa-
 tron, who was then deceased. Next comes
 a funeral elegy *Upon the premature death*
of the most Generous and Ingenious, the
right Worshipfull Sir Richard Musgrave,
Knight Barronet of Harcley; who died
in Italy, being preuented of his religious
purpose, intending to visit the holy Sepul-
chre of our Saviour in Ierusalem, an Epi-
cedium: The Author dedicates these Obi-
terates, unto his vertuous and modest Lady,
the much honoured Francis Musgrave,
daughter to the truly honourable Philip
Lord Wharton. This is succeeded by va-
 rious anagrams upon Sir Richard Musgrave's
 name, and some short epitaphs upon the
 same. Next ensue some stanzas addressed *To*
all unhappy Louers, on the subject of the
 poem; and two short copies of verses enti-
 tled *The Author upon his infant Poeme*,
 and *Upon the Presse*. The poem of *Py-*
ramus and Thisbe then commences, pre-
 ceded by *The Argument*, also in verse,

Childrens love and Parents hate,
 Pure affection cross'd by fate;
 True the loue, so true to either,
 That they chus'd to die together.
 Cutteous woodnymphs, Tigris fierce,
 With their teares their dolefull hearfe;
 Myrtle branches, roses sweete,
 Satyres srow about their feete:
 Woodnymphs with their Syrens voice
 Call their parents by their noise,
 Who with pace (slow pace God wot)
 Made halt they could, yet halted not,
 Till they saw their children tie
 Arme in aime full louingly.
 Oft they sought, but all in vaine
 To bring life to them againe.
 Thicketing teares came dropping downe,
 Groues with teares were overflowne,
 Water mixt with crimson blood
 Made a deluge where they stood.

Thisbe's obsequies they see
 Grauen in an Olive tree,
 Their bones to ashes they doe burne
 And place them in one sacred urne,
 That as their loue was all in all
 So they might haue one Buriall.
 To this shrine, this statue faire,
 Louers wont for to repayre,
 Who to confirme their sincere loue
 Offered them a Turtle Doue.
 But when their reliques scattered were,
 Maids nere after offered there
 Their wonted incense; but forsooke
 The altar which was wont to smoke
 With mirrhe and thime, which they did burne
 With solemne rites about their urne.
 Yet lest their fame should so decay,
 Their tombe is to be seene this day,
 Which first erected was to be
 Conseruer of their memory.

The story of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, which Brathwaite described in the title as "a Subiect heretofore handled," had been twice published before his time, viz.: *The Boke of Perymus and Thisbe* (London, for T. Hackett, 1562), 4to, blk. lett.; and Dunstan Gale's *Pyramus and Thisbe* (London, 1597, 4to); and again in 1617. It is also found annexed to Greene's *Historie of Arbasto, King of Denmarke* (4to, 1617), in the title to which it is called a lovely *Poem of Pyramus and Thisbe*. At the end of this is a poem inscribed, *The Answere of Hipolitus unto Phædra*, in octave stanzas, to which is prefixed an argument in prose. The volume is closed with five additional unpagéd leaves, the first two of which contain *An Embleame including the Authors name*; lines addressed *To the equall Reader*, and four lines *To the Captious Reader*, with directions on the bottom of the first page to "place this and the leafe following after the end of the first Booke." The three other leaves contain Latin notes and authorities relating to passages in the poem of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, addressed *To the understanding Reader*.

Such are the contents of this curious and interesting volume; for a further account

of which the reader may consult Fry's *Bibliogr. Memor.*, p. 385, art. 101, 102; the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 47; *Archæica*, vol. ii. pref., p. xiii.; and Collier's p.p. *Bridge-wat. Cat.*, p. 32. Long extracts have been given from it in the *Rejhituta*, vol. iii. pp. 145 and 203, embracing the whole of the satire upon the *Poettasters of Brittainie*, and the epistle or epigram to *Phantasio Moriane*. See also Ellis's *Specim.*, vol. iii. p. 103; Wood's *Athen. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 516; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 197; and *Bibliomania*, p. 394.

The *White Knights* copy, No. 597, fold for 3l. 19s.; the Roxburghe ditto, No. 3372, 2l. 12s. 6d.; Inglis's ditto, No. 216, 2l. 12s. 6d.; Gilchrist's ditto, No. 76, 4l.; Struttell's ditto, No. 126, 2l. 17s.; bought by Mr. Skegg, and at his sale in 1842, No. 182, fold for 7l.; Nassau's ditto, pt. i. No. 312, 5l. 10s.; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 47, with portrait of Brathwaite from the frontispiece to his *Complete Gentleman*, 1630, inserted 8l. 8s. The same copy sold, in Midgley's sale, No. 31, for 6l., to Baron Bolland, and was again disposed of at his sale in 1840, No. 274.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to Z 6, in eights; Q 6 is a blank leaf. Two additional leaves, Sig. 7, are to be placed at the end of the first book.

(CORSEY'S *Collection Anglo-Poetica*.)

ORIGIN OF THE STAR AS A DECORATION OF KNIGHTHOOD.—It was on St. George's day, in the year 1626, that "in imitation of the order of St. Esprit in France," the Knights of the Garter were permitted to add a star to their decorations. (See *Stow's Annals*.) This species of ornament had its origin in the cross, properly so called, which the knights of the religious orders (as well as the clergy) wore on their outward garments. When Henry IV. was expiring, his attendants applied the cross of his order to his lips instead of a crucifix, "putting him in mind of God." It is curious to observe, that what was first a mark of Christian humility, has degenerated into one of the most ostentatious emblems of mundane vanity.

Bibliographical Curiosities.

Quod juvat innumeris replevi scripta libris?

Nunc pro cunctis Biblius esse potest.

Nunc juvat innumeris replevi armaria chartis,

Si facienda fugis, si fugienda facis.

LECTIONUM BIBLIOTHECARUM
MEMORABILUM SYNTAGMA,
CONTINENS DISSERTATIONES VARIORUM;
DE BIBLIOTHECIS ET LIBRIS, LITERIS ET
LITERATIS. EDITA RUDOLFO CAPELLO.
Hamburgi, sumptibus Georgii Wolfii,
1682. (12mo.)

Bibliotheca meum, regnum, templum atq. lyceum.

Quin eris antiquorum bibliotheca, meum.

E ductis, seu fonte, fuit sapientia libris.

Ufus habet laudem, crimen abusus habet.

This volume is not one of the easiest to collate, because the pages are not numbered. It is complete, however, between the signatures A-Hh, the last containing 10 leaves, the last of which is occupied with the printer's name, Michel, Piper. The first three sheets, with the exception of about two pages, are, printed in German, as are the ten preliminary pages, which are not counted in this record, and which are not comprised in the register. The one numbered as the first is engraved. At the head of leaf A should be found a portrait of Rudolph Capel. As the book was published at the expense of Wolf, of Hamburg, I at first thought, that it must have been since included, either entire or in part, in the *Monumenta Typographica*; but I have probably verified the fact that it is not there, since I find it placed in my notes in the column of *unknown* books, and I have since convinced myself that it is not less unknown to the Germans than to the French.

The misfortune of our Capellus is a lesson by no means slightly disgraceful for the writers of our time who occupy themselves with philology and bibliography. It shows, in a startling way, that in this kind of litera-

ture, more than in any other, books have their destiny; for the *Lectiones Bibliothecariae* is, in my opinion, really one of the most interesting collections which this study has produced—one of those which, from the interest and variety of its subjects, is read, from the beginning to the end, with the greatest pleasure. Has its false title in German, and the three or four sheets in the same language which take about a tenth part of it, and are unfortunately in the beginning, caused its rejection from our libraries? I can understand this; but by what fatal chance is it almost entirely ignored by German bibliographers, so careful as they are of facts, such lovers of authorities, so little prone in their science to repudiate the reputations of their predecessors, that if they can be accused of excess, it would be for the excess of deference which they display for Bauer as for Freytag, for Freytag as for Vogt, for Vogt as for Beyer?

An opinion may be formed, however, of the rarity of the works of this very remarkable bibliographer, whose name has escaped M. Weiss himself, in the *Biographie Universelle*, and is not to be found, as far as my knowledge goes, in any catalogue, unless it may be that of Bunau. It will be seen, nevertheless, that the disappearance of such a book, which cannot be explained by a legal suppression, cannot be explained either, in the time of good knowledge and study, by the neglect of a wise contempt which has sent so many volumes to the grocer's shop, and which has made the conventional success which so many old volumes enjoy. For I reiterate that the book of Capellus is as amusing as instructive; and to comprehend its rarity, we must suppose that it met with some accident similar to that which has made the folio of Rudbeck and the octavo of Dalgarno so rare.*

* Rudbeckius (Olavus). *Atlant eller Manheim. Atlantica, sive Manheim vera Japheti posterorum sedes ac patria*. Upsalæ, 1702. A learned work

Although I have promised to give the reader some idea of the merits of this curious work, by an author whose name even is but little known, I will refrain with care from giving an analysis which would fill many pages; for there are but few volumes in which may be found more excellent bibliographical facts and anecdotes. I will indicate, in the first of its four sections, an excellent *adhortation* upon the means of forming, preserving, and making a useful public library; in the second is an *onomatopoeia* and phraseology for librarians, which contain all that it is most important to know upon the questions which present themselves most frequently in these matters; in the third are excellent researches upon writing with the hand, or *chirography*, which we now call, somewhat emphatically, calligraphy; upon the art of printing, upon paper, vellum, the pictorial ornaments of our period; upon the burning of libraries, and in particular upon the burning of that of Hevelius, which has so considerably reduced the number of copies of his famous *Machina Cœlestis*; finally, in the fourth, the singular dissertations of Spizelius upon fortunate and unfortunate literary men; of Ferrarius, upon the poverty of literary men; of Bartolinus, upon their vices, and upon the accidents which happen to libraries; and of Fritschius, upon the same questions.

Has the learned editor of the Ciceronian book of Alcyonius, entitled *Medices Legatus, sive de Exilio*, Johann Burckard Mencke, united all these excellent pieces of literature in his collection of 1707?*

upon Northern Antiquities.—Dalgarno (George). *Ars Signorum Vulgo Character Universalis et Lingua Philosophica*. London, 1661. A work upon the Universal Language. The editions of both of these works were burnt accidentally, before they were distributed from the printing-office.

* Mencke's work, *Analeſta de Calamitate Litteratorum*, contains—Petri Alcyonii, *De Exilio*, libri ii.; Jo. Pier. Valerianus, and Corn. Tullius, *De*

not verify this just at present, since I no longer have his book in my possession; but I regret that he did not know our Capellus, and I am not afraid to assert that these curious lucubrations are not to be easily found elsewhere.

My learned friend M. Peignot speaks somewhere of the three enemies of books—rats, worms, dust—and adds wittily a fourth, borrowers. Our good Fritschius could have given him a hundred others, of which I will cite a dozen against whom amateurs should take special precautions: bedbugs, cockroaches, moths, kittens, children, awkwardly curious people, people with dirty hands, oil, wax, or tallow, used in reading, and particularly thieves. But I was mistaken; Fritschius mentions enemies still more to be feared: *Tyranni, hostes et persecutores; inepti, stupidi, sordidi, imperiti homines, odio habentes eruditionem, libros, literas et literatos*.

The volume ends with an essay full of learned views upon the literary and bibliographical history of the antediluvian and postdiluvian times, the ante-Mosaic and ante-monarchic times—that is, upon the most obscure and interesting *intunabula* of literature, in the study of which the scholar is guided only by confused traditions which nothing but an enlightened spirit of criticism can illumine. I have therefore done nothing too much in commending my Capellus to bibliophiles and bibliographers; and I do not hesitate to add that the reprinting of his work would be a service to learned literature, in a country which still occupies itself in its pursuit—in Germany, for instance. C. NODIER.

M. Nodier, in his researches, seems not to have consulted the *Allgemeines Gelehrten-Lexicon, Darinne die Gelehrten aller Stände sowohl männlichen als weiblichen Geschlechtes*, by Jos. Barberius, *De Infelicitate Litteratorum*; and Jos. Barberius, *De Miseria Poetarum Græcorum, cum Præfatione* (8vo, pp. 646); and was published in Leipzig, in 1707.

schlechts, welche vom Anfange der Welt bis auf jetzige Zeit gelebt, und sich der Gächten Welt bekannt gemacht, Nach ihrer Geburt, Leben, merkwürdigen Geschichten, Absterben und Schrifften aus dem glaubwürdigsten Scribenten in alphabetischer Ordnung beschrieben werden, von Christian Gottlieb Joener, Leipzig, 1767, 8vo; which gives the following account of Rudolphus Capellus, and of his son.

ALFREDIAN theologian, the son of Jodocus Capellus, born on the 24th of January, 1634, at Hamburg; studied at Wittenberg and Gießen, was made a *magister* at Gießen in 1655; a professor of eloquence in his native city in 1660, and in the same year a doctor of theology in Gießen; in 1662, professor of history and Greek at the Gymnasium at Hamburg. At this place he continued, innocently enough, a controversy with Professor Kirsten, who suspected him of the satire *Altophilus*; and on this account published a very sharp work against him.

He wrote *Pseudo-Philalethes*, *Excerptum Nummophylacium*, *Ludovicum Hamburgense*, and also had printed a book by Claudius Chiffletius, *De Antiquo Nummo prædixit Romano*. He wrote also *Natalitia Messæ*, *Triumphum Messæ Ascendentis*, *Synagoga Lectionum Bibliothecarum*, *Sylogon Hymnorum de Angelis*, *Rariora Becceleriana*, *Byzantina*, *Miscellanea in Festa totius anni*, *Verzeichniss derer von alten und neuen Lehrern den Arianern, Photinianern, etc., entgegen gesetzten Schrifften*, *Beschreibung der Glaubens- und Lebens-Tafel des wahren Christenthums*, *Vorstellungen des Norden, oder Bericht von einigen Nordländern, absonderlich Grönland*, *Discursum de Johanna Papissa*, *Achtzehnhundert Uebersetzung in deutsche Verse und heilsame Betrachtungen des 91. Psalms*, *Rede von des Messia Auferstehung von den Todten*, some Scheldiasmata, as, for instance, *De Locis Sacris*

Terræ Sanctæ, et de Peregrinationibus ad Sepulcrum Christi, *De Incremento Hæresum in Britannia*, *De Martinianus et Gaudelas*, *Programmata*, *Epistulus*. He left also, under assumed names, as Crayellus, *Historium Vitis et Scripturum Galeni*, as Kressius, *Exclamations de B. Luthero ejusque Divino Reformationis Opere*, under the name of Lochovidus, *Ciceroniana*. He published the *Tabulas Scripturum Ecclesiasticarum* of Cavæus, the *Pomer. Ducis Commentum inatinum ducum Ethonæ Imp. of Philip II.*, the *Hebræum Navigationis* of Mart. Poronensis (Frohnner?), the *Hymnum Catecheticum Græve et Latine cum Notis Clement Alexandri*, the *Expositionem Doctrinæ de S. Cena of Balthe Mennerus*, in German heroic verse, the *Hymnum of Ambrosius and Augustinus*, *Te Deum Laudamus*, translated into Greek and German verse, with notes; Paul Fleming's *Thun und Leiden Christi*; a German translation of the *Confusionem Sectæ Mahumedanæ* of John Andrea, a converted Mohammedan. Besides these things, he left, in manuscript, *Testimonia Aulorum Pontificorum de Veteris Ecclesiæ Scripturis*, *Hemerologium*, *Menologium*, et *Martyrologium Hamburgense*, *Anonymi Vetus Chronicon Rerum Hamburgensium*, *Prostichometrium Notis Illustratum*.

He was a man who failed not in memory but in judgment, on which account his writings, which would hold their own with others, are held in but little esteem. He died the 20th of April, 1684, while a work of his in German, upon *The Cross of Christ*, was in the press.

For further information, the reader may consult Goetze, *Elogia Theologorum*, and Möller, *Cimbria Litteraria*.

OLD BOOKS.—It was a merry saying of Rabelais, that a man ought to buy all the bad books that come out, because they will never be printed again. Tom Brown's *Neo Maximi*.

SYLVAE NUPTIALIS

LIBRI SEX.

In quibus ex dictis Moder. materia Matrimonij, Dotum, Filiationis, Adulterij, Originis, Successionis, & Monitorialium, plenissime discutitur: Vna cum remediis ad sedandum factiones, Guelforum & Giebelinorum. Item modus iudicandi & exequendi iussa Principum. Ad hæc, de autoritatibus Doctorum, privilegiisque miserabilium personarum. Quæ omnia ex questione, *An nubendum sit, vel non, desumpta sunt.*

Ioanne Nevizano *Atheni*, Iuriconsulto
Clarissimo, Autore.

Omnia multò quàm antehac, castigatiora:
Indice etiam locupletissimo, ac Argumen-
tis in singulos libros additis, auctiora red-
dita.

LUGDVNI,

Apud BARTHOLOMÆVM VINCENTIVM,

M. D. LXXII.

[8vo, pp. vi.-606.]

JOHN NEVIZANO, the author of this singular work, was an eminent Italian lawyer, who flourished during the first half of the sixteenth century. He was born at Asti, in Piedmont, studied law at Padua, under Francis Curtius; afterward became professor of law in the University of Turin, and died in 1540.

His *Sylva Nuptialis* is a condensation of all the arguments upon the question whether a man should marry or not. Like all rational men, Nevizano examined both sides of the question with true philosophical fulness and accuracy of research. Finding, however, as is necessary, that the question is a most difficult one to decide, he lived and died a bachelor—not, however, as a fanatic, but, following the example of Saint Augustin, in such a way that he left a natural son, who also became a lawyer,

but, having lost all his property, died insane, thus ending, at least in name, the family of Nevizano. His book, though somewhat forgotten now, was formerly quite a favorite one, as is shown by the various editions it has gone through.

The edition of Paris, 1521, 8vo, is the earliest actually known, although it is supposed by Bayle, Benchot, and others, that the date of the first edition was 1519 or 1517. There were also editions printed at Lyons, in 1524, 1545, 1556, and 1572; and at Venice, in 1570 and 1573.

The work is divided into six books. "In the first," says the author, "I will give six reasons against marriage; in the second, nine supplementary proofs of this side of the question; in the third, twelve reasons for marrying; in the fourth, answers to those who hold the opposite opinion; in the fifth, a discussion upon the way in which judgments should be rendered; and, in the sixth, the reasons why a question is doubtful."

BOOK I.—Many learned authors advise us not to marry: Plato, Aristotle, Plutarch, Seneca, Petrarch, Theophrastus, and others. All of these tell us marriage is slavery. It is doubtful whether women belong to the human race; they have no other reason than their caprice; they are universally silly; and so extravagant, that those who are less so obtain a reputation for wisdom. Insatiable of pleasures, of fancies and frivolities, they persecute us if they love us, they torment us if they are jealous, they send us to the devil if they hate us, and engage us in their own follies. *Qui tetigerit picem, ab ea inquinabitur.*

Besides this, they are light and inconstant. They have no manners; they are cunning and unfaithful. Women are saints in the church, angels at first, demons at home, owls at the window, magpies at the door, goats in the garden, and deceitful fiends in all intimate relations.

After these investives, Nevizano decides with great acuteness many questions of law relating not only to marriage, but also to civil and public order.

Book II.—Marriage has a tendency to shorten life. Therefore, as Avicenna says, eunuchs are longer lived than men, the mule than the ass, the capon than the cock. It is the same with vegetables: the trees most prolific in fruit are the soonest decayed. "Old age," says Terence, "is a malady; with a wife it is death."—"A young woman," says Bernardin, "who marries an old man, brings his pall into his house. In love, a young man is foolish; an old man is a fool."

These aphorisms are supported by our author with great wealth of anecdote and learning.

The disparity of age is not the only thing which makes marriages unhappy; a difference in tastes or in birth is as bad.

If marriage is such an evil, second marriages are worse; and this proposition the author supports with his usual wealth of instances. By marrying a poor woman, you bring poverty into your house; with a rich one, you introduce a storm. A beautiful woman is worse than either. Incidentally the author here gives the thirty requisites which make a beautiful woman. Nor is it better to marry an ugly woman. For a beautiful woman sells pleasure, but an ugly one buys it. But if, avoiding such, a man selects his wife for her learning, he finds his error is as great:

*Intret nulla domum conjux, sed si tamen intret,
Nec sit pulchra nimis, docta nec illa nimis.*

Nor is there more safety in marrying a woman of another nation, or of a different religion, or of an opposite party in politics. Among the Jews, the sect of the Essenes, that wife and virtuous band of philosophers, rejected marriage, not from a disbelief in the virtue of mankind, but from a want of faith in the virtue of women.

Book III.—*Audi alteram partem.*

Here the author commences with the praise of marriage. By it the race becomes immortal. God himself instituted this union, and woman is a gift from Heaven. He who has not known woman, is ignorant of happiness. Our fathers have set us the example; and we should be dutiful in following it. We live after death only in our children, and the instinct for posterity is universal. Even gray hairs cannot cure the folly of an unmarried man; and the Romans, in honoring a man, counted not his years, but his children:

Omnis amor magnus, sed aperte in conjugio major.

Marriage is the nursery of citizens for the state; without it the nation cannot exist. A wife is a charm, a consolation, and a support to the husband. Without women, we should display our natural ferocity; their society realizes a heaven upon earth.

Book IV.—There are burdens in marriage, but such is the lot of all things human. Its increased cost is a profit:

Paupertas, si lata venit, divissima res est.

Live in conformity with Nature, and you will always be rich. If your expenses augment, work the harder. It is only idleness which brings unhappiness. Poverty gives opportunity for the display of virtue, yet marriage never reduces any one to poverty. Nor is marriage a slavery. The husband is an emperor in his own house. Wives are not cunning, avaricious, and grasping; it is those women who are not wives who are so. All women are not silly, and many men are indebted to their wives for a reputation for wisdom. Women are not inconstant, and it ill becomes men to charge them with being so. Let those only without sin cast the first stone. To err is human, but in this the fault is at least equal. It is men, and not women, who deceive:

Sæpe viri fallunt senes non sæpe puellæ.

Besides, it is the men who not only make the laws, but who interpret them: it is the old fable of the sculptor and the knot.

Though all this defence of women, every now and then the feelings of the author, which kept him always a bachelor, crop out. He mentions Aristotle's observation, that women alone of all animals are always desirous of love; and refers to the famous dispute between Jupiter and Juno concerning the question for the solution of which Bruseampille visited the infernal regions. Tiresias, who, the fable says, had enjoyed the advantages of both sexes, decided that marriage was the source of more pleasure to women than to men, and was in consequence struck blind by Juno for thus indiscreetly betraying the secrets of the sex. Thus, with a mixture of learning and wit, Nevizano heaps arguments, facts, anecdotes, and reflections together, until it is impossible to say whether his work is most instructive or amusing. In this book the author advises the holiness of marriage as a cure for the war of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, and all similar civil wars.

BOOK VI.—In this book, Nevizano appears as a lawyer: he gives in account of the difficulty of the law as a study, and also of its importance; he draws a picture of what judges and lawyers should be, and devotes himself to similar topics, but always with a wide margin of digression, anecdote, and satire. BOOK VII.—In this book, the author continues the subject of the preceding ones. A judge should decide according to the common opinion wherever this is wanting, according to the text of the law where opinions are divided, and the law ambiguous.

The only explanation of this physiological question which has come under my observation is to be found in the following extract from Boetius, *Theophrastus Præceptorum* (Quia) festum, et deus lux, et manent reliquæ.

ous, according to the spirit of the law; and always to prefer the opinion which nearest approaches humanity. He gives excellent advice for the treatment in law of wards, widows, women, the unfortunate, and the poor. He advises the avoidance of lawsuits; inquires whether unjust laws should be obeyed; and concludes that we should suffer death in defence of the truth.

The *Sylva Nuptialis* has appended to it a poem, by Philip Vagnon, in 184 hexameter verses, entitled, *De Conditionibus Hominum eius Temporis*, commencing—

Quid quid facit homines fuisse requis;
Quid quod Vagnon forte Philippus agi.

Vagnon was a friend of Nevizano; was also a lawyer and a poet, and died in 1499. His satire is as applicable to the present day, as it was to his own. We will give a translation of it in some future number of **The Philobiblion.**

Erasmus, in his letter to Botzheimus, mentions a work he was once writing in *Praise and Blame of Marriage*, for William Montjoy, whom he was at the time instructing in rhetoric, and continues thus:

When I once asked him whether he was pleased with the portion I had written, he answered, jokingly, "It pleases me so well, that you have fully convinced me I should marry." Then I replied, "Suspend your judgement until you have read the opposite side, and keep that to yourself," he rejoined; "the first pleases me." He is now single," continues Erasmus, "having lost his third wife: perhaps he is about to marry his fourth, to say is it to ruin any matter, if we are so inclined."

Erasmus did not marry, and so did Nevizano; but, on the authority of Francis de Bellon, in his *Porte Mexiguable de l'Honneur du Sexe Feminin*, the last was lured by the women away from the city of Turin, and allowed to return only on making an humble apology upon his knees.

with a placard attached to his forehead, containing the following inscription:

*Rusticus est verè qui turpia dicta de muliere,
Nam scimus verè, quòd omnes sumus de muliere.*

Though this story is apocryphal, its moral is none the less useful, or applicable to both men and women; and may serve as an antidote, if any is needed, to those who are interested and amused with the wit and learning of the *Sylvæ Nuptialis*.

Besides the *Sylvæ Nuptialis*, Nevizano wrote several legal works, and two dissertations, in Latin, upon the questions *Whether it is important to own many Books*, and *How best to diminish the Number of Printed Books*, which may be found appended to the *Elenchus Omnium Scriptorum qui in Jure tam Civili quam Canonico—ad Nostrum ætatem usque claruerunt*, of J. W. Freymon.

Miscellaneous Items.

I. *Libres du Boudoir de la Reine Marie-Antoinette. CATALOGUE AUTHENTIQUE ET ORIGINAL, PUBLIE POUR LA PREMIERE FOIS AVEC PREFACE ET NOTES. PAR LOUIS LACOUR.* Paris (1862), 12mo, pp. lxiv.—144. *Only 317 copies printed.*

II. *Bibliothèque de la Reine Marie-Antoinette au Petit Trianon, d'APRÈS L'INVENTAIRE ORIGINAL DRESSÉ PAR L'ORDRE DE LA CONVENTION, CATALOGUE AVEC DES NOTES INÉDITES DU MARQUIS DE PAULMY, MIS EN ORDRE ET PUBLIE PAR PAUL LACROIX.* Paris, 1863, 12mo, pp. xxviii.—128. *Only 317 copies printed.*

It is an old aphorism, that "a man is known by the company he keeps;" but a modern and better maxim is, that "a man is known by the books he reads."

VOL. II.—I

"Show me the books you love to read,
You've shown me then yourself indeed."

The formation, therefore, of a library, is an unconscious autobiographical work. It is a piece of the merciless compensatory justice of things, by which, in all our interests and pleasures, we make an unconscious record of our character.

The great masters of fiction know this by instinct. Cervantes gives the catalogue of Don Quixote's library, and what an insight it affords to the character of the chivalrous old enthusiast!

Thackeray, on a visit to his friend in the country, describes most accurately the hollowness of his pretence when he tells us that "Major Ponto's library consisted of boots."

Again, *magna componens parvulis*, not the least fault in Bayard Taylor's *Hannah Thurston* is the effect the hero produces by lending from his library books which have never existed. Here, however, the author was perhaps unconsciously correct—since such an evidence of ignorance is more consistent with the insolent vulgarity and egotism of the entire work, than accuracy would have been.

But to pass from fiction to fact. The study of Selden's library, as it is preserved together and complete, in the Bodleian Library, is a most valuable aid to the comprehension of the character of Selden himself, and of the effect he produced upon his time.

The remains of the libraries of Increase and Cotton Mather, which are now in the Historical Society of Worcester (Massachusetts), are most valuable aids to a comprehension of the state of society of their times, and have been made good use of by Mr. Higginson, in some of his articles in *The Atlantis Monthly*.

The catalogue of Jefferson's library would be of inestimable service in forming a correct appreciation of the man to whom,

more than any other, this country is indebted for its religious freedom.

It is from this point of view that the catalogues which head this article are invaluable as historical documents. They show the position which the unfortunate Marie Antoinette deserved to hold. Nor can the French Revolution be wondered at, when we find that the position of ruler was held by a person who could collect only such worldly trash from the contemporary literature.

Haydon, in his *Autobiography*, tells us that Sir Robert Peel once said he had never read Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and did not know there was such a book! Can it be wondered that England is what Adam Smith feared she was becoming, "a nation of shopkeepers?"

The first of these collections, that of the *Boudoir*, was undoubtedly at Trianon; and it is a singular fact, that the present Queen of England sent recently to the Loan Exhibition, at Kensington, a book-case which belonged to Marie Antoinette, and which was probably one of those that contained this collection. The catalogue contains ninety-eight works, making about six hundred volumes. Many of them are now in the Communal Library of Versailles. They are generally bound in calf, with gilt edges. On the backs they are stamped "C. T." (*Château de Trianon*), surmounted with the royal crown, and have the queen's arms stamped upon the sides. The catalogue is made alphabetically, and the following titles will show the character of the queen's private *boudoir* reading: *Adrienne, ou les Aventures de la Marquise de N****; *L'Amitié dangereuse, ou Célinaure et Amélie, histoire véritable*; *Amusements d'un Septuagénaire*; *Amusements du Jour*; *Anecdotes tirées de l'Amour Conjugal*; *Aspasie*; *L'Aveugle par l'Amour*; several *Confessions*; *Les Confidences d'une Jolie Femme*; *Le Dan-*

ger d'Amour; *un Entourage*; *Les Dangers de la Coquetterie*; *L'École des Maris*; *Les Erreurs d'une Jolie Femme*; *Épaves Satiriques sur les Vieilles Filles*; *La Femme Infidèle*; *Le Fils Naturel*; *Fanblas*; *Les Contemporaines*, in forty-two volumes, of *Redif de la Bretonne*, with other works by the same, etc., etc.

They are all there, with notes by M. Lacour.

There can be no doubt of the authenticity of the catalogue, for the original is preserved in the *Bibliothèque Impériale*.

Marie Antoinette had, however, two libraries—that of the Trianon, of which those in her *Boudoir* formed only a part, and which is printed complete in the second of these catalogues; and another at the Tuileries. This last was the largest; its catalogue is also in the *Bibliothèque Impériale*, as is the collection itself, it having been confiscated by the nation during the Revolution. This second catalogue is taken from the original inventory, entitled, *Catalogue des Livres provenant de chez la Femme Capet, au Petit Trianon, District et Commune de Versailles*.

M. Paul Laerby, the editor of this second catalogue, undertakes, in his prefatory letter to Jules Janin, the defence of the queen, as follows:

"Here, then, we see what was the library of the Trianon—it was one of recreation and amusement, composed almost exclusively of romances and plays. Do you see any great evil in this? There is nothing, in my opinion, more natural and proper; for though a queen, one is not less a woman, and women, before the Revolution read little more than romances, poetry, and plays.

"I will not obstinately defend the innumerable romances of those times; but I will also refrain from condemning them in a mass. They were what the times had made them; such manners, such novels. *Angela*, *Le Sopha*, and *Les Bijoux Indiscrets*, were not more out of place in the reign of Louis XV., than *Cyrus* and *Pharamond* during the Fronde. These novels were and should have been in any country or château library. Should

we be astonished to find them in that of Marie Antoinette?"

So much for the defence. It seems to us inadequate. At any rate, the two catalogues are curious and interesting, and should be in every collection on the French Revolution.

The Fortsas Catalogue again.

"Olim et hæc serjan meminisse iuvabit."

IN order to complete your account of the Catalogue of the Count de Fortsas, I send you a notice of the following volume, which has also become quite rare:

Documents et Particularités Historiques sur le Catalogue du Comité de Fortsas; Ouvrage dédié aux Bibliophiles de tous les Pays; par Emm. Hoyois, Imprimeur-Editeur, A Mons. [With this inscription upon the page before the table of contents with which the volume ends:] "Ici finissent les Documents et Particularités sur le Catalogue du Comité de Fortsas; ouvrage dédié à tous les Bibliophiles. Ce petit livre, contenant l'histoire merveilleuse ainsi que Dieu a voulu la donner à connaître, a été imprimé par les soins d'Emm. Hoyois, Imprimeur-Libraire-Editeur, demeurant à Mons, en la rue de Klmy, No. 26 f 763, en face du Prêtoire, l'an de Jésus-Christ mil. decel. l. et vij, le xxij de Septembre, jour de Saint-Comé. Amen. Vive M^{te} le Comité!" [Large 8vo, pp. 222.]

This volume was printed in an edition of only two hundred copies, numbered, at the press, and on paper of various colors, besides a few on white and one on China paper. The copy before me is on pink paper, with the number 132.

It will be noticed that this work was issued by the printer of the Fortsas Catalogue, to whom all orders were to be addressed. This printer, M. Emm. Hoyois, was its author, was himself a bibliophile, and was, with M. R. Chalon, a member of the *Société des Bibliophiles Belges, seant à Mons*. He and M. Chalon were personal friends up to the time of the publication of this volume.

The Fortsas Catalogue was published in 1840. In 1855, M. Hoyois issued a prospectus for its reprinting, together with the orders and correspondence of various bibliophiles relating to the sale, articles from various journals, and a *fac-simile* of a letter from the Count de Fortsas. M. René Chalon, as the author of the catalogue, forbade this reprinting, and *hinc illa lacrymæ*.

The work itself is, if possible, duller than a treatise of controversial theology. It is written in such a disjointed style, with such frequent parentheses, allusions, and abrupt changes, that it is almost impossible to either read or understand.

Not only did M. Chalon take legal measures to prevent M. Hoyois from reprinting the Fortsas Catalogue, but also influenced the Society of Bibliophiles Belges to refuse their subscription to the work. The text of all the various documents which this "tempest in a teapot" gave rise to, is faithfully given in the work we have under notice, with comments in the style which makes its peculiar charm. The correspondence and articles from the journals are sufficiently curious to give a value to the work for a "collector," but will hardly pay the trouble of transcription here. We will, however, try to gather from it whatever facts of interest the volume contains.

From it we learn that the original catalogue was printed in an edition of one hundred and thirty-two copies, of which two were upon vellum, ten upon colored paper, and one hundred and twenty upon white paper. Among the commissions sent was an unlimited order from M. Van de Weyer for Nos. 7, 8, 12, 36, 47, 64, 78, 142; orders from Techener for 3, 8, 19, 30, 36, 50, 52, 63, 83; from Crozat for 52, 63; from Delepière for 11, 30, 36, 47, 197; and others. Techener, in his note, says he suspects the catalogue is a joke, that this is Nodier's opinion, that others say so, but

that still he sends some commissions. The commissions, however, were not as numerous as was expected, since most of the persons tempted intended to attend the sale personally.

This volume makes an indispensable adjunct to the Fortias Catalogue, but it is a pity that it was not written in a style that would make it readable. There is one curious fact concerning it. It is so arranged, that in the notes, remarks, adjuncts, etc., the whole of the original catalogue is reproduced, despite the injunction against its reproduction. The foolish quarrel and bad blood eventually caused by this excellent bibliographical joke may be used as a commentary upon Dryden's lines:

"Great wits to madness sure are near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Old Poem on Sir Francis Drake.

(Printed at London, 1587.)

*The True and Perfecte Newes of the
Worthy and Valiant Exploites atchived
and doone by that Valiant Knight, SIR
FRANCIS DRAKE.*

Tryumph, O England, and rejoyce,
And prayse thy God uncessantly,
For thys thy Queene, that pearle of choyce,
Which God doth bleſſe with victory,
In countryes strange, both farre and neere,
All raging foes her force doth feare.

Yee worthy wights that doo delighte,
To heare of novels straunge and rare,
What valours wonne by a famous Knight,
May please you marke, I shall declare.

Such rare exploytes performde and doone,
As none the like hath ever wone.

Firſt call to mind how Gedeon,
But with these hundred fighting men,
The Medians hoſts he overcame,
A thousand to eche one of them.

He did ſuppreſſe idolatry,
The Lord gave him the victory.

So likewise by Gods mighty hande,
Syr Francis Drake, by dreadfull ſworde,

Dyd foyle hys foes in forraine lande,
Which did contemne Chriſtes holy word.
And many captives did ſette free,
Which earſt were long in miſery.

Twenty five ſhips were then preparede,
Fifteen pinnaffes brave and ſine,
Well furniſhed for his ſafegarde,
Preventing foes that would him tyne.
With maſters good and marriners yare
As ever took charge I dare compare.

The beſt navigators in this lande,
Conferde with him unto thys ende,
By thys famous Knight to underſtande,
Theyr valors to atchieve and wende.
In countryes ſtraunge beyond the ſea,
If God permit, who can ſay nay.

VOLTAIRE'S RECEIPT.—For a lampoon on the King of Prussia, Voltaire was paid with thirty lashes on his bare back, administered by the King's sergent-at-arms, and was actually obliged to sign the following curious receipt for the same: "Received from the right hand of Conrad Bachoffner, thirty lashes on my naked back, being in full, for an epigram on Frederick the Second, King of Prussia. I say, received by me, VOLTAIRE. *Vive le Roi!*"

Messrs. PHILES & CO. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devices*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir EDGERTON BRYDGES. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of the art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows:

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each;

100 on large paper, at \$4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devices* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of OLD ENGLISH POETRY. The next volume in the series will be "*England's Melton.*"

December, 1863.]

The Philobiblion.

[Number 24.]

DIALOGHI DI AMORE, COM- POSTI PER LEONE MEDI- CO, DI NATIONE HEBREO, ET DIPOI FATTO CHRISTI- ANO.

In Vinegia, NELL' ANNO M.D.XXXXI. In
Casa de' Fighuoli di Aldo. (8vo.)

1261 leaves, with one at the end for the subscrip-
tion and colophon, and two at the commence-
ment, containing the title and the preface of
the editor, Mariano Lenzi, to Madonna Aure-
lia Petrucci.]

LEON THE HEBREW, a Jewish philosopher
of the sixteenth century, made himself fa-
mous by these *Dialogues upon Love*. Among
his co-religionists he was known by the
name of JUDA ABRAVANEL, and was the
eldest son of the celebrated Isaac Abrava-
nel, who was born in Lisbon, in 1437, of
rich and distinguished parents; was an ad-
viser of Alphonso V., King of Portugal,
and afterward of Ferdinand the Catholic.
Leon or JUDA was born in Lisbon, proba-
bly between 1460 and 1470. After the
death of Alphonso V., in 1481, Isaac Abra-
vanel, being accused of plotting, was forced
to escape into Spain, where his family, de-
prived of their property, followed him.
The edict of 1492 having obliged all Jews
to leave Spain, the Abravanel family went
to Naples, where Isaac obtained a gracious

reception from King Ferdinand, and gained
credit at the court. He preserved the same
position under Alphonso II., the son of
Ferdinand; and after the invasion of the
French, he followed this unfortunate mon-
arch in his flight to Sicily.

Leon, who, up to this time, had followed
the fortunes of his father, soon after estab-
lished himself as a doctor at Naples, and
subsequently at Genoa. In 1502, he wrote
the work we are noticing, and which estab-
lished his reputation. The other details of
his life, with the date of his death, are un-
known.

Some authors have maintained that Le-
on embraced Christianity; but there is no
foundation for this opinion. It is true that
in the third dialogue of the *Dialoghi di
Amore*, Saint John the Evangelist appears
with Enoch and Elijah, who are said to be
immortal in body as in soul; and it is
from this passage that those who have not
read the work have drawn the conclusion
that its author had embraced Christianity.
But it must be admitted, with Wolf (*Bibli-
otheca Hebræa*, t. iii. p. 318), that the
words *et ancora San Giovanni Evangelista*
were interpolated by the censors of Rome;
for it is certain that Leon was a Jew when
he was writing the work. Without insist-
ing upon the improbability of the conver-
sion of Leon during the life of his father
Isaac, who died in 1509, we may remark
that in the *Dialoghi* many passages may be
found which show that the author professed

Judaism: in many places, when speaking of Maimonides, he calls him (fol. 100 a and 174 a, of the edition of Venice, 1572) "il nostro Rabbi Moise;" and also, in citing Avicbron, he says (folio 151 b): "Il nostro Albenzubron nel suo libro de Fonte vitæ." In order to fix the period of the Creation, he uses the Jewish calculations, which he calls (fol. 151 a) *the Jewish truth*: "Siamo secondo la verità Hebraica a cinque mila ducento sessanta due, dal principio della creazione,"—the year which corresponds with 1502. Finally, in another passage (fol. 147 a), the author declares his religion in terms which are even less equivocal, saying: "Noi tutti che crediamo la sacra legge Moisaica," etc.

There is need of nothing more to show that the author of the *Dialoghi* remained faithful to the Jewish religion. Nor can it be admitted that he afterward changed his faith; for he is mentioned in the most honorable terms by the Rabbis Guedalia Jahia (in the *Schalcheleth hakabala*), Azaria de Rossi (in the *Meor Enigim*), both of the sixteenth century; and Imanuel Aboab, in his *Namolagga*, of the commencement of the seventeenth century, bestows a pompous eulogy upon him.

Leon is the only representative, among the Jews, of the New Platonism which, introduced from Italy by Gemistes Plethones, the Byzantine, and by his disciple the Cardinal Bessarion, was propagated with enthusiasm by Marsilio Ficini, and which the Count Picus de la Mirandola united with the mysticism of the Jewish Cabala.

The *Dialoghi* of Leon are principally upon love in the largest and highest acceptation of that word: upon love, under its diverse aspects, toward God and in the universe, in humanity and in the vilest creatures, in intelligence and in the senses. About this subject, as a centre, he groups the most varied considerations and doctrines, the interpretation of Biblical traditions and

Grecian fables, between which the author frequently makes very ingenious comparison.

The work is composed of three *Dilogues* between PHILO and his love SOPHIA. The FIRST DIALOGUE treats of *the effect of love*. Philo having declared to Sophia that the knowledge he has had of her has awakened in him both love and desire, Sophia maintains that these two sentiments cannot agree with each other; and this leads the author to define each of them separately, and to examine in what they differ. For this purpose, he examines them from three different points of view, distinguishing in their object, what is useful, agreeable and honest. He reviews the different species of good worthy of being loved and desired. The love of what is honest is the highest: the love of God is consequently the most sublime, for God is the beginning, the end, and the middle of all honest moral actions. But God can be recognized only very imperfectly by our intelligence or loved by our will. Inquiring, in the next place, in what the real felicity of man consists, the author refutes many opinions put forward upon this subject, and concludes that real happiness lies in the union of our intelligence with the active intellect, which the author makes identical with God. This union, which is produced by contemplation, can be made only imperfectly during this life; but it will be perfect and perpetual in the future life.

Returning to his subject, the author shows that sensual love can result only in satiety and disgust; and, as an example, he cites the love which Amnon, the son of David, felt for his sister Tamar. This love is engendered by desire, while real love engenders desire, and creates a wish for both a spiritual and corporeal union, so that the lovers, so to speak, transform themselves into each other, and become confounded into a single being. This love, which is purely intellectual, is the parent of desire,

and the offspring of reason and knowledge.

The SECOND DIALOGUE treats of the *universality of love*. There are five causes of love, which are common to both men and animals; the desire of generation; the results of generation, or the relations of parent and child; the benefit, or gratitude; the similitude or homogeneity of species; and habitual commerce. In man, his intelligence renders these five causes either stronger or weaker; in the man, love is most perfect and noble. In him there are two further causes of love which are not common to the animals: the conformity of character and temperament in the two individuals, and the moral or intellectual qualities by which man makes himself beloved by his kind.

Philo then passes to inanimate things, which also have certain natural inclinations that may be called love. Love, which in inanimate bodies is simply a certain natural attraction, is both natural and sensible in animals; in man it is both natural, sensible, and rational. In explaining to Sophia the love of the elements, of the celestial bodies, and of all the parts of the universe in general, Philo goes over the whole domain of physics and cosmogony, and represents man as the image of the universe, or as a microcosm.

Touching upon the loves of the gods of mythology, he explains many of the allegories contained in the Grecian myths; and, in passing, characterizes the methods of Plato and Aristotle—the first of whom, while freeing himself from the shackles of verse and writing in prose, has nevertheless introduced poetry and fable in his writings; while the other has preferred a severe and purely scientific style.

Finally, he touches upon the love of pure intelligences, that of the celestial spheres. The reason by which these intelligences move their respective spheres is in God, the object of their love. Lastly,

the vivifying spirit which penetrates the world, and the link which unites the universe, is love, without which there would be neither happiness nor existence.

The THIRD DIALOGUE treats of the *origin of love*, and here our author discusses the highest questions of metaphysics. Before entering upon his subject, he makes a digression upon ecstasy, which abstracts us from our senses more than sleep does. The soul in this state, attaching itself to the desired and contemplated object, can promptly abandon the body. The soul being, according to Plato, of both an intellectual and corporeal nature, can easily pass from corporeal to spiritual things, and *vice versa*. It is inferior to pure intellect, which is uniform and indivisible in its nature. In the universe, the sun is the image of intellect, and the moon of the soul; the moon holds an intermediate place between the luminous sun and the tenebrous earth. In a solar eclipse, when, at the moment of the conjunction, the moon interposes between the sun and the earth, it alone receives the light of the sun in its upper portion, and abandons the earth to darkness; in the same way the soul, in its conjunction with the intellect, receives, above all, the intellectual light, and abandons the body. It is thus that pious and sainted men die, in ecstasy or contemplation; it is thus that Moses and Aaron died, *by the mouth of God*, as the Scripture says, or by a kiss of the Divinity; that is, to say, carried away by the contemplation of love.

Coming then to the subject of his third Dialogue, the author examines successively these five questions: *whether* love is born; *when*, *where*, *from what*, and *why*, it is born.

It results from what precedes, that love does exist; it is the desire which draws us toward that which pleases us. Examining the definitions given of love by Plato and Aristotle, the first of whom seeks the object

of love in the beautiful and the second in the good; the author develops the ideas of the beautiful and the good, and shows that the definition of Aristotle, more general and more complete, embraces divine as well as human love. Love proceeds evidently from something else; it is the product of the object loved and of him who loves: the first is the agent or the father—the second can be considered as the passive matter, or the mother. The beautiful, the divine, is not in him who loves, but in the object loved, which is, consequently, superior to the other. In fact, it happens also that that which is superior loves that which is inferior; but then there is always wanting in the superior a certain perfection which is to be found in that which is inferior; and this last, from this point of view, has a certain superiority. In God alone, who is the absolute perfection, love cannot suppose any fault; and, in fact, the love which God has for creation is nothing else than the desire of augmenting the perfection and happiness of the creatures.

In order to establish *when* love is produced, the author advances the three principal systems concerning the origin of all things: that of Aristotle, who maintains the eternity of the world; that of Plato, who admits an eternal chaos, but attributes a commencement to the formation of the world; and that of the faithful, who admit the creation from nothing. He shows that the opinions of Plato agree with those of the Cabalists, who admit that the world lasts only a certain time, at the end of which it falls again into chaos, in order to be created anew. The inferior world exists, however, six thousand years, and chaos lasts one thousand years; consequently, creation takes place every seven thousand years. The superior world, or heaven, lasts during seven periods of the inferior world, or forty-nine thousand years; it also falls again into chaos for a thousand years,

and is renewed, consequently, every fifty thousand years.

Returning then to his subject, the author ascends to the first love, which is that felt by God for himself—the love of God knowing and desiring for God sovereign beauty and sovereign goodness. This first love is eternal, as is God himself. God is the unity of love, of the lover and the loved; or, as the Peripatetics say, of the intellect, of the intelligent and the intelligible. The second love, or the first which is produced, is that which God has for the universe. Here we meet three species of love: the love of God toward the father and mother of the world, engendered by God, and who are the Primal Intellect and Chaos; the reciprocal love of these parents of the world; and the mutual love of all the parts of the universe.

According to the opinion of Aristotle, these three loves are eternal; according to Plato, the first of them is eternal, and the other two were born at the commencement of time, or at creation; according to the faithful, and the author is one of these (*come noi fidei crediamo*), these three loves were born successively at the commencement of creation (fol. 160 a). The question *whence love is born*, is found to be reduced to the last of the three loves of which we have been speaking, or to the mutual love of the parts of the universe; and Philo shows Sophia that this love was born in the world from angels or pure intelligences, who had the most perfect knowledge of divine beauty, and it was communicated thence to the celestial world, or to the spheres, and to the sublunary world.

Here the author develops the theory of emanation in all the different shades it assumed among the Arabs; points out some opinions in which Averroes differs from the other philosophers of his nation; and shows how divine beauty communicates itself successively to the different degrees of crea-

tion, down even to the human intellect.

The fourth question—that *from whom* Love is born—leads the author to the interpretation of divers fables of ancient poets concerning the birth of Eros or Cupid, and also of the allegories of the double Eros, of Androgyne, of Poros and Penia, which are found in the *Banquet* of Plato. According to Leon, the allegory of the Androgyne is borrowed from the Mosaic account of the creation of man and woman. The author arrives finally at the conclusion, that the Beautiful and Knowledge are the father and mother of Love. After considering the Beautiful from all sides, he comes to speak of the *Ideas* of Plato; and he shows that there is a perfect harmony between Plato and Aristotle, and that they express the same ideas under different forms.

The fifth and last question is relative to the final aim of love: this aim is the pleasure which he who loves finds in the object loved (*la diletatione dell' amante nella cosa amata*). Pleasure is considered in its relations with the good and beautiful, with moral and intellectual virtues; and it is shown that the true aim of the love of the universe is the union of beings with the Sovereign Beauty, which is God.

This imperfect analysis can give only a very feeble idea of the richness of the thoughts developed in the *Dialoghi*, and of the profoundness with which the most varied subjects are there treated. The faults of the author are those of his time and the school to which he belonged. His work is not without importance for the history of philosophy; since it is perhaps the most perfect expression of that Italian school which sought to reconcile Plato with Aristotle, or with the Arabic Peripateticism, under the auspices of the Cabala and Neoplatonism. Italy did justice to the merit of the work, which is great enough to excuse its foreign author for his

faults of style. The best proof which can be given of the sensation produced in the sixteenth century by the *Dialoghi* of Leon, is in the numerous editions and translations which have been published of it. Besides the first edition, printed in Rome in 1535, in 4to, there appeared in Venice five or six others, which have all become exceedingly rare. An elegant Latin translation of the work, by John Charles Sarasin (*Saracenus*), was published in Venice in 1564, in 8vo, and reproduced in the collection edited by Pistorius, under the title *Artis Cabalisticæ Scriptores, ex Bibliotheca J. Pistorii*, folio, Basileæ, 1587, the first and only volume published. Concerning the three Spanish translations, two of which were dedicated to Philip II., the reader may consult Rodriguez de Castro, *Biblioteca Española* (t. i. p. 372), and Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* (vol. iii. p. 190, edition 1863). There are also two French translations—one by Pontas de Thiard, and the other by Denys Sauvage, called the *Seigneur du Parc*. This last is dedicated to Catherine de Medicis, and is entitled, *Philosophie d'Amour de M. Léon Hébreu, traduite d'Italien en François, par le Seigneur du Parc, Champenois*, 12mo. Lyon, 1559. The *Dialoghi* have never been translated into English.

It is not certain that Leon wrote any other works. De Rossi, in his *Dic. Storico degli Autori Ebrei* (t. i. p. 29), thinks he is the author of *Drusilla*, a pastoral drama, composed, according to Tiraboschi, by *Leone Ebreo*. But the name of Leon was very common among the Jews of Spain, of Provence, and of Italy. As a general rule, those who were called *Juda*, in Hebrew, adopted the name *Leon* or *Leone* (Lion), from an allusion to a passage of the blessing of Jacob (Genesis xlix. 9). The *Leo Hebræus* mentioned by Picus de Mirandola (*Disputationes in Astrologiam*, lib. ix. c. 8, *et passim*) as author of the astronomical

Canons, and whom Wolf (t. i. p. 436) believes to be the same as our philosopher, is very probably *Levi Ben-Gerson*.

S. MUNCK.

Sir Philip Sydneys Ourania.

THAT IS, ENDIMIONS SONG AND TRAGEDIE, CONTAINING ALL PHILOSOPHIE. WRITTEN BY N[athaniel] B[axter.]

LONDON, Printed by ED. ALDE. for EDWARD WHITE, and are to be solde at the little North doore of Saint Pauls Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1606. (4to, pp. 104.)

MR. HUNTER has very satisfactorily shown, in his *New Illustrations of Shakespeare* (vol. i. p. 355), that *Sir Philip Sydneys Ourania* must no longer be ascribed, on the strength of the initials N. B. (as some other works have been with no better foundation), to the prolific pen of Nicholas Breton, but was in reality written by the Rev. NATHANIEL BAXTER, a clergyman, incumbent of Troy, the author of some works on divinity, who had been the tutor of Sir Philip Sidney, and whose poetical name was *Endymion*. The tract contains some interesting particulars of the author's own personal history; and his name is so evidently alluded to in the introductory portion, that it is somewhat singular it was not noticed earlier by some of our bibliographical writers. The poem is dedicated in a double sonnet *To his ever-honored Lady and Mistris Arcadian Cynthia, Maria Pembrokiana*, in which, under the names of *Astrophil* and *Cynthia*, Sir Philip Sidney and his sister the Countess of Pembroke are figured; and, speaking of some detractor of his, he says:

Baxtero Maffix may disparage mee
That I dare make thee subject of my pen:
and again:

But if perchance great *Astrophill* thou see:
And Fates with-holde thee from *Endymion*:
He humbly sues that hee released be
Of arrogancy, and præsumption,
That he without his knights iniunction
Should dedicate vnto thy princely Shrine,
The treasure, and hidden function
Of *Jehonahs* Hexameron diuine.

After this is a metrical epistle *To the Right Honourable and vertuous Ladies the La. Katherine Countesse of Hunting-ton: the Ladie Mary Countesse of Pem-brooke: the Ladies Susan Countesse of Mongomria: and the Lady Barbara Vis-countes Lisle, wife to the noble Knight Sir Robert Sidney Viscount Lisle*. In this he alludes to John Lyly's tract of *Pappe with a Hatchet* and Drayton's poem of *The Owle*, then recently printed; and speaks of himself as if advanced in years, and living in retirement in the country:

The greatest Clearks of yore to trie their wit,
Made foolishnesse the subject of their Pen,
And for their pleasures others thought it fit
To proue that Baldnesse best becommeth men.
And euerie Stationer hath now to sale,
Pappe with a Hatchet, and Madge Nowlets tale.

And now comes creeping old *Endymion*,
Leauing Mysteries Theologicall,
Scarce worth the rotten earth he treadeth on,
And tells strange Tales Philosophicall,
Anatomizing th' uniuersall round,
And whatsoeuer may therein be found.
He pipeth on his homely Countrey Reed,
Made of an olde *Aristotelian* Quill,
He kens no Crochets of contentious breed.

Then follow some acrostic lines addressed *To the Right Noble and Honorable Lady Susan Vera Mongomriana* on the motto *Vera nihil verius Susanna nihil castius*; and four Sonnets *To the Honourable La. Kalandra, the noble D. Hastings*; *To the vertuous Ladie M. Agape Wrotha*; *To the right vertuous young La. K. Musophila Mansella*; and *To the Right Wor-shippfull and vertuous Lady the Lady*

Anne Daniell wife to the Right Worshipfull Sir William Daniell Knight, one of his Majesties Iustices of the Common-Pleas—each one signed N. B. The *Ourania*, which is a philosophical poem, treating of the universe, “and whatsoever may therein be found,” is written in heroic rhyming couplets, and is preceded by a poem in seven-line stanzas, which contains some highly pleasing lines; and as it includes also some allusion to the author, may here in part be properly quoted:

It greues my heart to se the gentle Swayne
That kept his tender Lambes on *Ida* Mount:
And brought them downe againe into the plaine,
To take their pleasure by the siluered Fount,
Folding them all, and taking iust account,
Least one of them by careless ouersight
Should wandering perish in the darke-some night.

It greues my heart (I say) to heare his moane,
Fast by the walles of *Troy* where once he dwelt:
With wringing hands and many a greuous groane,
He did expresse the miseries he felt.
A heart of flint I thinke would surely melt,
To see a gentle Shepheard thus cast downe,
By Enuies practise and great *Cynthias* frowne.

In *Troy* Towne scituate in *Cambria*,
There dwelt this Shepheard of a gentle race:
Neer fronting vpon great *Mongamria*,
Where Princely *Arthur* kept his courtly place,
Guiding great *Albion* with his golden Macs,
Where Knights and Ladies clad in princely weeds,
Shew'd testimonie of their worthy deedes.

There did this gentle Shepheard feed his flocke:
There tuned hee his well contryued Reede:
Sitting on top of highest *Ida* rocke,
Suffring his tender Lambes meane while to feede,
Whiles he, clad in his homely Countrey weede,
Sang Madrigals and Stanzies of great worth,
And decanted to bring his Musicke forth.

Well could he sing diuine and sacred layes,
With blessed notes as Poets did record,
In siluered lines painting high *Jouahs* praise,
And eke the death of Christians dying Lord.
Such Musicke did he oft his flocke afford,
As made them leaue their fooode to listen well,
As if they were inhaunted with the spell.

Satyrs and *Syluans* at the harmonie
Sometime came darting from the darke-some Groue,
Approouing oft the chaunting melodie,
And with their harsh and rurall voyces stroue,
To sound the praises of celestiaall *Loue*;
But when their Pipes and voyces disagreed,
They held their peace and cast away their reed.

Sometimes he made the Rocks for to rebound
With *Eccho* of his Notes; sometime the dales,
And woods, and springs, to yeeld a burbling sound,
As beaten with reflexe of Madrigales:
Sibillas Oracles, and prophets tales:
Which shew the way to immortalitie,
In perfect Hymnes of true diuinitie.

The author then enters on a long and beautiful description of *Cynthia* and her attendant ladies (already mentioned in the dedications), and thus addresses that celebrated person:

Renowned *Cynthia* glorie of thy Sexe,
For learning had in admiration:
The shine of whose illustrious reflexe
May dazle wits of high inuention:
Diuine Mistresse of Elocution,
Pardon poore Shepheards rude, and worthlesse
Rymes,
Not such as were the Layes of olderne Tymes.

Rare is thy skill, in mightie Poesie:
Whom Poets Laureat crowne, with lasting Bayes,
In Songs of neuer dying Memorie,
Such as great *Homer* sung in former dayes:
When he with Hymnes, did chaste *Cassandra*
praise.

O let me liue, I pray thee, on this Hill,
And tune in Country sort my crazed Quill.

She engages to become his patroness, and encourages him to undertake some higher strain, “and sacred Notes, mongst learned men to chaunt.” This he obediently consents to do, and “encouraged by *Musophila*, the Lady Bride, and Bride of happy choyce,” he enters on the subject of his *Ourania*—

A Subject fit for *Sydneys* eloquence,
High *Chaucers* valne, and *Spencers* influence.

The poem embraces every subject connected with the present world from its first creation—the planets and elements, the

seasons, earthquakes, thunder, rain, flowers, herbs, trees, beasts, insects, birds, fishes, minerals and precious metals, man, the soul immortal, and lastly the creation of woman. In his account of the silkworm, he confirms the truth of Thomas Moffat or Muffet being the author of the poem of *The Silke-wormes and their Flies*: by T. M. a *Countrie Farmer, and an Apprentice in Physicke*. 4to, 1599. Also dedicated to the Countesse of Pembroke:

All princely Ladies celebrate her fame,
Shining in glorie of the Silke-wormes frame.
This might abate the glorie of humane pride,
Since a poore Silke-worme hath it magnified.
Why boastest thou thy shining Satten Sute?
If't not a part of the Caterpillars mute?
Her forme, her life, her foode, her worke, her end,
By Doctor Muffet is eloquently pen'd.*

And in his description of *The Owl*, he again notices Drayton's poem:

Learned Drayton hath told Madge-howlets tale,
In couert verse of sweetest Madrigale.†

The song-birds of our woods and groves, which delight us so much in the spring, are thus pleasingly mentioned:

Furthermore in blessed *Tellus* coate,
Are framed Birds, of sweet and pleasing Noate.
Long liuing Ouzle, little chaunting Thrush,
Singing on tops of trees, and highest bush;
Delighting passengers with Melodic,
Varying their tunes so curiously,
That Shepheards wonder how so diuers Noates
Should couched be within such little throates.

But 'tis an admirable speculation,
To heare the delectable variation,
Of sweetest Noates, with stops vnmutable,
With lustie streynes, Musicke inestimable,
Of little *Philomela*, sacred Nightingall,
Phaebes Phoenix, Organist-imperiall.
Let no Musitian with her voice compare,
No voice so sweete, so exquisite and rare.

The following is a curious notice of Tarlton, the celebrated comic performer:

* Doct. Muffet's Booke of the Silke-worme.

† Michael Drayton's Owle.

But tell me, is not this a golden age
When Rascalls ride in Golden Equipage
With Princely Lords and men of highest blood,
As Tarlton clad in *Cæsars* goulden Hood?

At the end of the poem are several other seven-line stanzas (thirty-nine), which open thus:

With that, *Endymion* cast his eyes aside,
And saw a gentle Knight come pricking on,
Swift was his pace, and knightlie did he ride,
Bending his race towards *Endymion*.
A stately Knight he was to looke vpon,
Complete his armes in rich caparison,
His horse like *Pegasus*, and he *Belerophon*.

This was the noble *Astrophil*, the shade of the gentle Sir Philip Sidney, then dead:

He rein'd his Steed, and lightly downe descended,
And with a Courtly disposition:
Lift vp his Beuer, whereby euery one
Knew him to be the mightie *Astrophill*,
Whose prayse is paynted with an Angels quill.

Prince of all Poets in *Acadia*,
Magnanimous of euerlasting Fame,
Of chiefe regard with famous *Cynthia*,
Appollo parted with him halfe his name,
And gave him skill darke ignorance to tame,
Appollo twined with his learned hand
The Lawrell Crowne, which on his head doth stand.

But when my *Cynthia* knew 'twas *Astrophill*,
She ranne to claspe him in her daintie armes,
But out, alas! it passed mortall skill:
Inchaunted was the Knight with sacred Charmes.
His bodie dead of yore, the more our harme.
O noble Drayton well didst thou rehearse
Our damages in dryrie Sable verse.*

The shepherd *Endymion* inquires if he were *Astrophil*:

Shepherd (quoth he) I am, and am not hee,
I am not perfect *Astrophill*, but part,
The shade which now appeareth vnto thee
Is substance spirituall fram'd by Arte:
What mortall was, is slaine by deadly Dart
Of *Thanatos*, corrupt, consum'd to dust:
Such is the end of all this worldly lust.

* Drayton vpon the death of S. P. S.

But what art thou that first among the bayes?
Unfold to me for I must needs be gone.
I was, reader, (quoth he) in former daies
Vnto great *Astrophill*, but now am one,
Stripped, and naked, destitute, alone:
Naught but my Greekish pipe and staffe have I
To keepe my Lambs and me in miserie.

Art thou (quoth he) my Tutor Tergaster?
He answered, yea: such was my happie chauce.
I grieue (quoth *Astrophill*) at thy disaster:
But fates denie me learning to aduance.
Yet *Cynthia* shall afford thee maintenance.
My dearest Sister, keepe my Tutor well,
For in his element he doth excell.

In this latter stanza we have another proof, as Mr. Hunter has remarked, of the name of the author of this poem, and "are at no loss to understand the propriety of the name *Tergaster*, which Sir Philip Sidney appears sportively to have given to his tutor; that is, *Back-ster*, or *Baxter*." The volume concludes with two sets of six-line stanzas: the first addressed *To the right Worshipfull Sir John Smith of Olde-Hunger Knight, a worthie fauourer of learning*; and the other *To my Worshipful friend John Stone Esquire, Counsellor at the Law, and Secundarie of the Counter in Woodstreet London*.

This volume, so interesting in itself, and remarkable also as adding another name to the long list of our Elizabethan Poets, is rare, and excepting the very important notice of Mr. Hunter as to its author, has not, that we are aware of, been previously described.

Bibl. Heber., pt. iv. No. 180, xl. 135.; Sir Mark M. Sykes, pt. i. No. 550, 2l. 25.; Bright, No. 390, 2l. 51.; Inglis, No. 300, 2l. 62.; Bindley, pt. iii. No. 2027, 3l.; Perry, pt. i. No. 602*, 3l. 6s.; Midgley, No. 91, 3l. 13s. 6d.; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 39, 7l. Another edition, printed for Jane Bell, was published in 1655. See *Bibl. Ang. Poetica*, pt. 40. Its contents are the same with the present impression.

Collation: Sig. A. to N 4, in fours, pp. 104.

CORSE'S *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*.

Joseph Justus Scaliger.

DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF.

THE Jesuits and Papiests will quote me sooner than our Ministers; Schottus citat aliquoties. The Papiests hate me more than Calvin or Beza, and call me the old Calvinist. I was twenty-two years old when I was catechized by Mons. Chandieu and Mons. Viret. People deceive themselves in three things concerning me: that I have money, that I have some fine things on the New Testament, and that I write many verses: se & Patrem nihil umquam scripsisse, quod scivissent ab aliis dictum aut scriptum. Scaliger Pater optimè pingebat, & Græcè & Latinè, & quidem duobus tantum digitis, pollice & auriculari, obpogram; pictura veterum, & nova. JULIUS CÆSAR SCALIGER, when in the army, exercising himself in Greek, wrote some treatises of Galen so well that it was said they might be five or six hundred years old. *Vidi ipse, monstrante filio*. Messieurs de l'Escale, father and son, made no use of spectacles. Julius Cæsar Scaliger always said he should die in the month of October, quod factum fuit. Scaliger habet Biblia Samaritana. Varro was the first book he composed and had printed. The father considered himself the seventh from Margareta Countess of Holland; it is, the son who is the seventh, and he the sixth. We have seen books of Galen written by the hand of Julius Cæsar Scaliger in Greek. Those who wrote of our ancestors call us in Poland *Scalyschi*. I have seen that there was not a difficult word in the Bible or the Greek Poets, especially in Nicander and Callimachus, that I did not know. There is nothing in my book *De Emendatione* that any one has said, even if there are learned men who will not acknowledge it. Look at Monsieur de Beza, honest man that he is; he says I invented my *Sabbatum deuteropneuston*, and that I do not prove

it. He so good a theologian, and does not see that I prove it even from the Bible. I do not expect to see my *Eusebius* finished; I am getting old; I sleep but three hours; go to bed at ten, awake at half-past one, and can sleep no more afterwards. If I had ten children, I would not make one of them study; I would advance them at the courts of princes; rediens ad studia dicebat, I am going to dig in the vineyard. They sent assassins to Agen to kill my father, and me at Paris. The ambassador of Venice had a hireling; Monsieur du Puy apprised me of it; I told it to the noblest, who replied that I ought not to care for it, and that orders would be given concerning it. Scaliger has been at Verona, sed alio nomine, nam esset occisus. My father wrote correctly. What a fine book is his *Exercitationes*! He always said to me, "I wish you to be more learned than I." I have not a good memory, but a good deal of reminiscence; quando memoriæ sisto vadmōnium; I scarcely remember many proper names: but when I think, at length I find them. Never, or rarely, is judgment found with great memories. It is forty years since I heard the last mass at Rome; it was the brother of Mons. de Buzenval, now a Papist, that took me to the sermon, during the first troubles. At Paris Mons. du Chandieu, a young man, and Matthew Viret catechized me: I have travelled since, but then I was not well informed and assured. I was at Lausanne when the massacre occurred, and the scenes at Strasburg, whence I came incontinently to Geneva. All the verses written here are believed in France to be mine, just as Lipsius was made to believe that I had composed verses against him. My father pronounced naturally the languages he knew, as if he had been a Frenchman or a German, and yet he could not pronounce well the *ſ* feminine, as *perſe*, *mère*, &c. If I had plenty of money, I would not spend it so much for books as in travelling and visiting. I have always affected this matter of time. There is no one who can so well refute Baronius as I would. If the Venetians had me, they would sew me up in a sack. Bavarus non est ex Scaligeris sed ex una ex filiabus. Lingelsheimius dixit mihi, sunt adhuc Scaligeri Veronæ, sed ex Nothis. Beatrice Regina de la Scala, very virtuous and very beautiful, suit decanta ta ab omnibus. There have been made so many verses for her! There is no one in this city who can judge of my book against Serarius. Monsieur Casaubon alone can appreciate and enjoy it. The mother of Monsieur de l'Écalle knew the Lombard, Gascon, and French languages. The father knew all the dialects of Guienne, and spoke very good French without having ever been farther in France than Bordeaux. They have written to me to be the preceptor, or superintendent of the preceptor, of the Prince of Condé, but I have no mind for it; I do not wish to be a courtier. I honor the great, but have no love for grandeurs. I do not think there is a man in Holland who labors more than I do. I have two sisters; one is a religious, the other a widow of two husbands. She is my heir of whatever I may have in those quarters. My little brother Odet ought to have been called Eudô, and not Audectus. In Aquitaine there have been Kings of that name, who were not Kings of France. My father was a foreigner, and did not know this name *Eudo*. He called all his children Cæsar; he called me Justus, and my mother called me Joseph. My father wished to write about every thing. I am making a History of eight thousand years, according to the Heathen. The last six hundred years are clear from the times. I have not a complete library. My father, four years before his death, was a demi-Lutheran; every day he saw more and more abuses: he wrote epigrams against

the monks, whom he hated. The nephew of Melancthon was imprisoned at Bordeaux; the theologians were very impetuous; my father wrote so that he saved him: if he had been a Frenchman he would not have escaped. My father was honored and respected by all the gentlemen of the court. He was more feared than loved at Agen: he possessed authority, majesty, and presence; he inspired terror, and spoke in a manner that put all in fear of him. *Auratus dicebat: Julium Cæsarem se Regem Regiæ cui facie similem.* Yes, to an Emperor. There is neither King nor Emperor of so lofty a bearing. Look at me; I resemble him in every thing, the aquiline nose. I was but eight years old when I held my sister at baptism, and the same day, my father whipped me, his godfather. My sister is a poor woman, an imbecile. The Cordeliers stole my best books from me at Agen. They returned some old volumes on law. I have been twice at Rome, in two successive years, when I was twenty-five and twenty-six years old. They did wrong at Geneva to put into my father's poems, *Diva & Divi*. Monsieur Goulart wished them to be printed: Commelin has now printed them. My father did not then know what he was doing. He followed what he heard about the Preachers, and what the vulgar said. My father replied in the sixth edition of *Cardan de Subtilitate*. My father's book was very well printed in Paris; there were no errors in it; the second edition in German was dedicated to me. My father wrote his manuscripts clearly, which was the reason why his books were well printed. Messieurs. Lingelsheim and the Abbé, receiving my letters when they had the fever, were cured of it. My book against Serarius was welcomed in France, but among the Papists. Monsieur Le Fevre said, *scribit mihi Thuanus*, that when the Society met, it could not write any thing that would be worth a page of this book; and though I do not know what I may have written in anger, without much meditation, I do not repent of having done it, and that it is printed. There is no one in this country who has any taste for it: that great Doctor de Gomarus, who persists in speaking of every thing that he does not understand, and Dujon, if he were diving, would comprehend nothing of it. It is no wonder, if those who have never eaten of good things do not know that there are choice dishes. I have made a treatise on the Ass, but no one has it except myself. *Mea nobilitatis mihi est dedecori*, I would rather be the son of Vander-Vec Marchand. I should have money. No one thinks a prince can become poor. I write my letters without reading them again; often I do not know what I have written. People have shown me letters which I did not remember having written. I do not write so well in any language as in Arabic, and I write well only when I have a good pen. My father did not make his own pens, they were made for him; I cannot well make mine. I honor the great, but do not court them. It is ten months since I saluted His Excellency. The farthest I have been is to Naples and Scotland. The Jesuits of Cologne have not given the whole of my father's Epigram in Petrum. I have had it printed; my brother had written it. I have not studied much. I have been obliged to run rather than study. No one has ever written so many letters as I have. My late father walked so erect, and yet he was gouty. It belongs to our race to walk erect. Our theologians will believe nothing that I say; and when they see that it is true, they say, *Jam dictum*. When my father wrote his letters rapidly, they were fine; but when he meditated them, they smacked of the philosopher. I was eighteen years old when my father died. There is no Hollander who writes so well or so fast.

as I, especially Greek. I have a good Greek letter. I cannot show, it would strangle me. When I stoop, it is with the whole body together, not the head alone or the shoulders. My father made twenty books of plants, which filled an entire chest. He described them very well. They were brought to him from Provence. I recovered ten more of them; he tore the greater part, seeing that another had collected them.

Pater meus licet veritatem Religionis plane non cognovisset, tamen si vixisset tempore Jesuitarum illos odisset, quia hypocritas & mendaces oderat eane pejus & angue, quæ duo vitia Jesuitis maximè frequentia sunt. Ego adhuc animadvertor esse Vasco, nam habeo quosdam accentus; purè nihilominus Gallicè loquor; ita de illis qui multas linguas sciunt. Descendimus ex Filia Leopoldi Comitis Habsburgensis, quæ nupsit cuidam Scaligeræ. Avorum nostrorum uni. Patrem meum ita petunt regium virum, ex sola facie poterat nosci descendisse ex Principibus. Meus liber de Assuetudine male scriptus fuit, ut vix legi posset. Non credo Votivum habuisse. Ego sum ultimus Scaliger. Veneti dicunt nullum superesse. Muretus dicebat mihi, ne nomen meum Venetiis dicerem. Veronæ insignia sepulchra domus Scaligerorum. Non eversa sunt, quod mirum est. Ego non curo quidquam nisi resurrectionem; sepulchrum non curo; ubi sepellat non interest. Cum moriar, meum corpus erit ut asini corpus. Sunt qui volunt alios in suo sepulchro sepeliri; sed in nostra Religione non debet fieri. In Inscriptionibus, sæpius hoc est, *Si quis in hoc sepulchro vult condi, petat à Pontifice.*

If I had written my book *De Emendatione* sixty years ago, it might have been placed at the foot of a crucifix. There was more candor than at the present day. No Jesuit can write as my father wrote. He had an excellent judgment, read every thing, and examined every thing. Si multos haberem liberos, nollem illos studere nisi legere, scribere & parumper Latine loqui. Hodie docti soli sunt stulti, & ego etiam stultus, sed non ut illi. Olim libri non erant ita cari, & plures docti; hodie, cariores sunt libri, & homines minus docti.

I understand three things, non in aliis, in vino, possi, and to judge of persons. Si bis hominem alloquar, statim scio qualis sit. Ego scribo Syriacè ut Syri ipsi, & à nemine didici, sed multum scribendo, affectus sum, nemo etiam me Arabicè docuit. It is a singular case, my father was a foreigner and spoke good Gascon. No Frenchman, though he may have lived fifty years in Gascony, can put together four words without error and without making a blunder. My mother was very eloquent in Gascon. My father said that if she had been a man, they would have had to make her a lawyer, and that she might have gained bad causes.

Magna est Providentia Dei in rebus meis. Ego ab obitu Patris semper elemosynis vixi. Arvus vixit in honore, sed paupertate: habeo Sarrynem Veronensem, qui de Scaligeris scripsit, 36 annis antè me notum. Nobilitas se perpetuè cedit Veronæ. Hæc præcipue fuit causa, cur electi sint Scaligeri, ex tota Nobilitate Illustrissimi & Nobilissimi, ut haberent qui resisterent cædibus. Primò dicti sunt Dictatores, postea Principes. Veneti dicunt in Guilielmo avo avi mei defecisse Scaligeros, sed falsum. Fuit ille nepos Margarete Hollandicæ, sed non defecit. Guiliandicus si vidisset vitam Patris, non scripsisset de Burdonio. Pater meus Ripæ in Italia est natus & educatus in armis; educatus fuit Burdeni in Comitatu; qui erat Patruelis ex Matre, quæ erat ex Imperatore Constantinopolitano: Burdenus est in Sclavonia. Ut Bonifacius Patruus, terribilis vir, illum à Tito traxit distingueret, vocabat hunc à Burden, cum non posset unquam esse hæres illius Burden. Vocatur Bononiæ, Tonso à Burden. Erat strictè tonsus, cum Itali reliqui gestarent capillos oblongos in utramque partem, ut olim Monachi: erat Dæmoniæ, habebat diabolum, ut credebatur. Habui fratrem Constantem; qui dicebatur Vasco Diabolus, tam terribilis fuit; semel ingressus lusum pile inter 8 Germanos, aliquid occidit, alios læsit, fugit in Poloniam, postea amatus fuit à Stephano Polonæ Rege, sed invidia Nobilium truncatus est, & confossus in venatione; & frater Leonardus Lupini cæsus à 12: non potui habere iustitiam. Condæus noluit; Sylvius fuit doctus; habebat prope Bartas; erat negligens; nihil scripsit: liberos non reliquit, bona ejus habuit Nepos uxoris ipsius, per stultitiam & negligentiam fratris. Pater

habuit Politica Aristotelis Græca cum levibus Scholijs nullius momenti: habuit multos libros M. S. S. quos eripuerunt nobis Franciscani. Pater valde oderat Italos, & illi ipsum oderant. Veneti dicunt Gentem nostram interisse ante 200 annos & nunc dederunt falsas tabulas Jesuitis contra me: cur ergo Voluerant Patrem in Aquitania ter occidere & me Parisiis, nisi Nobilitas & Puteanus manissent? Per Legatum hoc curabant. I have been prostituted to make verses for everybody, like Dorat: I will do it no longer. Si mea carmina, non versiones tantum, excuderentur simul, daretur integrum volumen. Puteanus servabat omnia, ego nunquam servavi, statim ac feci abjicere, & odi mea carmina, interdum his idem sentio de versis, nasciens. Quidam est hodiè Josephus Scalaj qui scripsit Ephemerides: Siculus est: ut apud Tacitum est Julius Bursæ, apud Vesteres est Hieronimus Cardianus, & quidam Rhodomanus, talenest nomen Codomanni. Patavii effinxerunt literas Doctoris Patris mei, qui se non vocabat Scaligerum, quia periculosum erat, sed Tostoda Burden: Quidam nebulo nuper scripsit falsissima de Cane Scaligero fuisse hominem vulgarem. Veneti dicunt ante 200 annos non fuisse amplius Scaligeros.

Bibliographical Notes

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A BIBLIOPHILE.
PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS, BY BORNACE. OXON. ONOPHILUS. 8vo, Lond., 1812.

OF the *Ebrietas Encomium*, printed for Curll in 1727, Dr. Farmer remarks in 1773, "I have not seen another copy." The bestest companions for Drinking are, the Greeks and the Germans: the first will drink as many glasses, as there be letters in his mistress's name; the other will drink

* *Naevia sex clarris, septem Iustina bibatur.*
which Geo. Hardinge happily applied to the three daughters of Job.
† *Sex femina scypha, septem Chæzia bibatur.*
cuius est, qui in Chærenhappy, amet.
Such a name, undoubtedly? *Ἰπποκλέης τὰ τοὺς πεπρωτοτάς.*

the number of his (Quæther) years; and musically, a health to every one of these six notes, *Ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*; which, with his reason, are all comprehended in this hexameter:

*Ut relevet miserum fatum, soltosque labores.**

The fewest draughts he drinks are three; the First to quench the thirst past, the Second to quench the present thirst, the Third to quench the future." (Howell's *Lett.* II. 54.) The whole Epistle, addressed to the Lord Cliff, is extremely curious. Wine, it contends, is but Water sublimed; and thus the Italian, after a long draught, paradoxically complained *per mancamento d'acqua bevo dell'acqua: se io haveffi acqua, beverei el vino.* He seems himself, with venial nationality, to have preferred the Welsh Metheglin; as appears from his lines to a friend, in which he alludes to the Turkish saying, that there lurks a Devil in every berry of the Vine:

*Non Vitis, sed Apis succum tibi mitto bibendum,
Quem legimus Bardos olim potuisse Britannos.†
Qualibet in bacca Vitis Megæra latefit,
Qualibet in gremio Mellis Aglæia nîet.*

I think it is Galileo, who says, *Vino altro non è, se non Luce del Sole incolata*

* These Notes, it is well known, were taken by Guy d'Arezzo from the Hymn to the Baptist, though the modern air is not precisely the same as in his time. The words are,

*Ut queant laxis resonare fibris,
Mira gestorum famuli tuorum,
Solve polluti labii reatum,
Sancte Joanne.*

Am I wrong in conjecturing the sequence, *sc* of the scale, *fa*, to be formed from the Initials of the Adonic, or last line?

† Or, as Cassio says, "Every inordinate cup is unleavened, and the ingredient is a Devil." (*Othello*, II. 14.) Vindici likewise, in Tourneur's *Revenge's Tragedy*, represents the Drunkard as suffering "et damnation" to run through his teeth! I should prefer *Quem Bardos olim famuli bibisse*

con l'umido della vite: treading (according to Tiraboschi) in the steps of Dante, who in his *Purgatorio* speaks of the

—— calor del Sol, che fa vino
Giunto all'umor, che della vite cola. (C. xxv.)

and thither, I suppose, as to their fountain, other stars (the night-planets of earth, the *Marses* and *Venuses* of the Strand)

Repairing, in their golden urns draw light!

To the Roman ladies, as to their slaves, wine was altogether forbidden. This we learn from Dion. Halic., Athenæus, Ælian V. H. II. 38, &c. See *Budd. Misc. Lips.* III. lvi.

Menage refers to the sober P. Sirmond the celebrated triplet,

*Si bene comminui, causa sunt quinque bibendi—
Hospitis adventus, præsens sitis, atque futura,
Et vini bonitas, et—quælibet altera causa.*

Of these Five Reasons the following literary version is, upon I know not what authority, ascribed to Dean Aldrich;

—— a friend, good wine, or being dry,
Or lest you should be by and bye,
Or—any other reason why.

Jos. Scaliger's rule was a safer one:

*Conviva sige potui primum modum,
Quod est necesse; proximum quod est satis.
Nil sat bibaci, sobrio nil est parum.*

Eubulus, the Greek Comic Writer, allowed three Cups, to Health, to Love, and to Sleep; the seven following he assigns, respectively, to Ὑβρις, Βοη, Κῶμος, Ὑπνοίαι, Κλητήρ, Χολή, and Μανία; which Cumberland, in his *Observer*, has not rendered with precision, e. g.

Mad with the Ninth, &c.

Alexis, in his τοὺς μετρίον πινόνσι, καὶ κεκραμένον (which is 'an important addition') is somewhat more indulgent.

II.

EROTOMANIA, OR A TREATISE DIS-
COUSSING OF THE ESSENCE, CAUSES, SYM-
PTOMS, PROGNOSTICKS, AND CURE OF LOVE,

OR EROTIQUE MELANCHOLY. By JAMES FERRAND, M. D. [Translated from the French, by Ed. Chilmead.] Small 8vo, Oxford, 1640.

Though this Volume does not profess to be a Second or later edition, it exists in French printed at Paris, in 1623! To the English Work are prefixed Commendatory Verses by Towers, Goodridge, Master, Luellin, Holway, Everard, Palmer, and Richard West (all of Christ-Church, Oxford), not one of whom refers to it as a translation!

It is a very singular production, and contains many learned references and many extraordinary stories. After investigating at large the Seat, Derivation, Kinds, Periods, Prognosticks, and Symptoms of this 'Erotique Melancholy' (as distinctive between the Lower and the Ambrists) in which Astrology, Physiognomy and Chiromancy, Magic, Oniromancy, &c. are discussed, the Author inquires both into the Prevention and the cure of it: under the First head introducing order of with Chirurgical and Medicinal Diet, remedies; and under the Second, beside Philters, those which are denominated Empirical, Methodical, Chirurgical, and Pharmaceutical. I do not believe, indeed, that he has noted Luther's mode of curing an amorous maid-servant, whom he thrashed into a feverer way of thinking. But the great Reformer was fond of the *argumentum baculum*; and once converted even a theological disputant—the most hopeless, perhaps, of cases—by the application of a good cudgel. Ferrand dwells, however, upon the virtues of Camphor, and of Hare's Flesh as "maintaining (according to Philostratus) mutual love and amity betwixt married persons" in particular; and making short that canit for a time at least—economy and a gracious aspect, to which Martial alludes in the subjoined Epigram: ΕΡΟΤΟΜΑΝΙΑΝ ΖΗΝΟΤΕΡΑΝ

Γαμοι δ' ὅσοις μὲν ἐν κἀθ' ἑασι βροτων,
Μακάριος αἶων οἷς δὲ μὴ πιπτοῦσιν ἐν,
Τατ' ἐνδὸν εἰσι τατέ θυραζε δυσυχεῖς.

And the illustrious admirer of Euripides,
the thrice-wived Milton:

"Favour'd of heaven, who finds
One virtuous, rarely found,
That in domestic good combines:
Happy that house! His way to peace is smooth."

Randolph has a poem more generally in
their praise; calling those 'parricides to
their mothers' names,' who 'with foul ink
requite the milk they lent them.'

The widower Montaigne, indeed, with-
out his usual good-humour, declared; "He
would not marry a second wife, though it
were Wisdom herself." There is an en-
tertaining passage on the subject in Hollis'
Memoirs, pp. 516-518. With him Anax-
andrides appears to agree, in his

Ὅστ' οὐδαμῶς κακὸν γ' ἁμαρτεῖν γυνε-
ται.

Eubulus, too, has a fragment, in which
(with the ironical profession of great regard
for the ladies, as πάντων ἀρίστον κτήμα-
των) to Medea he promptly opposes Pe-
nelope, to Clytemnestra Alceſtis, and to
Phaedra—— He does not know whom:

οἱ μοι δειλαῖοι
Ταχέως γε μ' αἶ χρηταὶ γυναῖκες ἐπελ-
πον,
Τῶν δ' αὖ πονηρῶν ἐτι λέγειν πολλὰς
ἔχω.

And Scaliger, in his *Verſification of a*
beautiful Sonnet of Petrarch's, *Era il ga-*
orno, &c. beginning *Lux aderat, quæ Sol*,
&c. (Siv. V.) could have no very strong
impression of female meekness, when he
chose to give Aella as the *afide* of the un-
paragoned Laura! Neither had Ignora-
mus, in the *Westminster Fifth Act*, a much
more favourable opinion of the ladies. *Mu-*
lier est valde slipperia res, nescis abire
cas; which was, indeed, perhaps impu-

tation against his indulgent hostess, Mrs.
Quickly. Belphegor, also, or the *Married*
Devil, conveys a severe slur upon the con-
jugal state: but it has some redeeming pas-
sages of another kind. When Harlequin in-
quires of the Hero, whether 'they had any
atheists among them?' he answers; "No:
abundance of fine gentlemen; but I never
heard that they professed atheism below."

Menander more honestly puts in apposi-
tion the good with the evil, concluding

— αὐ δ' ἐκλεγής
Ἄει το λυκοῦν, μῆδεν ἀντιπαράτιθεις,
Τῶν προσδοκουμενῶν οὐδυνήσει δια τε-
λους.

And in another passage he complains that
the dowry, which *makes itself wings* and
does not stay 'five months', is accurately
assayed; but that, with respect to the abid-
ing part of the bargain, it is the produce
μὴ δοκιμασθῆναι μῆδεν, ἀλλ' εἰκὴ λα-
βεῖν.

IV.

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN. 8vo, Lond., 1796.

That Pope was a fly but industrious pil-
ferer, has been frequently proved. His
celebrated *deductum*, admitted in disparage-
ment of 'modes of faith' ("He can't be
wrong, whose life is in the right") for its
traces in Cowley, who speaking of his
friend Crathaw, a convert to the Roman
Catholic Church, says:

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong: his life, I'm sure, was on the right.

And Cowley, he thinks, might have taken
the hint from Lord Herbert's

Digladier abii ciner res Religioſis:
Quod credas nihil est, sit modo vita proba.

These Writers seem to be ignorant, that
Christian Faith is the very heart's blood of
Christian Action: and, if the source of life
be destroyed, can life remain long? Yet Lord

Bolingbroke solemnly assures us, that the 'Essay on Man' was written for the benefit of Christianity! So the executioner said to Don Carlos, when he was about to strangle him; "Pray, my Lord, be quiet; it is all for your good."

In the same passage J. justly condemns the Poet for having substituted Cæsar for the Czar, in his Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk; as Suetonius tells us, that 'Cæsar was admitted even by his enemies to have been *vini parcissimus*', and he alone (according to M. Cato) *ad ever-tendam Remp. sobrius accessit*. § 53.

The son of the immortal Racine, whose Jansenism was not Optimism, in one of his poems ridicules Pope's 'Whatever is, is right':

— Sans doute qu'à ces mots, des bords de la Tamise

Quelque abstrait raisonneur, qui ne se plaint de rien,
Dans son sègre Anglicain s'écriera: Tout est bien.

The fickle and feeble Ramsay, author of the 'Travels of Cyrus' (a poor imitation of *Telemachus*) undertook to effect a reconciliation between the two poets.

V.

WARBURTON'S DIVINE LEGATION OF MOSES.
3 vols. 8vo. Lond., 1742.

"This man," said Dr. Bentley (in looking over the First Volume of the Work, which appeared singly in 1737-8) "has a monstrous appetite, with a very bad digestion."

That Warburton did not, indeed, disdain to derive assistance, in translating three Greek lines, from a French Version, will appear from the following;

Εγὼ γὰρ οὐδὲν, μάτῃρ, ἀποκρυψας ἔρω
Ἀδρῶν ἂν ἐλθοῖμ' αἰθερὸς πρὸς ἀνατο-
λᾶς

Καὶ γὰρ ἐνερθε, δυνατός ὢν δράσαι
ταῦτα—

"I will not, Madam, disguise my sentiments: I could scale heaven, I could descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be by that price I could obtain a kingdom." (*Confusion worse Confounded*, p. 53.)

"Je ne déguiserai point mes sentimens, Madame; j'escalerais le ciel, et je descendrais aux entrailles de la terre, si à ce prix je pouvais conquérir la plus brillante des couronnes." (*Brumoy's Théâtre des Græcs*, II. 406.)

Those, who will take the trouble to collate Hurd's famous Critique on the Allegory in the third Georgic with P. Catrou's Notes *in loc.*, will find that W. was not without his follower in this respect also. Yet H. attacked Lowth—the foe of W.—as having displayed in his 'Latin Lectures upon Hebrew Poetry' a "vein of criticism not above the common", and in his 'Version of Isaiah' shown "how little was to be expected" from Dr. Kennicott's Collation; an attack, only warrantable in a person of the greatest critical skill and the most profound knowledge of the sacred language; as otherwise, Jortin has truly told us, "it shows a meanness of spirit in a man to decry works, which he is not able to imitate."

"The Methodists despised W. for a part of his Christian character, as much as he despised them for a part of their character; and both had equal reason. His learning is almost as much unlike to Christianity, as their Christianity is unlike to learning." (*Jones' Life of Bp. Horne*.) A curious story of Dr. Waterland's repentment, in consequence of being confounded with Dr. Warburton by a country-apothecary, is alluded to in a Letter by Pope, and related by Dr. Middleton (*Litt. Anecd.* V. 563.) And Mallet who, however, was his enemy says, "The Writer I had no reason to be afraid of: the Man I abhorred—a head

filled with paradoxes unproved and unprovable; a heart overflowing with virulence, and the most slanderous malice." M. is supposed to have written the Pamphlet, addressed 'To the most impudent man alive.'

On Warburton's Theory of the Sixth Book of Virgil's *Æneid* being a "mimic scene intended to represent the initiation of Æneas as a lawgiver in the Eleusinian Mytheries," see Gibbon's '*Account of his own Life and Writings*,' pp. 136-139. Hardouin made a much greater discovery: viz. That the whole *Æneid* was an allegory, intended to describe the Voyage of St. Peter to Rome!

'W.'s Prefaces and Notes,' as it was wittily observed, 'were his established places of execution for the punishment of all, who did not implicitly adopt his sentiments.' His poor opinion of Markland's and Taylor's critical abilities, as lacking (with Dr. Clarke) common sense, which is smartly censured by Maty, has made few converts. There is an able disquisition on his literary character, compared with that of Dr. Johnson, in *Blackw. Mag.* VIII. 243.

In a Note upon the *Purs. of Lit.* III. 131, is given (from Hurd's *Supplement to Warburton's Works*) a List of the Books, in their divisions and order, which that Prelate's vigorous intellect regarded as only the First Part of an *Introduction* to the Study of Theology.

— *Hæc limina victor*
Alcides subiit.—

For a splendid view of his character, see the Dedication and Preface of the *Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian*, pp. 149-157, 181-183, ending;—"He was honoured by the friendship of Pope, and the enmity of Bolingbroke. In the fullness of his meridian glory, he was caressed by Lord Hardwicke and Lord Mansfield; and his setting lustre was viewed with nobler feelings than those of mere forgiveness by

the amiable and venerable Dr. Lowth. Halifax revered him, Balguy loved him, and in two immortal Works Johnson stood forth in the foremost rank of his admirers." He alludes to the Life of Pope, and the Preface to Shakespeare. Bp. Law, however, calls him "the very extraordinary Author of that most empirical piece of incoherence, the D. L.!" And Walpole has no better name for him, than "that turn-coat hypocrite infidel," and "that saucy priest." See his *Lett. CCF. to Geo. Montagu*, for two of Quin's *bon-mots* against the Bishop: the first (he says) "in eight monosyllables comprehends at once the guilt of Charles I. and the justice of punishing it"—*by all the laws he had left them.*

Miscellaneous Items.

Les Huit Matinées du Seigneur de Cholieres.

DEDIEES A MONSEIGNEUR DE VENDOSME.

Phosphore, redde diem, quid gaudia nostra moraris?

A Paris, chez Jean Richer, rue Saint Jean de Latran, à l'enseigne de l'Arbre Verdoiant. 1585.
Avec privilege du Roi. (8vo.)

THE bibliophiles who have a passion for rare and curious books, and who prefer those works at once instructive and amusing which were produced by the Gallic mind during the sixteenth century, in one of the moments of its most vigorous expansion, all know, by name at least, the works of Nicolas Cholières. It has been almost always impossible, however, to read them, because they belong to the class of works of *haute graille*, as the celebrated historian of Gargantua says, which were so well thumbled, when they appeared, that they are to be found now only on such occasions as seldom occur twice in a lifetime.

The *Matinées*, printed first in 1585, and reprinted some fifteen years afterward, un-

der the title *Contes et Discours bizarres*, is one of the volumes which is constantly advancing in price. The *Manuel* quotes a sale at 40 francs; Solar's copy sold since for 92 francs.

The *Neuf Matinées* may be classed with the *Serées* of Bouchet; they occupy the same ground of discussion upon more or less recondite subjects, and their language often rises into a freedom which shocked no one at the time of Rabelais and Molière, but which our modern pruriency finds somewhat astonishing. It entered the mind of no one, at the time of Henri III., to be scandalized because Cholières entered upon a profound dissertation concerning *Les Chastretés*. Shortly after him, a comedian who made all Paris roar with laughter—Deffauriers, better known under his name of Bruscombille, consecrated one of his facetious prologues to a consideration of the same subject. The author of the *Matinées* treats a still more dangerously delicate question, in the conversation he devotes to the examination of all that concerns the *trève conjugale*; but it will not be necessary to follow him there. There is less peril in examining whether it is better to marry an ugly than a handsome woman, or in indulging in grave reflections upon what should be the respective ages of married people, or in treating the question of domestic jealousy, or endeavoring to determine which of two young women (one of whom has married a soldier and the other a scholar) has the best chance for happiness.

The selection of subjects chosen by Cholières authorizes us in classing him among the precursors of Stendahl, the author of the *Physiologie du Mariage*. There is doubtless in this last work, composed about 1830, a wit, an irony and mocking skepticism, which should not be expected in a book published a short time before the reign of Henri IV.; but the malice is not less, although it expresses itself in other

forms, and some critics of delicate perception have confessed that they acquired their taste for such reading from the *Matinées*.

The lawyers, to whom the writers of the sixteenth century attributed, perhaps wrongfully, an excessive rapacity, and the doctors, did not escape the satire of Cholières. He will be found sometimes diffuse, but this fault is common to him with all his contemporaries. The art of condensing had not yet been learned; and although books were numerous, they were much less so than at present; the journals did not exist; and the authors, presuming that their readers did not want leisure, heaped page upon page, and never became weary.

Although Cholières cannot be ranked among the writers who deserve immortality, he deserves not to be forgotten. Some modern authors have read him, and not mentioned the obligation they owe him. Many of the passages of *Tristram Shandy* show that Sterne borrowed much without acknowledgment from the *Matinées*.

But little can be said concerning the life of Cholières, for but little is known of it, except that he was an advocate in the Parliament of Grenoble. It is probable that he was in Paris about 1585, since it was at this time that he must have given to the printers of that city the manuscripts of his three works; for the means of communication were at that time so irregular and difficult, that he could hardly have sent them up to Paris from Dauphiny. The authors of that period generally had their works printed in the cities they inhabited. Rabelais was first printed at Lyons, by François Juste; Montaigne's first edition of the *Essais* was printed by Simon Millanges, at Bordeaux; while Bouchet first printed his *Serées* at Poitiers, and many other such instances could be cited.

Cholières followed the poetic inspiration which was so general in the second half of

the sixteenth century, but his verses do not rise above mediocrity; they may be found appended to his *Guerre des Mâles contre les Femelles*, a work in three dialogues, which was printed in Paris, in 1588—mingled, under the title *Melanges Poétiques*, with verses taken from Ronfard, Amadis Jamin, and Mesdames des Roches.

The work which, in 1587, appeared as a companion to the *Neuf Matinées*, entitled *Après-dînée*, was reprinted in 1611, with the following title: *Les Après-dînées de Carnaval*.

The *Après-dînée* is like its predecessor—the same mixture of learning applied to curious subjects, and Rabelaisian wit. Cholières had certainly read Rabelais a great deal, and borrowed from him that gayety which was so necessary to France, desolated as she then was by civil war, and the hatred of the parties arrayed against each other.

The following list of the contents of the *Neuf Matinées* and the *Après-dînée* will show the questions discussed in these curious volumes:

In the first, after the prefatory congratulatory poems, the author's advertisement to the reader, and a letter from the Sieur Felicien Valentin to the author, comes the

MATINEE 1. *De l'Or et du Fer*.—*Lequel des deux nous est le plus dommageable ou profitable.*

MATINEE 2. *Des Loix et de la Médecine*.—*A Sçavoir, si la Jurisprudence est à preferer à la Médecine.*

MATINEE 3. *Des Mains des Advocats*.—*S'il est loisible aux Advocats de prendre.*

MATINEE 4. *Des Chastrez.*

MATINEE 5. *Des Laides et Belles Femmes*.—*S'il vaut mieux prendre à Femme une Laide qu'une Belle.*

MATINEE 6. *De la Jalousie du Mary et de la Femme.*

MATINEE 7. *De l'Inégalité de l'Age des Mariez*.—*Si un Vieillard doit prendre une*

Jeune Fille; ou une Vieille rechercher un Jeune Homme.

MATINEE 8. *Des Lettres et Guerriers*.—*Si une Fille doit plus desirer d'estre acouplée à un Homme d'Estude qu'à un Guerrier.*

MATINEE 9. *De la Tresve Conjugale*.—*En quel Temps n'est loisible au Mary de toucher Conjugalement sa Femme.*

The *Après-dînée*, after a preface aux Liseurs, contains—

1. *Du veiller et du dormir*.—*S'il faut dormir l'Après-dînée.*

2. *Du Mariage*.—*S'il vaulx mieux n'estre marié que l'estre.*

3. *De la Puissance Maritale*.—*A Sçavoir, si le mary peut battre et chasser sa Femme.*

4. *De l'Arbre de Vie.*

5. *Du Caquet des Femmes.*

6. *Des Barbes.*

7. *Des Vieillards et des Jeunes Enfans*.—*S'ils peuvent engendrer.*

8. *Des Pronostics et Predictions Astrologiques.*

9. *Des Lunatiques.*

New editions, limited to one hundred copies, of the *Neuf Matinées* and *Après-dînée*, were published in 1863, in Paris, in 12mo.

Charles I. and the Marquis of Worcester.

In the "Conference" which took place when Charles I. visited the Marquis of Worcester, at Ragland Castle, with his court, there is the following curious anecdote respecting the poet Gower, which shows that the sphere of a poet's influence is far wider than that of his own age:

The marquis was a shrewd though whimsical man, and a favorite of the king, for his frankness and his love of the arts. His lordship entertained the royal guest with extraordinary magnificence. Among the

rare curiosities was a sumptuous copy of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*.

Charles I. usually visited the marquis after dinner. Once he found his lordship with the book of John Gower lying open, which the king said he had never before seen. "Oh!" exclaimed the marquis, "it is a book of books! and if your majesty had been well versed in it, it would have made you a king of kings."

"Why so, my lord?"

"Why, here is set down how Aristotle brought up and instructed Alexander the Great in all the rudiments and principles belonging to a prince." And, under the persons of Aristotle and Alexander, the marquis read the king such a lesson, that all the standers-by were amazed at his boldness.

The king asked whether he had his lesson by heart, or spake out of the book.

"Sir, if you would read my heart, it may be that you might find it there; or if your majesty pleased to get it by heart, I will lend you my book." The king accepted the offer.

Some of the new-made lords fretted and bit their thumbs at certain passages in the marquis's discourse; and some protested that no man was so much for the absolute power of a king as Aristotle. The marquis told the king that he would indeed show him one remarkable passage to that purpose, and, turning to the place, read—

"A king can kill, a king can save;
A king can make a lord a knave;
And of a knave, a lord also."

On this several new-made lords slunk out of the room, which the king observing told the marquis, "My lord, at this rate you will drive away all my nobility."

Specimen of a Modern Glossary.

The following clever piece of satire is taken from a broadside, printed about the middle of the last century. Its application

is not at all weakened, although more than "a hundred years" have passed away since its production:

ANGEL.—The name of a woman, commonly of a very bad one.

AUTHOR.—A laughing-stock. It means likewise a poor fellow; and in general an object of contempt.

BEAR.—A country gentleman; or, indeed, any animal upon two legs that doth not make a handsome bow.

BRUTE.—A word implying plain-dealing and sincerity; but more especially applied to a philosopher.

CAPTAIN. } Any stick of wood with a head to it.

COLONEL. }

CREATURE.—A quality expression, of low contempt, properly confined only to the mouths of ladies who are right honourable.

CRITIC.—Like *homō*, a name given to all the human race.

COXCOMB.—A word of reproach, and yet at the same time signifying all that is commendable.

DRESS.—The principal accomplishment of men and women.

DULLNESS.—A word applied by all writers to the wit and humour of others.

EATING.—A science.

FINE.—An adjective of a very peculiar kind, destroying, or at least lessening the force of the substantive to which it is joined, as fine gentleman, fine lady, fine house, fine cloaths, fine taste!—in all which, fine is to be understood in a sense somewhat synonymous with useless.

FOOL.—A complex idea, compounded of poverty, honesty, piety, and simplicity.

GALLANTRY.—Fornication and adultery.

GREAT.—Applied to a thing, signifies bigness; when to a man, often littleness or meanness.

HAPPINESS.—Grandeur.

HONOUR.—Duelling.

HUMOUR.—Scandalous lies, tumbling and dancing on a rope.

JUDGE.—An old woman.

KNAVE.—The name of four cards in every pack.

KNOWLEDGE.—In general means knowledge of the town.

LEARNING.—Pedantry.

LOVE.—A word properly applied to our delight in particular kinds of food; sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favourite objects of all our appetites.

MARRIAGE.—A kind of traffic carried on between the two sexes, in which both are constantly en-

deavouring to cheat each other, and both are commonly losers in the end.

MODESTY.—Awkwardness, rusticity.

NOBODY.—All the people in Great Britain, except about twelve hundred.

NONSENSE.—The writings of the ancients.

PATRIOT.—A candidate for a place at court.

POLITICS.—The art of getting such a place.

PROMISE.—Nothing.

RELIGION.—A word of no meaning.

RICHES.—The only thing upon earth that is really desirable, or valuable.

ROGUE. } A man of a different party from your-
RASCAL. } self.

SERMON.—A sleepy dose.

SUNDAY.—The best time for amusement.

TEMPERANCE.—Want of spirits.

TEASING.—Advice; chiefly that of a husband.

VIRTUE. } Subjects of discourse.
VICE. }

WIT.—Prophaneness, immorality, scurrility, mimicry, buffoonery; abuse of all good men, and especially of the clergy.

WORTH.—Power, rank, wealth.

WISDOM.—The art of acquiring all three.

WORLD.—Your own acquaintance.

SINGULAR SPECIMEN OF ORTHOGRAPHY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—The following letter was written by the Duchess of Norfolk to Cromwell Earl of Essex. It exhibits a curious instance of the monstrous anomalies of our orthography in the infancy of our literature, when a spelling-book was yet a precious thing:

"MY FFARY GODE LORD,—her I sand you in tokyñ hoff the neweyer, a glasse hoff Setyll set it Sellfer gyld. I pra you tak hit in wort. An hy wer habel het showide be bater. I woll hit war wort a m orep."

Thus translated:

"MY VERY GOOD LORD: Here I send you, in token of the new year, a glass of setyll set in silver gilt; I pray you take it in worth. An I were able, it should be better. I would it were worth a thousand crown."

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "HUMBUG."—This, now common expression, is a corruption of the word *Hamburgh*, and originated

in the following manner: During a period when war prevailed on the Continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at *Hamburgh*, that at length, when any one would signify his disbelief of a statement, he would say, "You had that from *Hamburgh*." And thus, "That is *Hamburgh*," or *Humbug*, became a common expression of incredulity.

A KNOWLEDGE OF BOOKS.—Swift says: "Some know books as they do lords; learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance."

Lines on a Printing-Office.

The world's a printing-house; our words, our thoughts,
Our deeds are characters of several sizes:
Each soul is a compositor; of whose faults
The Levites are correctors; Heav'n revises:
Death is the common press; from whence being
driv'n,
We're gather'd sheet by sheet, and bound for
Heav'n.

MESSRS. PHILES & CO. have ready for the press, and are now taking subscriptions for, a reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*. The text of this edition is taken from the reprint of 1810, edited by Sir EDGERTON BRYDGES. The biographical notes have been prepared expressly for this edition, using Brydges as a basis, but incorporating much information that has been brought to light since his edition was issued. This edition will be printed in small quarto, in the best style of the art, upon India paper, and is limited to 500 copies, as follows:

400 on small paper, at \$2.00 each;

100 on large paper, at \$4.00 each.

At these prices, copies will be furnished to subscribers only; and as soon as they are supplied, the prices will be raised to \$2.50 for the small-paper copies, and \$5.00 for the large-paper copies.

Messrs. PHILES & Co. propose to make this reprint of *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises* the first volume of a series of reprints of scarce collections of OLD ENGLISH POETRY. The next volume in the series will be "*England's Belles*."

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